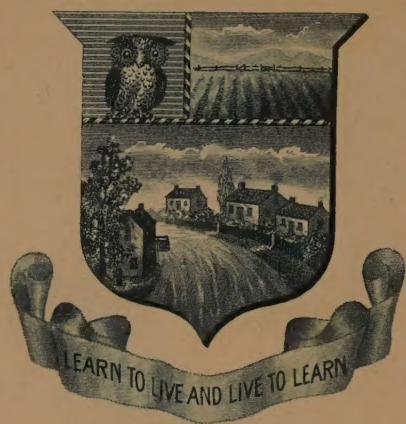


BAYARD TAYLOR'S  
POEMS

HOUSE-  
HOLD  
EDITION OF  
THE  
POETS







Henry Weil.

DAVINGT, PHILA.

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THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF

BAYARD TAYLOR.

*HOUSEHOLD EDITION.*



BOSTON:  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.  
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## PREFACE.

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WITH the exception of the drama of the "Prophet," the dramatic poems of the "Masque of the Gods" and "Prince Deukalion," and the poetical translation of Goethe's "Faust," the present volume contains the entire poetical works of Bayard Taylor. To the poems which were published in a collected or a separate form, during the author's life, the editors have added a not inconsiderable number of heretofore unpublished poems which were found among his manuscripts, in a more or less finished state, and which, therefore, have not undergone that severe revision to which the author would have subjected them had he lived to offer them to the public in a permanent shape. The editors say this in justice to Taylor's reputation as a poet; in explanation, not in apology, for having presented the reader with works which their author may have regarded as unfinished when they last came beneath his eyes. It is our purpose to make the following collection of Taylor's poems as complete as is possible, and to omit from it nothing in a poetical form, with the exceptions above mentioned, to which he once gave his serious attention.

Poetry was the literary element in which Taylor lived and moved and had his being; to which all other efforts and all other ambitions were subjected, as vassals to a sovereign; and to success in which he gave more thoughtful labor, and held its fruits in higher esteem than all the world and all the other glories thereof. He travelled pen in hand; he delivered course after course of lectures in the brief nightly pauses of his long winter journeys; he wrote novels, he wrote editorials, criticisms, letters, and miscellaneous articles for the magazines and the newspapers; he toiled as few men have toiled at any profession or for any end, and he wore himself out and perished prematurely of hard and, sometimes, bitter work.

It is consoling to know that throughout his laborious life, which brought his sensitive, poetical nature into daily contact with stupidity, ignorance, grossness, and with the consequential vulgarity of conceited dolts, he had something to cheer and to comfort him in those solitary hours through which less imaginative men brood over the wrongs and the disgusting histories of their world, and harden themselves against the future in a crust of cynical misanthropy. We, who knew him intimately, can safely say that he passed no such desponding hours. His soul preserved the hopeful freshness of its divine source, it flowed untainted and exulting through its earthly course, and finished the circle of its career of life by

pouring back into the fountain head a tide as clear and as blameless as the drops which consecrate the infant. In its passage through the foul things of the world his nature seemed rather to filter and to purify itself, than to take any stain from the baser medium. This childlike purity and joyousness of heart Taylor owed to the worship of an art for which his reverence was boundless. To him poetry was a second religion, or an intellectual continuation of that natural, moral sentiment which lifts man above himself and his fortunes in his aspiration after immortality and supernal life. He held that no achievement of man was comparable to the creation of a living poem. He saw, with other thinking men, that the work of the poet is more like the work of God than any other earthly thing, since it is the only product of art that is assured of perpetuity, by the safety with which it can be transmitted from generation to generation. He believed himself to be a poet, — of what stature and quality it is now for the world to decide, — and in that faith he wrought at his vocation with an assiduity, and a careful husbanding of his time and opportunities for mental and for written poetical composition, that was wonderful as an exhibition of human industry, and in its many and varied results, when we take into consideration his wandering life and his diversified and exacting employments. To him the cultivation of the poetic art was the duty and the serious business of his life, — the talent entrusted him, to be put at use, by the Master, — while the winning of bread and the struggle for place were subordinate cares, as insignificant by comparison as is the duration of one man's life to that of the race of man.

Whatever Taylor produced under the influence of opinions so exalted, and with a respect so profound for the nature of his art, whether exercised by himself or by another, was serious and conscientious work. It was the product of his highest being. It was the best that all his faculties, focalized upon one bright point, could achieve for his own joyous satisfaction, and for the good of his fellow man. It was more to him than all his other earthly accomplishments combined and thrice multiplied. Those who have followed his career of success and of well-won honors, who have journeyed with him through the long lines of type that retraced his travels, who have crowded together to draw instruction from his lectures, who have been moved to admiration by the scenes of his novels, who have pondered the pregnant passages of his criticism, who have seen with his eyes, who have been taught with his knowledge, who have felt with his heart, and who have thought with his mind, must yet look into these poems, — not casually but deeply, — if they would know the soul of Taylor, the very essence of the man, the spirit as it stood before God. To know him otherwise — by this act or that, by one success or another — is but to know him in the flesh, and to mistake the garment for the man.

G. H. B.

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# THE POET'S JOURNAL.



## PREFACE.

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### THE RETURN OF THE GODDESS.

Not as in youth, with steps outspeeding morn,  
And cheeks all bright, from rapture of the way,  
But in strange mood, half cheerful, half forlorn,  
She comes to me to-day.

Does she forget the trysts we used to keep,  
When dead leaves rustled on autumnal ground,  
Or the lone garret, whence she banished sleep  
With threats of silver sound?

Does she forget how shone the happy eyes  
When they beheld her, — how the eager tongue  
Plied its swift oar through wave-like harmonies,  
To reach her where she sung?

How at her sacred feet I cast me down?  
How she upraised me to her bosom fair,  
And from her garland shred the first light crown  
That ever pressed my hair?

Though dust is on the leaves, her breath will bring  
Their freshness back: why lingers she so long?  
The pulseless air is waiting for her wing,  
Dumb with unuttered song.

If tender doubt delay her on the road,  
Oh let her haste to find the doubt belied!  
If shame for love unworthily bestowed,  
That shame shall melt in pride.

If she but smile, the crystal calm shall break  
In music, sweeter than it ever gave,  
As when a breeze breathes o'er some sleeping lake,  
And laughs in every wave.

The ripples of awakened song shall die  
Kissing her feet, and woo her not in vain,  
Until, as once, upon her breast I lie —  
Pardoned, and loved again!

B. T.





# INSCRIPTION.

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## TO THE MISTRESS OF CEDARCROFT.

### I.

THE evening shadows lengthen on the lawn :  
Westward, our immemorial chestnuts stand,  
A mount of shade ; but o'er the cedars drawn,  
Between the hedge-row trees, in many a band  
Of brightening gold, the sunshine lingers on,  
And soon will touch our oaks with parting hand :  
And down the distant valley all is still,  
And flushed with purple smiles the beckoning hill.

### II.

Come, leave the flowery terrace, leave the beds  
Where Southern children wake to Northern air :  
Let yon mimosas droop their tufted heads,  
These myrtle-trees their nuptial beauty wear,  
And while the dying day reluctant treads  
From tree-top unto tree-top, with me share  
The scene's idyllic peace, the evening's close,  
The balm of twilight, and the land's repose.

### III.

Come, for my task is done : the task that drew  
My footsteps from the chambers of the Day, —  
That held me back, Beloved, even from you,  
That are my daylight : for the Poet's way  
Turns into many a lonely avenue  
Where none may follow. He must sing his lay  
First to himself, then to the One most dear ;  
Last, to the world. Come to my side, and hear !

### IV.

The poems ripened in a heart at rest,  
A life that first through you is free and strong,  
Take them and warm them in your partial breast,  
Before they try the common air of song !  
Fame won at home is of all fame the best :  
Crown me your poet, and the critic's wrong  
Shall harmless strike where you in love have smiled,  
Wife of my heart, and mother of my child !



# THE POET'S JOURNAL.

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## FIRST EVENING.

THE day had come, the day of many years.  
My bud of hope, thorned round with guarding fears,  
And sealed with frosts of oft-renewed delay,  
Burst into sudden bloom — it was the day !  
“ Ernest will come ! ” the early sunbeams cried ;  
“ Will come ! ” was breathed through all the woodlands wide ;  
“ Will come, will come ! ” said cloud, and brook, and bird ;  
And when the hollow roll of wheels was heard  
Across the bridge, it thundered, “ He is near ! ”  
And then my heart made answer, “ He is here ! ”

Ernest was here, and now the day had gone  
Like other days, yet wild and swift and sweet, —  
And yet prolonged, as if with whirling feet  
One troop of duplicated Hours sped on  
And one trod out the moments lingeringly :  
So distant seemed the lonely dawn from me.  
But all was well. He paced the new-mown lawn,  
With Edith at his side, and, while my first  
Stood bronzed with sunset, happy glances cast  
On the familiar landmarks of the Past.  
I heard a gentle laugh : the laugh was hers.  
“ Confess it,” she exclaimed, “ I recognize,  
No less than you, the features of the place,  
So often have I seen it with the eyes  
Your memory gave me : yea, your very face,  
With every movement of the theme, betrayed  
That here the sunshine lay, and there the shade.”  
“ A proof ! ” cried Ernest. “ Let me be your guide,”  
She said, “ and speak not : Philip shall decide.”  
To them I went, at beckon of her hand.  
A moment she the mellow landscape scanned  
In seeming doubt, but only to prolong  
A witching aspect of uncertainty,  
And the soft smile in Ernest's watching eye :  
“ Yonder,” she said, “ (I see I am not wrong,  
By Philip's face,) you built your hermit seat  
Against the rock, among the scented fern,  
Where summer lizards played about your feet ;  
And here, beside us, is the tottering urn  
You cracked in fixing firmly on its base ;



And here — yes, yes! — this is the very place —  
 I know the wild vine and the sassafras —  
 Where you and Philip, lying in the grass,  
 Disowned the world, renounced the race of men,  
 And you all love, except your own for him,  
 Until, through that, all love came back again.”  
 Here Edith paused; but Ernest's eyes were dim.  
 He kissed her, gave a loving hand to me,  
 And spoke: “ Ah, Philip, Philip, those were days  
 We *dare* remember now, when only blaze  
 Far-off, the storm's black edges brokenly.  
 Who thinks, at night, that morn will ever be?  
 Who knows, far out upon the central sea,  
 That anywhere is land? And yet, a shore  
 Has set behind us, and will rise before:  
 A past foretells a future.” “Blessed be  
 That Past!” I answered, “on whose bosom lay  
 Peace, like a new-born child: and now, I see,  
 The child is man, begetting day by day  
 Some fresher joy, some other bliss, to make  
 Your life the fairer for his mother's sake.”

Deeper beneath the oaks the shadows grew:  
 The twilight glimmer from their tops withdrew,  
 And purple gloomed the distant hills, and sweet  
 The sudden breath of evening rose, with balm  
 Of grassy meadows: in the upper calm  
 The pulses of the stars began to beat:  
 The fire-flies twinkled: through the lindens went  
 A rustle, as of happy leaves composed  
 To airy sleep, of drowsy petals closed,  
 And the dark land lay silent and content.  
 We, too, were silent. Ernest walked, I knew,  
 With me, beneath the stars of other eves:  
 He heard, with me, the tongues of perished leaves:  
 Departed suns their trails of splendor drew  
 Across departed summers: whispers came  
 From voices, long ago resolved again  
 Into the primal Silence, and we twain,  
 Ghosts of our present selves, yet still the same,  
 As in a spectral mirror wandered there.  
 Its pain outlived, the Past was only fair.  
 Ten years had passed since I had touched his hand,  
 And felt upon my lips the brother-kiss  
 That shames not manhood, — years of quiet bliss  
 To me, fast-rooted on paternal land,  
 Mated, yet childless. He had journeyed far  
 Beyond the borders of my life, and whirled  
 Unresting round the vortex of the world,  
 The reckless child of some eccentric star,  
 Careless of fate, yet with a central strength  
 I knew would hold his life in equipoise,  
 And bent his wandering energies, at length,  
 To the smooth orbit of serener joys.  
 Few were the winds that wafted to my nest  
 A leaf from him: I learned that he was blest, —  
 The late fulfilment of my prophecy; —  
 And then I felt that he must come to me,

The old, unswerving sympathy to claim ;  
And set my house in order for a guest  
Long ere the message of his coming came.

In gentle terraces my garden fell  
Down to the rolling lawn. On one side rose,  
Flanking the layers of bloom, a bolder swell  
With laurels clad, and every shrub that grows  
Upon our native hills, a bosky mound,  
Whence the commingling valleys might be seen  
Bluer and lovelier through the gaps of green.  
The rustic arbor which the summit crowned  
Was woven of shining smilax, trumpet-vine,  
Clematis, and the wild white eglantine,  
Whose tropical luxuriance overhung  
The interspaces of the posts, and made  
For each sweet picture frames of bloom and shade.  
It was my favorite haunt when I was young,  
To read my poets, watch my sunset fade  
Behind my father's hills, and, when the moon  
Shed warmer silver through the nights of June,  
Dream, as 't were new, the universal dream.  
This arbor, too, was Ernest's hermitage :  
Here he had read to me his tear-stained page  
Of sorrow, here renewed the pang supreme  
Which burned his youth to ashes : here would try  
To lay his burden in the hands of Song,  
And make the Poet bear the Lover's wrong,  
But still his heart impatiently would cry :  
" In vain, in vain ! You cannot teach to flow  
In measured lines so measureless a woe.  
First learn to slay this wild beast of despair,  
Then from his harmless jaws your honey tear ! "

Hither we came. Beloved hands had graced  
The table with a flask of mellow juice,  
Thereto the gentle herb that poets use  
When Fancy droops, and in the corner placed  
A lamp, that glimmered through its misty sphere  
Like moonlit marble, on a pedestal  
Of knotted roots, against the leafy wall.  
The air was dry, the night was calm and clear,  
And in the dying clover crickets chirped.  
The Past, I felt, the Past alone usurped  
Our thoughts, — the hour of confidence had come,  
Of sweet confession, tender interchange,  
Which drew our hearts together, yet with strange  
Half-dread repelled them. Seeing Ernest dumb  
With memories of the spot, as if to me  
Belonged the right his secrets to evoke,  
And Edith's eyes on mine, consentingly,  
Conscious of all I wished to know, I spoke :  
" Dear Friend, one volume of your life I read  
Beneath these vines : you placed it in my hand  
And made it mine, — but how the tale has sped  
Since then, I know not, or can understand  
From this fair ending only. Let me see  
The intervening chapters, dark and bright,

In order, as you lived them... Give to-night  
 Unto the Past, dear Ernest, and to me!"  
 Thus I, with doubt and loving hesitance,  
 Lest I should touch a nerve he fain would hide;  
 But he, with calm and reassuring glance,  
 In which no troubled shadow lay, replied:  
 "That mingled light and darkness are no more  
 In this new life, than are the sun and shade  
 Of painted landscapes: distant lies the shore  
 Where last we parted, Philip: how I made  
 The journey, what adventures on the road,  
 What haps I met, what struggles, what success  
 Of fame, or gold, or place, concerns you less,  
 Dear friend, than how I lost that sorest load  
 I started with, and came to dwell at last  
 In the House Beautiful. There but remains  
 A fragment here and there, — wild, broken strains  
 And scattered voices speaking from the Past."  
 "Let me those broken voices hear," I said,  
 "And I shall know the rest." "Well — be it so.  
 You, who would write '*Resurgam*' o'er my dead,  
 The resurrection of my heart shall know."

Then Edith rose, and up the terraces  
 Went swiftly to the house; but soon we spied  
 Her white dress gleam, returning through the trees,  
 And, softly flushed, she came to Ernest's side,  
 A volume in her hand. But he delayed  
 Awhile his task, revolving leaf by leaf  
 With tender interest, now that ancient grief  
 No more had power to make his heart afraid;  
 For pain, that only lives in memory,  
 Like battle-scars, it is no pain to show.  
 "Here, Philip, are the secrets you would know,"  
 He said: "Howe'er obscure the utterance be,  
 The lamp you lighted in the olden time  
 Will show my heart's-blood beating through the rhyme:  
 A poet's journal, writ in fire and tears  
 At first, blind protestations, blinder rage,  
 (For you and Edith only, many a page!)  
 Then slow deliverance, with the gaps of years  
 Between, and final struggles into life,  
 Which the heart shrank from, as 't were death instead."  
 Then, with a loving glance towards his wife,  
 Which she as fondly answered, thus he read:—

## THE TORSO.

## I.

In clay the statue stood complete,  
 As beautiful a form, and fair,  
 As ever walked a Roman street  
 Or breathed the blue Athenian air:  
 The perfect limbs, divinely bare,  
 Their old, heroic freedom kept,  
 And in the features, fine and rare,  
 A calm, immortal sweetness slept.

## II.

O'er common men it towered, a god,  
 And smote their meaner life with  
 shame,  
 For while its feet the highway trod,  
 Its lifted brow was crowned with  
 flame  
 And purified from touch of blame:  
 Yet wholly human was the face,  
 And over them who saw it came  
 The knowledge of their own disgrace.

III.

It stood, regardless of the crowd,  
And simply showed what men might  
be:  
Its solemn beauty disavowed  
The curse of lost humanity.  
Erect and proud, and pure and free,  
It overlooked each loathsome law  
Whereunto others bend the knee,  
And only what was noble saw.

IV.

The patience and the hope of years  
Their final hour of triumph caught;  
The clay was tempered with my tears,  
The forces of my spirit wrought  
With hands of fire to shape my  
thought,  
That when, complete, the statue stood,  
To marble resurrection brought,  
The Master might pronounce it good.

V.

But in the night an enemy,  
Who could not bear the wreath should  
grace  
My ready forehead, stole the key  
And hurled my statue from its base;  
And now its fragments strew the  
place  
Where I had dreamed its shrine might  
be:  
The stains of common earth deface  
Its beauty and its majesty.

VI.

The torso prone before me lies;  
The cloven brow is knit with pain:  
Mute lips, and blank, reproachful eyes  
Unto my hands appeal in vain.  
My hands shall never work again:  
My hope is dead, my strength is spent:  
This fatal wreck shall now remain  
The ruined sculptor's monument.

ON THE HEADLAND.

I sit on the lonely headland,  
Where the sea-gulls come and go:  
The sky is gray above me,  
And the sea is gray below.

There is no fisherman's pinnace  
Homeward or outward bound;

I see no living creature  
In the world's deserted round.

I pine for something human,  
Man, woman, young or old,—  
Something to meet and welcome,  
Something to clasp and hold.

I have a mouth for kisses,  
But there's no one to give and take;  
I have a heart in my bosom  
Beating for nobody's sake.

O warmth of love that is wasted!  
Is there none to stretch a hand?  
No other heart that hungers  
In all the living land?

I could fondle the fisherman's baby,  
And rock it into rest;  
I could take the sunburnt sailor,  
Like a brother, to my breast.

I could clasp the hand of any  
Outcast of land or sea,  
If the guilty palm but answered  
The tenderness in me!

The sea might rise and drown me,—  
Cliffs fall and crush my head,—  
Were there one to love me, living,  
Or weep to see me dead!

MARAH.

THE waters of my life were sweet,  
Before that bolt of sorrow fell;  
But now, though fainting with the heat,  
I dare not drink the bitter well.

My God! shall Sin across the heart  
Sweep like a wind that leaves no trace,  
But Grief inflict a rankling smart  
No after blessing can efface?

I see the tired mechanic take  
His evening rest beside his door,  
And gentlier, for their father's sake,  
His children tread the happy floor:

The kitchen teems with cheering smells,  
With clash of cups and clink of knives,  
And all the household picture tells  
Of humble yet contented lives.

Then in my heart the serpents hiss:  
What right have these, who scarcely  
know



The perfect sweetness of their bliss,  
To flaunt it thus before my woe?

Like bread, Love's portion they divide,  
Like water drink his precious wine,  
When the least crumb they cast aside  
Were manna for these lips of mine.

I see the friend of other days  
Lead home his flushed and silent bride!  
His eyes are suns of tender praise,  
Her eyes are stars of tender pride.

Go, hide your shameless happiness,  
The demon cries, within my breast;  
Think not that I the bond can bless,  
Which seeing, I am twice unblest.

The husband of a year proclaims  
His recent honor, shows the boy,  
And calls the babe a thousand names,  
And dandles it in awkward joy:

And then—I see the wife's pale cheek,  
Her eyes of pure, celestial ray—  
The curse is choked: I cannot speak,  
But, weeping, turn my head away!

#### THE VOICE OF THE TEMPTER.

LAST night the Tempter came to me,  
and said:

“Why sorrow any longer for the dead?  
The wrong is done: thy tears and  
groans are naught:

Forget the Past,—thy pain but lives  
in thought.

Night after night, I hear thy cries im-  
plore

An answer: she will answer thee no  
more.

Give up thine idle prayer that Death  
may come

And thou mayest somewhere find her:  
Death is dumb

To those that seek him. Live: for youth  
is thine.

Let not thy rich blood, like neglected  
wine,

Grow thin and stale, but rouse thyself,  
at last,

And take a man's revenge upon the  
Past.

What have thy virtues brought thee?  
Let them go,

And with them lose the burden of thy  
woe,

Their only payment for thy service  
hard:

They but exact, thou see'st, and not  
reward.

Thy life is cheated, thou art cast aside  
In dust, the worn-out vessel of their  
pride.

Come, take thy pleasure: others do the  
same,

And love is theirs, and fortune, name,  
and fame!

Let not the name of Vice thine ear  
affright:

Vice is no darkness, but a different light,  
Which thou dost need, to see thy path  
aright;

Or if some pang in this experience lie,  
Through counter-pain thy present pain  
will die.

Bethink thee of the lost, the barren  
years,

Of harsh privations, unavailing tears,  
The steady ache of strong desires re-  
strained,

And what thou hast deserved, and what  
obtained:

Then go, thou fool! and, if thou canst,  
rejoice

To make such base ingratitude thy  
choice,

While each indulgence which thy breth-  
ren taste

But mocks thy palate, as it runs to  
waste!”

So spake the Tempter, as he held out-  
spread

Alluring pictures round my prostrate  
head.

'Twixt sleep and waking, in my help-  
less ear

His honeyed voice rang musical and  
clear;

And half persuaded, shaken half with  
fear,

I heard him, till the Morn began to  
shine,

And found her brow less dewy-wet than  
mine.

#### EXORCISM.

O TONGUES of the Past, be still!

Are the days not over and gone?

The joys have perished that were so  
sweet,

But the sorrow still lives on.

I have sealed the graves of my hopes;  
 I have carried the pall of love:  
 Let the pains and pangs be buried as  
 deep,  
 And the grass be as green above!

But the ghosts of the dead arise:  
 They come when the board is spread;  
 They poison the wine of the banquet  
 cups  
 With the mould their lips have shed.

The pulse of the bacchant blood  
 May throb in the ivy wreath,  
 But the berries are plucked from the  
 nightshade bough  
 That grows in the gardens of Death.

I sleep with joy at my heart,  
 Warm as a new-made bride;  
 But a vampire comes to suck her blood,  
 And I wake with a corpse at my side.

O ghosts, I have given to you  
 The bliss of the faded years;  
 The sweat of my brow, the blood of my  
 heart,  
 And manhood's terrible tears!

Take them, and be content:  
 I have nothing more to give:  
 My soul is chilled in the house of Death,  
 And 't is time that I should live.

Take them, and let me be:  
 Lie still in the churchyard mould,  
 Nor chase from my heart each new de-  
 light  
 With the phantom of the old!

### SQUANDERED LIVES.

THE fisherman wades in the surges;  
 The sailor sails over the sea;  
 The soldier steps bravely to battle;  
 The woodman lays axe to the tree.

They are each of the breed of the he-  
 roes,  
 The manhood attempered in strife:  
 Strong hands, that go lightly to labor,  
 True hearts, that take comfort in life.

In each is the seed to replenish  
 The world with the vigor it needs,—  
 The centre of honest affections,  
 The impulse to generous deeds.

But the shark drinks the blood of the  
 fisher;  
 The sailor is dropped in the sea;  
 The soldier lies cold by his cannon;  
 The woodman is crushed by his tree.

Each prodigal life that is wasted  
 In manly achievement unseen,  
 But lengthens the days of the cow-  
 ard,  
 And strengthens the crafty and mean

The blood of the noblest is lavished  
 That the selfish a profit may find;  
 But God sees the lives that are squan-  
 dered,  
 And we to His wisdom are blind.

### A SYMBOL.

#### I.

HEAVY, and hot, and gray,  
 Day following unto day,  
 A felon gang, their blind life drag  
 away,—

Blind, vacant, dumb, as Time,  
 Lapsed from his wonted prime,  
 Begot them basely in incestuous crime:

So little life there seems  
 About the woods and streams,—  
 Only a sleep, perplexed with nightmare-  
 dreams.

The burden of a sigh  
 Stifles the weary sky,  
 Where smouldering clouds in ashen  
 masses lie:

The forests fain would groan,  
 But, silenced into stone,  
 Crouch, in the dull blue vapors round  
 them thrown:

O light, more drear than gloom!  
 Than death more dead such bloom:  
 Yet life — yet life — shall burst this  
 gathering doom!

#### II.

Behold! a swift and silent fire  
 Yon dull cloud pierces, in the west,  
 And blackening, as with growing ire,  
 He lifts his forehead from his breast.

He mutters to the ashy host  
That all around him sleeping lie, —  
Sole chieftain on the airy coast,  
To fight the battles of the sky.

He slowly lifts his weary strength,  
His shadow rises on the day,  
And distant forests feel at length  
A wind from landscapes far away.

## III.

How shall the cloud unload its thunder?  
How shall its flashes fire the air?  
Hills and valleys are dumb with wonder:  
Lakes look up with a leaden stare.

Hark! the lungs of the striding giant  
Bellow an angry answer back!  
Hurling the hair from his brows defiant,  
Crushing the laggards along his track.

Now his step, like a battling Titan's,  
Scales in flame the hills of the sky;

Struck by his breath, the forest whitens;  
Fluttering waters feel him nigh!

Stroke on stroke of his thunder-hammer —

Sheets of flame from his anvil  
hurled —

Heaven's doors are burst in the clamor  
He alone possesses the world!

## IV.

Drowned woods, shudder no more:  
Vexed lakes, smile as before:  
Hills that vanished, appear again:  
Rise for harvest, prostrate grain!

Shake thy jewels, twinkling grass:  
Blossoms, tint the winds that pass:  
Sun, behold a world restored!  
World, again thy son is lord!

Thunder-spasms the waking be  
Into Life from Apathy:  
Life, not Death, is in the gale, —  
Let the coming Doom prevail!

Thus far he read: at first with even tone,  
Still chanting in the old, familiar key, —  
That golden note, whose grand monotony  
Is musical in poets' mouths alone, —  
But broken, as he read, became the chime.  
To speak, once more, in Grief's forgotten tongue,  
And feel the hot reflex of passion flung  
Back on the heart by every pulse of rhyme  
Wherein it lives and burns, a soul might shake  
More calm than his. With many a tender break  
Of voice, a dimness of the haughty eye,  
And pause of wandering memory, he read;  
While I, with folded arms and downcast head,  
In silence heard each blind, bewildered cry.  
Thus far had Ernest read: but, closing now  
The book, and lifting up a calmer brow,  
"Forgive me, patient God, for this!" he said:  
"And you forgive, dear friend, and dearest wife,  
If I have marred an hour of this sweet life  
With noises from the valley of the Dead.  
Long, long ago, the Hand whereat I railed  
In blindness gave me courage to subdue  
This wild revolt: I see wherein I failed:  
My heart was false, when most I thought it true,  
My sorrow selfish, when I thought it pure.  
For those we lose, if still their love endure  
Translation to that other land, where Love  
Breathes the immortal wisdom, ask in heaven  
No greater sacrifice than we had given  
On earth, our love's integrity to prove.

If we are blest to know the other blest,  
 Then treason lies in sorrow. Vainly said !  
 Alone each heart must cover up its dead ;  
 Alone, through bitter toil, achieve its rest :  
 Which I have found — but still these records keep,  
 Lest I, condemning others, should forget  
 My own rebellion. From these tares I reap,  
 In evil days, a fruitful harvest yet.

“But ’t is enough, to-night. Nay, Philip, here  
 A chapter closes. See ! the moon is near :  
 Your laurels glitter : come, my darling, sing  
 The hymn I wrote on such a night as this !”  
 Then Edith, stooping first to take his kiss,  
 Drew from its niche of woodbine her guitar,  
 With chords prelusive tuned a slackened string,  
 And sang, clear-voiced, as some melodious star  
 Were dropping silver sweetness from afar :

*God, to whom we look up blindly,  
 Look Thou down upon us kindly :  
 We have sinned, but not designedly.*

*If our faith in Thee was shaken,  
 Pardon Thou our hearts mistaken,  
 Our obedience reawaken.*

*We are sinful, Thou art holy :  
 Thou art mighty, we are lowly :  
 Let us reach Thee, climbing slowly.*

*Our ingratitude confessing,  
 On Thy mercy still transgressing,  
 Thou dost punish us with blessing !*

## SECOND EVENING.

It was the evening of the second day,  
 Which swifter, sweeter than the first had fled :  
 My heart’s delicious tumult passed away  
 And left a sober happiness instead.  
 For Ernest’s voice was ever in mine ear,  
 His presence mingled as of old with mine,  
 But stronger, manlier, brighter, more divine  
 Its effluence now : within his starry sphere  
 Of love new-risen my nature too was drawn,  
 And warmed with rosy flushes of the dawn.

All day we drove about the lovely vales,  
 Under the hill-side farms, through summer woods,  
 The land of mingled homes and solitudes  
 That Ernest loved. We told the dear old tales  
 Of childhood, music new to Edith’s ear,  
 Sang olden songs, lived old adventures o’er,  
 And, when the hours brought need of other cheer,  
 Spread on the ferny rocks a tempting store  
 Of country dainties. ’T was our favorite dell,



Cut by the trout-stream through a wooded ridge :  
 Above, the highway on a mossy bridge  
 Strode o'er it, and below, the water fell  
 Through hornblende bowlders, where the dircus flung  
 His pliant rods, the berried spice-wood grew,  
 And tulip-trees and smooth magnolias hung  
 A million leaves between us and the blue.  
 The silver water-dust in puffs arose  
 And turned to dust of jewels in the sun,  
 And like a cañon, in its close begun  
 Afresh, the stream's perpetual lullaby  
 Sang down the dell, and deepened its repose.  
 Here, till the western hours had left the sky,  
 We sat: then homeward loitered through the dusk  
 Of chestnut woods, along the meadow-side,  
 And lost in lanes that breathed ambrosial musk  
 Of wild-grape blossoms: and the twilight died.

Long after every star came out, we paced  
 The terrace, still discoursing on the themes  
 The day had started, intermixed with dreams  
 Born of the summer night. Then, golden-faced,  
 Behind her daybreak of auroral gleams,  
 The moon arose: the bosom of the lawn  
 Whitened beneath her silent snow of light,  
 Save where the trees made isles of mystic night,  
 Dark blots against the rising splendor drawn,  
 And where the eastern wall of woodland towered,  
 Blue darkness, filled with undistinguished shapes:  
 But elsewhere, over all the landscape showered —  
 A silver drizzle on the distant capes  
 Of hills — the glory of the moon. We sought,  
 Drawn thither by the same unspoken thought,  
 The mound, where now the leaves of laurel clashed  
 Their dagger-points of light, around the bower,  
 And through the nets of leaf and elfin flower,  
 Cold fire, the sprinkled drops of moonshine flashed.

Erelong in Ernest's hand the volume lay,  
 (I did not need a second time to ask,)  
 And he resumed the intermitted task.  
 "This night, dear Philip, is the Poet's day,"  
 He said: "the world is one confessional:  
 Our sacred memories as freely fall  
 As leaves from o'er-ripe blossoms: we betray  
 Ourselves to Nature, who the tale can win  
 We shrink from uttering in the daylight's din.  
 So, Friend, come back with me a little way  
 Along the years, and in these records find  
 The sole inscriptions they have left behind."

#### ATONEMENT.

If thou hadst died at midnight,  
 With a lamp beside thy bed;  
 The beauty of sleep exchanging  
 For the beauty of the dead:

When the bird of heaven had called  
 thee,  
 And the time had come to go,  
 And the northern lights were danc-  
 ing  
 On the dim December snow, —

If thou hadst died at midnight,  
I had ceased to bid thee stay,  
Hearing the feet of the Father  
Leading His child away.

I had knelt, in the awful Presence,  
And covered my guilty head,  
And received His absolution  
For my sins toward the dead.

But the cruel sun was shining  
In the cold and windy sky,  
And Life, with his mocking voices,  
Looked in to see thee die.

God came and went unheeded;  
No tear repentant shone;  
And he took the heart from my bosom,  
And left in its place a stone.

Each trivial promise broken,  
Each tender word unsaid,  
Must be evermore unspoken, —  
Unpardoned by the dead.

Unpardoned? No: the struggle  
Of years was not in vain, —  
The patience that wearies passion,  
And the prayers that conquer pain.

This tardy resignation  
May be the blessed sign  
Of pardon and atonement,  
Thy spirit sends to mine.

Now first I dare remember  
That day of death and woe:  
Within, the dreadful silence,  
Without, the sun and snow!

## DECEMBER.

THE beech is bare, and bare the ash,  
The thickets white below;  
The fir-tree scowls with hoar moustache,  
He cannot sing for snow.

The body-guard of veteran pines,  
A grim battalion, stands;  
They ground their arms, in ordered  
lines,  
For Winter so commands.

The waves are dumb along the shore,  
The river's pulse is still;  
The north-wind's bugle blows no more  
Reveill  from the hill.

The rustling sift of falling snow,  
The muffled crush of leaves,  
These are the sounds suppressed, that  
show  
How much the forest grieves;

But, as the blind and vacant Day  
Crawls to his ashy bed,  
I hear dull echoes far away,  
Like drums above the dead.

Sigh with me, Pine that never changed!  
Thou wear'st the Summer's hue;  
Her other loves are all estranged,  
But thou and I are true!

## SYLVAN SPIRITS.

THE gray stems rise, the branches braid  
A covering of deepest shade.  
Beneath these old, inviolate trees  
There comes no stealthy, sliding breeze,  
To overhear their mysteries.

Steeped in the fragrant breath of leaves,  
My heart a hermit peace receives:  
The sombre forest thrusts a screen  
My refuge and the world between,  
And beds me in its balmy green.

No fret of life may here intrude,  
To vex the sylvan solitude.  
Pure spirits of the earth and air,  
From hollow trunk and bosky lair  
Come forth, and hear your lover's  
prayer!

Come, Druid soul of ancient oak,  
Thou, too, hast felt the thunder-stroke;  
Come, Hamadryad of the beech,  
Nymph of the burning maple, teach  
My heart the solace of your speech!

Alas! the sylvan ghosts preserve  
The natures of the race they serve.  
Not only Dryads, chaste and shy,  
But piping Fauns, come dancing nigh,  
And Satyrs of the shaggy thigh.

Across the calm, the holy hush,  
And shadowed air, there darts a flush  
Of riot, from the lawless brood,  
And rebel voices in my blood  
Salute these orgies of the wood.

Not sacred thoughts alone engage  
The saint in silent hermitage:

The soul within him heavenward strives,  
Yet strong, as in profaner lives,  
The giant of the flesh survives.

From Nature, as from human haunts,  
That giant draws his sustenance.  
By her own elves, in woodlands wild  
She sees her robes of prayer defiled :  
She is not purer than her child.

### THE LOST MAY.

WHEN May, with cowslip-braided locks,  
Walks through the land in green attire,  
And burns in meadow-grass the phlox  
His torch of purple fire :

When buds have burst the silver sheath,  
And shifting pink, and gray, and gold  
Steal o'er the woods, while fair beneath  
The bloomy vales unfold :

When, emerald-bright, the hemlock stands  
New-feathered, needled new the pine;  
And, exiles from the orient lands,  
The turbaned tulips shine :

When wild azaleas deck the knoll,  
And cinque-foil stars the fields of home,  
And winds, that take the white-weed,  
roll  
The meadows into foam :

Then from the jubilee I turn  
To other Mays that I have seen,  
Where more resplendent blossoms burn,  
And statelier woods are green ; —

Mays, when my heart expanded first,  
A honeyed blossom, fresh with dew ;  
And one sweet wind of heaven dispersed  
The only clouds I knew.

For she, whose softly-murmured name  
The music of the month expressed,  
Walked by my side, in holy shame  
Of girlish love confessed.

The budding chestnuts overhead,  
Their sprinkled shadows in the lane, —  
Blue flowers along the brooklet's bed, —  
I see them all again !

The old, old tale of girl and boy,  
Repeated ever, never old :  
To each in turn the gates of joy,  
The gates of heaven unfold.

And when the punctual May arrives,  
With cowslip-garland on her brow,  
We know what once she gave our lives,  
And cannot give us now .

### CHURCHYARD ROSES.

THE woodlands wore a gloomy green,  
The tawny stubble clad the hill,  
And August hung her smoky screen  
Above the valleys, hot and still.

No life was in the fields that day ;  
My steps were safe from curious eyes  
I wandered where, in churchyard clay,  
The dust of love and beauty lies.

Around me thrust the nameless graves  
Their fatal ridges, side by side,  
So green, they seemed but grassy waves,  
Yet quiet as the dead they hide.

And o'er each pillow of repose  
Some innocent memento grew,  
Of pansy, pink, or lowly rose,  
Or hyssop, lavender, and rue.

What flower is hers, the maiden bride ?  
What sacred plant protects her bed ?  
I saw, the greenest mound beside,  
A rose of dark and lurid red.

An eye of fierce demoniac stain,  
It mocked my calm and chastened  
grief ;  
I tore it, stung with sudden pain,  
And stamped in earth each bloody leaf.

And down upon that trampled grave  
In recklessness my body cast :  
" Give back the life I could not save,  
Or give deliverance from the Past ! "

But something gently touched my cheek,  
Caressing while its touch reproved :  
A rose, all white and snowy-meek,  
It grew upon the dust I loved !

A breeze the holy blossom pressed  
Upon my lips : dear Saint, I cried,  
Still blooms the white rose, in my breast,  
Of Love, that Death has sanctified !



## AUTUMNAL DREAMS.

## I.

WHEN the maple turns to crimson  
And the sassafras to gold;  
When the gentian 's in the meadow,  
And the aster on the wold;  
When the noon is lapped in vapor,  
And the night is frosty-cold:

## II.

When the chestnut-burs are opened,  
And the acorns drop like hail,  
And the drowsy air is startled  
With the thumping of the flail, —  
With the drumming of the partridge  
And the whistle of the quail:

## III.

Through the rustling woods I wander,  
Through the jewels of the year,  
From the yellow uplands calling,  
Seeking her that still is dear:  
She is near me in the autumn,  
She, the beautiful, is near.

## IV.

Through the smoke of burning summer,  
When the weary winds are still,  
I can see her in the valley,  
I can hear her on the hill, —  
In the splendor of the woodlands,  
In the whisper of the rill.

## V.

For the shores of Earth and Heaven  
Meet, and mingle in the blue:  
She can wander down the glory  
To the places that she knew,  
Where the happy lovers wandered  
In the days when life was true.

## VI.

So I think, when days are sweetest,  
And the world is wholly fair,  
She may sometime steal upon me  
Through the dimness of the air,  
With the cross upon her bosom  
And the anaranth in her hair.

## VII.

Once to meet her, ah! to meet her,  
And to hold her gently fast  
Till I blessed her, till she blessed me, —  
That were happiness, at last:  
That were bliss beyond our meetings  
In the autumns of the Past!

## IN WINTER.

THE valley stream is frozen,  
The hills are cold and bare,  
And the wild white bees of winter  
Swarm in the darkened air.

I look on the naked forest:  
Was it ever green in June?  
Did it burn with gold and crimson  
In the dim autumnal noon?

I look on the barren meadow:  
Was it ever heaped with hay?  
Did it hide the grassy cottage  
Where the skylark's children lay?

I look on the desolate garden:  
Is it true the rose was there?  
And the woodbine's musky blossoms,  
And the hyacinth's purple hair?

I look on my heart, and marvel  
If Love were ever its own, —  
If the spring of promise brightened,  
And the summer of passion shone?

Is the stem of bliss but withered,  
And the root survives the blast?  
Are the seeds of the Future sleeping  
Under the leaves of the Past?

Ah, yes! for a thousand Aprils  
The frozen germs shall grow,  
And the dews of a thousand summers,  
Wait in the womb of the snow!

## YOUNG LOVE.

WE are not old, we are not cold,  
Our hearts are warm and tender yet,  
Our arms are eager to enfold  
More bounteous love than we have  
met.

Still many another heart lays bare  
Its secret chamber to our eyes,



Though dim with passion's lurid air,  
Or pure as morns of Paradise.

They give the love, whose glory lifts  
Desire beyond the realm of sense ;  
They make us rich with lavish gifts,  
The wealth of noble confidence.

We must be happy, must be proud,  
So crowned with human trust and  
truth ;  
But ah ! the love that first we vowed,  
The dear religion of our youth !

Voluptuous bloom and fragrance rare  
The summer to its rose may bring ;  
Far sweeter to the wooing air  
The hidden violet of the spring.

Still, still that lovely ghost appears,  
Too fair, too pure, to bid depart ;  
No riper love of later years  
Can steal its beauty from the heart.

O splendid sun that shone above !  
O green magnificence of Earth !  
Born once into that land of love,  
No life can know a second birth.

Dear, boyish heart, that trembled so  
With bashful fear and fond unrest, —  
More frightened than a dove, to know  
Another bird within its nest !

Sharp thrills of doubt, wild hopes that  
came,  
Fond words addressed, — each word  
a pang :  
Then — hearts, baptized in heavenly  
flame,  
How like the morning stars ye sang !

Love bound ye with his holiest link,  
The faith in each that ask no more,  
And led ye from the sacred brink  
Of mysteries he held in store.

Love led ye, children, from the bowers  
Where Strength and Beauty find his  
crown :  
Ye were not ripe for mortal flowers ;  
God's angel brought an amaranth  
down.

Our eyes are dim with fruitless tears,  
Our eyes are dim, our hearts are sore :  
That lost religion of our years  
Comes never, never, nevermore !

## THE CHAPEL.

LIKE one who leaves the trampled  
street  
For some cathedral, cool and dim,  
Where he can hear in music beat  
The heart of prayer, that beats for  
him ;

And sees the common light of day,  
Through painted panes, transfigured,  
shine,  
And casts his human woes away,  
In presence of the Woe Divine :

So I, from life's tormenting themes  
Turn where the silent chapel lies,  
Whose windows burn with vanished  
dreams,  
Whose altar-lights are memories.

There, watched by pitying cherubim,  
In sacred hush, I rest awhile,  
Till solemn sounds of harp and hymn  
Begin to sweep the haunted aisle :

A hymn that once but breathed com-  
plaint,  
And breathes but resignation now,  
Since God has heard the pleading  
saint,  
And laid His hand upon my brow.

Restored and comforted, I go  
To grapple with my tasks again ;  
Through silent worship taught to know  
The blessed peace that follows pain.

## IF LOVE SHOULD COME AGAIN.

If Love should come again, I ask my  
heart  
In tender tremors, not unmixed with  
pain,  
Couldst thou be calm, nor feel thine  
ancient smart,  
If Love should come again ?

Couldst thou unbar the chambers where  
his nest  
So long was made, and made, alas  
in vain,  
Nor with embarrassed welcome chill thy  
guest,  
If Love should come again ?

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>Would Love his ruined quarters recognize,<br/>         Where shrouded pictures of the Past remain,<br/>         And gently turn them with forgiving eyes,<br/>         If Love should come again ?</p> <p>Would bliss, in milder type, spring up anew,<br/>         As silent craters with the scarlet stain<br/>         Of flowers repeat the lava's ancient hue,<br/>         If Love should come again ?</p> | <p>Would Fate, relenting, sheathe the cruel blade<br/>         Whereby the angel of thy youth was slain,<br/>         That thou might'st all possess him, unafraid,<br/>         If Love should come again ?</p> <p>In vain I ask : my heart makes no reply,<br/>         But echoes evermore the sweet refrain ;<br/>         Till, trembling lest it seem a wish, I sigh :<br/>         If Love should come again .</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

"The darkness and the twilight have an end,"  
 Said Ernest, as he laid the book aside,  
 And, with a tenderness he could not hide,  
 Smiled, seeing in the eyes of wife and friend  
 The same soft dew that made his own so dim.  
 My heart was strangely moved, but not for him.  
 The holy night, the stars that twinkled faint,  
 Serfs of the regnant moon, the slumbering trees  
 And silvery hills, recalled fair memories  
 Of her I knew, his life's translated saint,  
 Who seemed too sacred now, too far removed,  
 To be by him lamented or beloved.  
 And yet she stood, I knew, by Ernest's side  
 Invisible, a glory in the heart,  
 A light of peace, the inner counterpart  
 Of that which round us poured its radiant tide.

We sat in silence, till a wind, astray  
 From some uneasy planet, shook the vines  
 And sprinkled us with snow of eglantines.  
 The laurels rustled as it passed away,  
 And, million-tongued, the woodland whisper crept  
 Of leaves that turned in sleep, from tree to tree  
 All down the lawn, and once again they slept.  
 Then Edith from her tender fantasy  
 Awoke, yet still her pensive posture kept,  
 Her white hands motionless upon her knee,  
 Her eyes upon a star that sparkled through  
 The mesh of leaves, and hummed a wandering air  
 (As if the music of her thoughts it were,)  
 Low, sweet, and sad, until to words it grew  
 That made it sweeter, — words that Ernest knew :

*Love, I follow, follow thee,  
 Wipe thine eyes and thou shalt see :  
 Sorrow makes thee blind to me.*

*I am with thee, blessing, blest ;  
 Let thy doubts be laid to rest :  
 Rise, and take me to thy breast !*

*In thy bliss my steps behold :  
 Stretch thine arms and bliss enfold :  
 'Tis thy sorrow makes me cold.*

*Life is good, and life is fair,  
Love awaits thee everywhere:  
Love ! is Love's immortal prayer.*

*Live for love, and thou shalt be,  
Loving others, true to me :  
Love, I follow, follow thee !*

Thus Edith sang : the stars heard, and the night,  
The happy spirits, leaning from the wall  
Of Heaven, the saints, and God above them all,  
Heard what she sang. She ceased : her brow was **bright**  
With other splendor than the moon's : she rose,  
Gave each a hand, and silently we trod  
The dry, white gravel and the dewy sod,  
And silently we parted for repose.

### THIRD EVENING.

FOR days before, the wild-dove cooed for rain.  
The sky had been too bright, the world too fair.  
We knew such loveliness could not remain :  
We heard its ruin by the flattering air  
Foretold, that o'er the field so sweetly blew,  
Yet came, at night, a banshee, moaning through  
The chimney's throat, and at the window wailed :  
We heard the tree-toad trill his piercing note :  
The sound seemed near us, when, on farms remote,  
The supper-horn the scattered workmen hailed :  
Above the roof the eastward-pointing vane  
Stood fixed : and still the wild-dove cooed for rain.

So, when the morning came, and found no fire  
Upon her hearth, and wrapped her shivering form  
In cloud, and rising winds in many a gyre  
Of dust foreran the footsteps of the storm,  
And woods grew dark, and flowery meadows chill,  
And gray annihilation smote the hill,  
I said to Ernest : " 'T was my plan, you see :  
Two days to Nature, and the third to me.  
For you must stay, perforce : the day is doomed.  
No visitors shall yonder valley find,  
Except the spirits of the rain and wind :  
Here you must bide, my friends, with me entombed  
In this dim crypt, where shelved around us lie  
The mummied authors." "Place me, when I die,"  
Laughed Ernest, "in as fair a catacomb,  
I shall not call posterity unjust,  
That leaves my bones in Shakespeare's, Goethe's home,  
Like king and beggar mixed in Memphian dust.  
But you are right : this day we well may give  
To you, dear Philip, and to those who stand  
Protecting Nature with a jealous hand,  
At once her subjects and her haughty lords ;  
Since, in the breath of their immortal words  
Alone, she first begins to speak and live."



I knew not, if that day of dreary rain  
 Was not the happiest of the happy three.  
 For Nature gives, but takes away again :  
 Sound, odor, color — blossom, cloud, and tree  
 Divide and scatter in a thousand rays  
 Our individual being : but, in days  
 Of gloom, the wandering senses crowding come  
 To the close circle of the heart. So we,  
 Cosily nestled in the library,  
 Enjoyed each other and the warmth of home.  
 Each window was a picture of the rain :  
 Blown by the wind, tormented, wet, and gray,  
 Losing itself in cloud, the landscape lay ;  
 Or wavered, blurred, behind the streaming pane  
 Or, with a sudden struggle, shook away  
 Its load, and like a foundering ship arose  
 Distinct and dark above the driving spray,  
 Until a fiercer onset came, to close  
 The hopeless day. The roses writhed about  
 Their stakes, the tall laburnums to and fro  
 Rocked in the gusts, the flowers were beaten low,  
 And from his pygmy house the wren looked out  
 With dripping bill : each living creature fled,  
 To seek some sheltering cover for its head :  
 Yet colder, drearier, wilder as it blew  
 We drew the closer, and the happier grew.

She with her needle, he with pipe and book,  
 My guests contented sat : my cheerful dame,  
 Intent on household duties, went and came,  
 And I unto my childless bosom took  
 The little two-year Arthur, Ernest's child,  
 A darling boy, to both his parents true, —  
 With father's brow, and mother's eyes of blue,  
 And the same dimpled beauty when he smiled.  
 Ah me ! the father's heart within me woke :  
 The child that never was, I seemed to hold :  
 The withered tenderness that bloomed of old  
 In vain, revived when little Arthur spoke  
 Of "Papa Philip !" and his balmy kiss  
 Renewed lost yearnings for a father's bliss.  
 And something glittered in the boy's bright hair :  
 I kissed him back, but turned away my head  
 To hide the pang I would not have thee share,  
 Dear wife ! from whom the dearest promise fled.  
 God cannot chide so sacred a despair,  
 But still I dream that somewhere there must be  
 The spirit of a child that waits for me.

And evening fell, and Arthur, rosy-limbed  
 And snowy-gowned, in human beauty sweet,  
 Came pattering up with little naked feet  
 To kiss the good-night cup, that overbrimmed  
 With love two fathers and two mothers gave.  
 The steady rain against the windows drave,  
 And round the house the noises of the night  
 Mixed in a lulling music : dry old wood  
 Burned on the hearth in leaps of ruddy light,



And on the table purple beakers stood  
 Of harmless wine, from grapes that ripened on  
 The sunniest hillsides of the smooth Garonne.  
 When Arthur slept, and doors were closed, and we  
 Sat folded in a sweeter privacy  
 Than even the secret-loving moon bestows,  
 Spoke Ernest: "Edith, shall I read the rest?"  
 She, while the spirit of a happy rose  
 Visited her cheeks, consenting smiled, and pressed  
 The hand he gave. "With what I now shall read,"  
 He added, "Philip, you must be content.  
 No further runs my journal, nor, indeed,  
 Beyond this chapter is there further need;  
 Because the gift of Song was chiefly lent  
 To give consoling music for the joys  
 We lack, and not for those which we possess:  
 I now no longer need that gift, to bless  
 My heart, — *your* heart, my Edith, and your boy's!"

Therewith he read: the fingers of the rain  
 In light staccatos on the window played,  
 Mixed with the flame's contented hum, and made  
 Low harmonies to suit the varied strain.

### THE RETURN OF SPRING.

HAVE I passed through Death's uncon-  
 scious birth,  
 In a dream the midnight bare?  
 I look on another and fairer Earth:  
 I breathe a wondrous air!

A spirit of beauty walks the hills,  
 A spirit of love the plain;  
 The shadows are bright, and the sun-  
 shine fills  
 The air with a diamond rain!

Before my vision the glories swim,  
 To the dance of a tune unheard:  
 Is an angel singing where woods are  
 dim,  
 Or is it an amorous bird?

Is it a spike of azure flowers,  
 Deep in the meadows seen,  
 Or is it the peacock's neck, that towers  
 Out of the spangled green?

Is a white dove glancing across the blue,  
 Or an opal taking wing?  
 For my soul is dazzled through and  
 through,  
 With the splendor of the Spring.

Is it she that shines, as never before,  
 The tremulous hills above, —

Or the heart within me, awake once more  
 To the dawning light of love?

### MORNING.

ALONG the east, where late the dark  
 impended,  
 A dusky gleam is born:  
 The watches of the night are ended,  
 And heaven foretells the morn!

The hills of home, no longer hurled to-  
 gether,  
 In one wide blotch of night,  
 Lift up their heads through misty ether,  
 Distinct in rising light.

Then, after pangs of darkness slowly  
 dying,  
 O'er the delivered world  
 Comes Morn, with every banner flying  
 And every sail unfurled!

So long the night, so chill, so blank and  
 dreary,  
 I thought the sun was dead;  
 But yonder burn his beacons cheery  
 On peaks of cloudy red:

And yonder fly his scattered golden ar-  
 rows,  
 And smite the hills with day,

While Night her vain dominion narrows  
And westward wheels away.

A sweeter air revives the new creation,  
The dews are tears of bliss,  
And Earth, in amorous palpitation,  
Receives her bridegroom's kiss.

Bathed in the morning, let my heart  
surrender

The doubts that darkness gave,  
And rise to meet the advancing splen-  
dor—

O Night! no more thy slave.

I breathe at last, thy gloomy reign for-  
getting,

Thy weary watches done,  
Thy last pale star behind me setting,  
The freedom of the sun!

### THE VISION.

#### I.

SHE came, long absent from my side,  
And absent from my dreams, she  
came,

The earthly and the heavenly bride,  
In maiden beauty glorified:  
She looked upon me, angel-eyed:  
She called me by my name.

#### II.

But I, whose heart to meet her sprang  
And shook the fragile house of  
dreams,

Stood, smitten with a guilty pang:  
In other groves and temples rang  
The songs that once for her I sang,  
By woods and faery streams.

#### III.

Her eyes had power to lift my head,  
And, timorous as a truant child,  
I met the sacred light they shed,  
The light of heaven around her spread:  
She read my face; no word she said:  
I only saw she smiled.

#### IV.

"Canst thou forgive me, Angel mine,"  
I cried; "that Love at last beguiled  
My heart to build a second shrine?"

See, still I kneel and weep at thine,  
But I am human, thou divine!"  
Still silently she smiled.

#### V.

"Dost undivided worship claim,  
To keep thine altar undefiled?  
Or must I bear thy tender blame,  
And in thy pardon feel my shame,  
Whene'er I breathe another name?"  
She looked at me, and smiled.

#### VI.

"Speak, speak!" and then my tears  
came fast,  
My troubled heart with doubt grew  
wild:  
"Will't vex the love, which still thou  
hast,  
To know that I have peace at last?"  
And from my dream the vision passed,  
And still, in passing, smiled.

### LOVE RETURNED.

#### I.

HE was a boy when first we met;  
His eyes were mixed of dew and fire,  
And on his candid brow was set  
The sweetness of a chaste desire.  
But in his veins the pulses beat  
Of passion, waiting for its wing,  
As ardent veins of summer heat  
Throb through the innocence of  
spring.

#### II.

As manhood came, his stature grew,  
And fiercer burned his restless eyes,  
Until I trembled, as he drew  
From wedded hearts their young dis-  
guise.  
Like wind-fed flame his ardor rose,  
And brought, like flame, a stormy  
rain:  
In tumult, sweeter than repose,  
He tossed the souls of joy and pain

#### III.

So many years of absence change!  
I knew him not when he returned:  
His step was slow, his brow was strange,  
His quiet eye no longer burned.

When at my heart I heard his knock,  
 No voice within his right confessed :  
 I could not venture to unlock  
 Its chambers to an alien guest.

## IV.

Then, at the threshold, spent and worn  
 With fruitless travel, down he lay :  
 And I beheld the gleams of morn  
 On his reviving beauty play.  
 I knelt, and kissed his holy lips,  
 I washed his feet with pious care ;  
 And from my life the long eclipse  
 Drew off, and left his sunshine there.

## V.

He burns no more with youthful fire ;  
 He melts no more in foolish tears ;  
 Serene and sweet, his eyes inspire  
 The steady faith of balanced years.  
 His folded wings no longer thrill,  
 But in some peaceful flight of prayer :  
 He nestles in my heart so still,  
 I scarcely feel his presence there.

## VI.

O Love, that stern probation o'er,  
 Thy calmer blessing is secure !  
 Thy beauteous feet shall stray no more,  
 Thy peace and patience shall endure !  
 The lightest wind deflowers the rose,  
 The rainbow with the sun departs,  
 But thou art centred in repose,  
 And rooted in my heart of hearts !

## A WOMAN.

## I.

SHE is a woman : therefore, I a man,  
 In so much as I love her. Could I  
 more,  
 Then I were more a man. Our natures  
 ran  
 Together, brimming full, not flooding  
 o'er  
 The banks of life, and evermore will run  
 In one full stream until our days are  
 done.

## II.

She is a woman, but of spirit brave  
 To bear the loss of girlhood's giddy  
 dreams ;

The regal mistress, not the yielding slave  
 Of her ideal, spurning that which  
 seems  
 For that which is, and, as her fancies  
 fall,  
 Smiling : the truth of love outweighs  
 them all.

## III.

She looks through life, and with a  
 balance just  
 Weighs men and things, beholding as  
 they are  
 The lives of others : in the common  
 dust  
 She finds the fragments of the ruined  
 star :  
 Proud, with a pride all feminine and  
 sweet,  
 No path can soil the whiteness of her  
 feet.

## IV.

The steady candor of her gentle eyes  
 Strikes dead deceit, laughs vanity  
 away ;  
 She hath no room for petty jealousies,  
 Where Faith and Love divide their  
 tender sway.  
 Of either sex she owns the nobler part :  
 Man's honest brow and woman's faithful  
 heart.

## V.

She is a woman, who, if Love were guide,  
 Would climb to power, or in obscure  
 content  
 Sit down : accepting fate with change-  
 less pride —  
 A reed in calm, in storm a staff un-  
 bent :  
 No pretty plaything, ignorant of life,  
 But Man's true mother, and his equal  
 wife.

## THE COUNT OF GLEICHEN.

I READ that story of the Saxon knight,  
 Who, leaving spouse and feudal for-  
 tress, made  
 The Cross of Christ his guerdon in the  
 fight,  
 And joined the last Crusade.

Whom, in the chase on Damietta's sands  
 Estrayed, the Saracens in ambush  
 caught,



And unto Cairo, to the Soldan's hands,  
A wretched captive brought :

Whom then the Soldan's child, a damsel  
brave,  
Saw, pitied, comforted, and made him  
free.

And with him flew, herself a willing  
slave  
In Love's captivity.

I read how he to bless her love was  
fain,  
To whom his renovated life he owed,  
Yet with a pang the towers beheld again  
Where still his wife abode :

The wife whom first he loved : would  
she not scorn  
The second bride he could not choose  
but wed,  
The second mother to his children, born  
In her divided bed ?

Lo ! at his castle's foot the noble dame  
With tears of blessing, holy, unde-  
filed  
By human pain, received him when he  
came,  
And kissed the Soldan's child !

My tears were on the pages as I read  
The touching close : I made the story  
mine,  
Within whose heart, long plighted to  
the dead,  
Love built his living shrine.

I too had dared, a captive in the land,  
To pay with love the love that broke  
my chain :  
Would she, who waited, stretch the  
pardoning hand,  
When I returned again ?

Would she, my freedom and my bliss to  
know,  
With my disloyalty be reconciled,  
And from her bower in Eden look be-  
low,  
And bless the Soldan's child ?

For she is lost : but she, the later bride,  
Who came my ruined fortune to re-  
store,  
Back from the desert wanders at my  
side,  
And leads me home once more.

If human love, she sighs, could move a  
wife  
The holiest sacrifice of love to make,  
Then the transfigured angel of thy life  
Is happier for thy sake !

### BEFORE THE BRIDAL.

Now the night is overpast,  
And the mist is cleared away :  
On my barren life at last  
Breaks the bright, reluctant day.

Day of payment for the wrong  
I was doomed so long to bear ;  
Day of promise, day of song,  
Day that makes the future fair !

Let me wake to bliss alone :  
Let me bury every fear :  
What I prayed for, is my own ;  
What was distant, now is near.

For the happy hour that waits  
No reproachful shade shall bring,  
And I hear forgiving Fates  
In the happy bells that ring.

Leave the song that now is mute,  
For the sweeter song begun :  
Leave the blossom for the fruit,  
And the rainbow for the sun !

### POSSESSION.

#### I.

"It was our wedding-day  
A month ago," dear heart, I hear you  
say.  
If months, or years, or ages since have  
passed,  
I know not : I have ceased to question  
Time.  
I only know that once there pealed a  
chime  
Of joyous bells, and then I held you  
fast,  
And all stood back, and none my right  
denied,  
And forth we walked : the world was  
free and wide  
Before us. Since that day  
I count my life : the Past is washed  
away.



## II.

It was no dream, that vow :  
 It was the voice that woke me from a  
 dream,—  
 A happy dream, I think ; but I am  
 waking now,  
 And drink the splendor of a sun su-  
 preme  
 That turns the mist of former tears to  
 gold.  
 Within these arms I hold  
 The fleeting promise, chased so long in  
 vain :  
 Ah, weary bird ! thou wilt not fly again :  
 Thy wings are clipped, thou canst no  
 more depart,—  
 Thy nest is builded in my heart !

## III.

I was the crescent ; thou  
 The silver phantom of the perfect sphere,  
 Held in its bosom : in one glory now  
 Our lives united shine, and many a  
 year —  
 Not the sweet moon of bridal only — we  
 One lustre, ever at the full, shall be :  
 One pure and rounded light, one planet  
 whole,  
 One life developed, one completed soul !  
 For I in thee, and thou in me,  
 Unite our cloven halves of destiny.

## IV.

God knew His chosen time :  
 He bade me slowly ripen to my prime,  
 And from my boughs withheld the  
 promised fruit,  
 Till storm and sun gave vigor to the root.  
 Secure, O Love ! secure  
 Thy blessing is : I have thee day and  
 night :  
 Thou art become my blood, my life, my  
 light :  
 God's mercy thou, and therefore shalt  
 endure !

## UNDER THE MOON.

## I.

FROM you and home I sleep afar,  
 Under the light of a lonely star,  
 Under the moon that marvels why  
 Away from you and home I lie.

Ah ! love no language can declare,  
 The hovering warmth, the tender care,  
 The yielding, sweet, invisible air  
 That clasps your bosom, and fans your  
 cheek  
 With the breath of words I cannot  
 speak,—  
 Such love I give, such warmth im-  
 part :  
 The fragrance of a blossomed heart.

## II.

The moon looks in upon my bed,  
 Her yearning glory rays my head,  
 And round me clings, a lonely light,  
 The aureole of the winter night ;  
 But in my heart a gentle pain,  
 A balmier splendor in my brain,  
 Lead me beyond the frosty plane,—  
 Lead me afar, to mellowier skies,  
 Where under the moon a palace lies ;  
 Where under the moon our bed is made,  
 Half in splendor and half in shade.

## III.

The marble flags of the corridor  
 Through open windows meet the floor,  
 And Moorish arches in darkness rise  
 Against the gleam of the silver skies :  
 Beyond, in flakes of starry light,  
 A fountain prattles to the night,  
 And dusky cypresses, withdrawn  
 In silent conclave, stud the lawn ;  
 While mystic woodlands, more remote,  
 In seas of airy silver float,  
 So hung in heaven, the stars that set  
 Seem glossy leaves the dew has wet  
 On topmost boughs, and sparkling yet.

## IV.

In from the terraced garden blows  
 The spicy soul of the tuberose,  
 As if 'twere the odor of strains that  
 pour  
 From the nightingale's throat as never  
 before ;  
 For he sings not now of wounding  
 thorn,  
 He sings as the lark in the golden  
 morn,—  
 A song of joy, a song of bliss,  
 Passionate notes that clasp and kiss,  
 Perfect peace and perfect pride,  
 Love rewarded and satisfied,  
 For I see you, darling, at my side.

## V.

I see you, darling, at my side :  
 I clasp you closer, in sacred pride.  
 I shut my eyes, my senses fail,  
 Becalmed by Night's ambrosial gale.  
 Softer than dews the planets weep,  
 Descends a sweeter peace than sleep ;  
 All wandering sounds and motions die  
 In the silent glory of the sky ;  
 But, as the moon goes down the West,  
 Your heart, against my happy breast,  
 Says in its beating : Love is Rest.

## THE MYSTIC SUMMER.

'T is not the dropping of the flower,  
 The blush of fruit upon the tree,  
 Though summer ripens, hour by hour,  
 The garden's sweet maternity :

'T is not that birds have ceased to build,  
 And wait their brood with tender  
 care ;  
 That corn is golden in the field,  
 And clover balm is in the air ; —

Not these the season's splendor bring,  
 And crowd with life the happy year,  
 Nor yet, where yonder fountains sing,  
 The blaze of sunshine, hot and clear.

In thy full womb, O Summer ! lies  
 A secret hope, a joy unsung,  
 Held in the hush of these calm skies,  
 And trembling on the forest's tongue.

The lands of harvest throb anew  
 In shining pulses, far away ;  
 The Night distils a dearer dew,  
 And sweeter eyelids has the Day.

And not in vain the peony burns  
 In bursting globes, her crimson fire,  
 Her incense-dropping ivory urns  
 The lily lifts in many a spire :

And not in vain the tulips clash  
 In revelry the cups they hold  
 Of fiery wine, until they dash  
 With ruby streaks the splendid gold !

Send down your roots the mystic charm  
 That warms and flushes all your  
 flowers,  
 And with the summer's touch disarm  
 The thralldom of the under powers,

Until, in caverns, buried deep,  
 Strange fragrance reach the dia-  
 mond's home,  
 And murmurs of the garden sweep  
 The houses of the frightened gnome !

For, piercing through their black re-  
 pose,  
 And shooting up beyond the sun,  
 I see that Tree of Life, which rose  
 Before the eyes of Solomon :

Its boughs, that, in the light of God,  
 Their bright, innumerable leaves dis-  
 play, —  
 Whose hum of life is borne abroad  
 By winds that shake the dead away.

And, trembling on a branch afar,  
 The topmost nursling of the skies,  
 I see my bud, the fairest star  
 The ever dawned for watching eyes.

Unnoticed on the boundless tree,  
 Its fragrant promise fills the air ;  
 Its little bell expands, for me,  
 A tent of silver, lily-fair.

All life to that one centre tends ;  
 All joy and beauty thence outflow ;  
 Her sweetest gifts the summer spends,  
 To teach that sweeter bud to blow.

So, compassed by the vision's gleam,  
 In trembling hope, from day to day,  
 As in some bright, bewildering dream,  
 The mystic summer wanes away.

## THE FATHER.

THE fateful hour, when Death stood  
 by  
 And stretched his threatening hand in  
 vain,  
 Is over now, and Life's first cry  
 Speaks feeble triumph through its  
 pain.

But yesterday, and thee the Earth  
 Inscribed not on her mighty scroll :  
 To-day she opes the gate of birth,  
 And gives the spheres another soul.

But yesterday, no fruit from me  
 The rising winds of Time had hurled  
 To-day, a father, — can it be  
 A child of mine is in the world ?

I look upon the little frame,  
 As helpless on my arm it lies :  
 Thou giv'st me, child, a father's name,  
 God's earliest name in Paradise.

Like Him, creator too I stand :  
 His Power and Mystery seem more  
 near ;  
 Thou giv'st me honor in the land,  
 And giv'st my life duration here.

But love, to-day, is more than pride ;  
 Love sees his star of triumph shine,  
 For Life nor Death can now divide  
 The souls that wedded breathe in  
 thine :

Mine and thy mother's, whence arose  
 The copy of my face in thee ;  
 And as thine eyelids first uncloze,  
 My own young eyes look up to me.

Look on me, child, once more, once more,  
 Even with those weak, unconscious  
 eyes ;  
 Stretch the small hands that help im-  
 plore ;  
 Salute me with thy wailing cries !

This is the blessing and the prayer  
 A father's sacred place demands :  
 Ordain me, darling, for thy care,  
 And lead me with thy helpless hands !

### THE MOTHER.

PALER, and yet a thousand times more  
 fair  
 Than in thy girlhood's freshest bloom,  
 art thou :  
 A softer sun-flush tints thy golden hair,  
 A sweeter grace adorns thy gentle  
 brow.

Lips that shall call thee "mother!" at  
 thy breast  
 Feed the young life, wherein thy nat-  
 ure feels  
 Its dear fulfilment : little hands are  
 pressed  
 On the white fountain Love alone  
 unseals.

Look down, and let Life's tender day-  
 break throw  
 A second radiance on thy ripened  
 hour :  
 Retrace thine own forgotten advent  
 so,  
 And in the bud behold thy perfect  
 flower.

Nay, question not : whatever lies be-  
 yond  
 God will dispose. Sit thus, Madonna  
 mine,  
 For thou art haloed with a love as  
 fond  
 As Jewish Mary gave the Child Di-  
 vine.

I lay my own proud title at thy feet ;  
 Thine the first, holiest right to love  
 shalt be :  
 Though in his heart our wedded pulses  
 beat,  
 His sweetest life our darling draws  
 from thee.

The father in his child beholds this  
 truth,  
 His perfect manhood has assumed its  
 reign :  
 Thou wear'st anew the roses of thy  
 youth, —  
 The mother in her child is born  
 again.

Thus came the Poet's Journal to an end.  
 His heart's completed music ceased to flow  
 From Ernest's lips : the tale I wished to know  
 Was wholly mine. "I am content, dear friend,"  
 I said : "to me no voice can be obscure  
 Wherein your nature speaks : the chords I hear,  
 Too far and frail to strike a stranger's ear."  
 With that, I bowed to Edith's forehead pure,  
 And kissed her with a brother's blameless kiss :  
 "To you the fortune of these days I owe,  
 My other Ernest, like him most in this,  
 That you can hear the cries of ancient woe



With holy pity free from any blame  
 Of jealous love, and find your highest bliss  
 To know, through you his life's fulfilment came."  
 "And through him, mine," the woman's heart replied;  
 For Love's humility is Love's true pride.

"These are your sweetest poems, and your best,"  
 To him I said. "I know not," answered he,  
 They are my truest. I have ceased to be  
 The ambitious knight of Song, that shook his crest  
 In public tilts: the sober hermit I,  
 Whose evening songs but few approach to hear, —  
 Who, if those few should cease to lend an ear,  
 Would sing them to the forest and the sky  
 Contented: singing for myself alone.  
 No fear that any poet dies unknown,  
 Whose songs are written in the hearts that know  
 And love him, though their partial verdict show  
 The tenderness that moves the critic's blame.  
 Those few have power to lift his name above  
 Forgetfulness, to grant that noblest fame  
 Which sets its trumpet to the lips of Love!"

'Nay, then," said I, "you are already crowned.  
 If your ambition in the loving pride  
 Of us, your friends, is cheaply satisfied,  
 We are those trumpets: do you hear them sound?"  
 And Edith smilingly together wound  
 Light stems of ivy to a garland fair,  
 And pressed it archly on her husband's hair;  
 But he, with earnest voice, though in his eyes  
 A happy laughter shone, protesting, said:  
 'Respect, dear friends, the Muse's sanctities,  
 Nor mock, with wreaths upon a living head,  
 The holy laurels of the deathless Dead.  
 Crown Love, crown Truth when first her brow appears,  
 And crown the Hero when his deeds are done:  
 The Poet's leaves are gathered one by one,  
 In the slow process of the doubtful years.  
 Who seeks too eagerly, he shall not find:  
 Who, seeking not, pursues with single mind  
 Art's lofty aim, to him will she accord,  
 At her appointed time, the sure reward."

The tall clock, standing sentry in the hall,  
 Struck midnight: on the panes no longer beat  
 The weary storm: the wind began to fall,  
 And through the breaking darkness glimmered, sweet  
 With tender stars, the flying gleams of sky.  
 "Come, Edith, lend your voice to crown the night,  
 And give the new day sunny break," said I:  
 She listening first in self-deceiving plight  
 Of young maternal trouble, for a cry  
 From Arthur's crib, sat down in happy calm,  
 And sang to Ernest's heart his own thanksgiving psalm.

*Thou who sendest sun and rain,  
 Thou who spendest bliss and pain,*



*Good with bounteous hand bestowing,  
Evil for Thy will allowing, —  
Though Thy ways we cannot see,  
All is just that comes from Thee.*

*In the peace of hearts at rest,  
In the child at mother's breast,  
In the lives that now surround us,  
In the deaths that sorely wound us,  
Though we may not understand,  
Father, we behold Thy hand !*

*Hear the happy hymn we raise ;  
Take the love which is Thy praise ;  
Give content in each condition ;  
Bend our hearts in sweet submission,  
And Thy trusting children prove  
Worthy of the Father's love !*

# POEMS OF THE ORIENT.

Da der West war durchgekostet,  
Hat er nun den Ost entmostet.

RÜCKERT.



# PROËM DEDICATORY.

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## AN EPISTLE FROM MOUNT TMOLUS.

TO RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

### I.

O FRIEND, were you but couched on Tmolus' side,  
In the warm myrtles, in the golden air  
Of the declining day, which half lays bare,  
Half drapes, the silent mountains and the wide  
Embosomed vale, that wanders to the sea ;  
And the far sea, with doubtful specks of sail,  
And farthest isles, that slumber tranquilly  
Beneath the Ionian autumn's violet veil ;—  
Were you but with me, little were the need  
Of this imperfect artifice of rhyme,  
Where the strong Fancy peals a broken chime  
And the ripe brain but sheds abortive seed.  
But I am solitary, and the curse,  
Or blessing, which has clung to me from birth —  
The torment and the ecstasy of verse —  
Comes up to me from the illustrious earth  
Of ancient Tmolus ; and the very stones,  
Reverberant, din the mellow air with tones  
Which the sweet air remembers ; and they blend  
With fainter echoes, which the mountains fling  
From far oracular caverns : so, my Friend,  
I cannot choose but sing !

### II.

Unto mine eye, less plain the shepherds be,  
Tending their browsing goats amid the broom,  
Or the slow camels, travelling towards the sea,  
Laden with bales from Baghdad's gaudy loom,  
Or yon nomadic Turcomans, that go  
Down from their summer pastures — than the twain  
Immortals, who on Tmolus' thymy top  
Sang, emulous, the rival strain !  
Down the charmed air did light Apollo drop ;  
Great Pan ascended from the vales below.  
I see them sitting in the silent glow ;  
I hear the alternating measures flow



From pipe and golden lyre ; — the melody  
 Heard by the Gods between their nectar bowls,  
 Or when, from out the chambers of the sea,  
 Comes the triumphant Morning, and unrolls  
 A pathway for the sun ; then, following swift,  
 The dædal harmonies of awful caves  
 Cleft in the hills, and forests that uplift  
 Their sea-like boom, in answer to the waves,  
 With many a lighter strain, that dances o'er  
 The wedded reeds, till Echo strives in vain  
 To follow :  
 Hark ! once more,  
 How floats the God's exultant strain  
 In answer to Apollo !

*" The wind in the reeds and the rushes,  
 The bees on the bells of thyme,  
 The birds on the myrtle bushes,  
 The cicale above in the lime,  
 And the lizards below in the grass  
 Are as silent as ever old Tmolus was,  
 Listening to my sweet pipings."*

## III.

I cannot separate the minstrels' worth ;  
 Each is alike transcendent and divine.  
 What were the Day, unless it lighted Earth ?  
 And what were Earth, should Day forget to shile ?  
 But were you here, my Friend, we twain would build  
 Two altars, on the mountain's sunward side :  
 There Pan should o'er my sacrifice preside,  
 And there Apollo your oblation gild.  
 He is your God, but mine is shaggy Pan ;  
 Yet, as their music no discordance made,  
 So shall our offerings side by side be laid,  
 And the same wind the rival incense fan.

## IV.

You strain your ear to catch the harmonies  
 That in some finer region have their birth ;  
 I turn, despairing, from the quest of these,  
 And seek to learn the native tongue of Earth.  
 In " Fancy's tropic clime " your castle stands,  
 A shining miracle of rarest art ;  
 I pitch my tent upon the naked sands,  
 And the tall palm, that plumes the orient lands,  
 Can with its beauty satisfy my heart.  
 You, in your starry trances, breathe the air  
 Of lost Elysium, pluck the snowy bells  
 Of lotus and Olympian asphodels,  
 And bid us their diviner odors share.  
 I at the threshold of that world have lain,  
 Gazed on its glory, heard the grand acclaim  
 Wherewith its trumpets hail the sons of Fame,  
 And striven its speech to master — but in vain.

And now I turn, to find a late content  
 In Nature, making mine her myriad shows ;  
 Better contented with one living rose  
 Than all the Gods' ambrosia ; sternly bent  
 On wresting from her hand the cup, whence flow  
 The flavors of her ruddiest life — the change  
 Of climes and races — the unshackled range  
 Of all experience ; — that my songs may show  
 The warm red blood that beats in hearts of men,  
 And those who read them in the festering den  
 Of cities, may behold the open sky,  
 And hear the rhythm of the winds that blow,  
 Instinct with Freedom. Blame me not, that I  
 Find in the forms of Earth a deeper joy  
 Than in the dreams which lured me as a boy,  
 And leave the Heavens, where you are wandering still  
 With bright Apollo, to converse with Pan ;  
 For, though full soon our courses separate ran,  
 We, like the Gods, can meet on Tmolus' hill.

## V.

There is no jealous rivalry in Song :  
 I see your altar on the hill-top shine,  
 And mine is built in shadows of the Pine,  
 Yet the same worships unto each belong.  
 Different the Gods, yet one the sacred awe  
 Their presence brings us, one the reverent heart  
 Wherewith we honor the immortal law  
 Of that high inspiration, which is Art.  
 Take, therefore, Friend ! these Voices of the Earth,  
 The rhythmic records of my life's career,  
 Humble, perhaps, yet wanting not the worth  
 Of Truth, and to the heart of Nature near.  
 Take them, and your acceptance, in the dearth  
 Of the world's tardy praise, shall make them dear.

## A PÆAN TO THE DAWN.

## I.

THE dusky sky fades into blue,  
 And bluer waters bind us ;  
 The stars are glimmering faint and few,  
 The night is left behind us !  
 Turn not where sinks the sullen dark  
 Before the signs of warning,  
 But crowd the canvas on our bark  
 And sail to meet the morning.  
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! the hues that fill  
 The orient, flush and lighten ;  
 And over the blue Ionian hill  
 The Dawn begins to brighten !

## II.

We leave the Night, that weighed so long  
 Upon the soul's endeavor,

For Morning, on these hills of Song,  
 Has made her home forever.  
 Hark to the sound of trump and lyre,  
 In the olive-groves before us,  
 And the rhythmic beat, the pulse of fire  
 Throbs in the full-voice chorus !  
 More than Memnonian grandeur speaks  
 In the triumph of the pæan,  
 And all the glory of the Greeks  
 Breathes o'er the old Ægean.

## III.

Here shall the ancient Dawn return,  
 That lit the earliest poet,  
 Whose very ashes in his urn  
 Would radiate glory through it, —  
 The dawn of Life, when Life was Song,  
 And Song the life of Nature,  
 And the Singer stood amid the throng, —  
 A God in every feature !

When Love was free, and free as air  
 The utterance of Passion,  
 And the heart in every fold lay bare,  
 Nor shamed its true expression.

## IV.

Then perfect limb and perfect face  
 Surpassed our best ideal ;  
 Unconscious Nature's law was grace, —  
 The Beautiful was real.  
 For men acknowledged true desires,  
 And light as garlands wore them ;  
 They were begot by vigorous sires,  
 And noble mothers bore them.  
 Oh, when the shapes of Art they planned  
 Were living forms of passion,  
 Impulse and Deed went hand in hand,  
 And Life was more than Fashion !

## V.

The seeds of Song they scattered first  
 Flower in all later pages ;  
 Their forms have woke the Artist's  
 thirst  
 Through the succeeding ages :  
 But I will seek the fountain-head  
 Whence flowed their inspiration,  
 And lead the unshackled life they led,  
 Accordant with Creation.  
 The World's false life, that follows  
 still,  
 Has ceased its chain to tighten,  
 And over the blue Ionian hill  
 I see the sunrise brighten !

## THE POET IN THE EAST.

THE Poet came to the Land of the  
 East,  
 When spring was in the air :  
 The Earth was dressed for a wedding  
 feast,  
 So young she seemed, and fair ;  
 And the Poet knew the Land of the  
 East, —  
 His soul was native there.

All things to him were the visible forms  
 Of early and precious dreams, —  
 Familiar visions that mocked his quest  
 Beside the Western streams,  
 Or gleamed in the gold of the clouds,  
 unrolled  
 In the sunset's dying beams.

He looked above in the cloudless calm,  
 And the Sun sat on his throne ;  
 The breath of gardens, deep in balm,  
 Was all about him blown,  
 And a brother to him was the princely  
 Palm,  
 For he cannot live alone.

His feet went forth on the myrtled hills,  
 And the flowers their welcome shed ;  
 The meads of milk-white asphodel  
 They knew the Poet's tread,  
 And far and wide, in a scarlet tide,  
 The poppy's bonfire spread.

And, half in shade and half in sun,  
 The Rose sat in her bower,  
 With a passionate thrill in her crimson  
 heart —  
 She had waited for the hour !  
 And, like a bride's, the Poet kissed  
 The lips of the glorious flower.

Then the Nightingale, who sat above  
 In the boughs of the citron-tree,  
 Sang : We are no rivals, brother mine,  
 Except in minstrelsy ;  
 For the rose you kissed with the kiss of  
 love,  
 She is faithful still to me.

And further sang the Nightingale :  
 Your bower not distant lies.  
 I heard the sound of a Persian lute  
 From the jasmined window rise,  
 And, twin-bright stars, through the lat-  
 tice-bars,  
 I saw the Sultana's eyes.

The Poet said : I will here abide,  
 In the Sun's unclouded door ;  
 Here are the wells of all delight  
 On the lost Arcadian shore :  
 Here is the light on sea and land,  
 And the dream deceives no more.

THE TEMPTATION OF HASSAN  
BEN KHALED.

## I.

HASSAN BEN KHALED, singing in the  
 streets  
 Of Cairo, sang these verses at my door :  
 "Blessed is he, who God and Prophet  
 greets  
 Each morn with prayer ; but he is blest  
 much more



Whose conduct is his prayer's interpreter.  
 Sweeter than musk, and pleasanter than myrrh,  
 Richer than rubies, shall his portion be,  
 When God bids Azrael, 'Bring him unto me!'  
 But woe to him whose life casts dirt upon  
 The Prophet's word! When all his days are done,  
 Him shall the Evil Angel trample down  
 Out of the sight of God." Thus, with a frown  
 Of the severest virtue, Hassan sang  
 Unto the people, till the markets rang.

## II.

But two days after this, he came again  
 And sang, and I remarked an altered strain.  
 Before my shop he stood, with forehead bent  
 Like one whose sin hath made him penitent,—  
 In whom the pride, that like a stately reed  
 Lifted his head, is broken. "Blest indeed,"  
 (These were his words,) "is he who never fell,  
 But blest much more, who from the verge of Hell  
 Climbs up to Paradise: for Sin is sweet;  
 Strong is Temptation; willing are the feet  
 That follow Pleasure, manifold her snares,  
 And pitfalls lurk beneath our very prayers:  
 Yet God, the Clement, the Compassionate,  
 In pity of our weakness keeps the gate  
 Of Pardon open, scorning not to wait  
 Till the last moment, when His mercy flings  
 Splendor from the shade of Azrael's wings."  
 "Wherefore, O Poet!" I to Hassan said,  
 "This altered measure? Wherefore hang your head,  
 O Hassan! whom the pride of virtue gives  
 The right to face the holiest man that lives?  
 Enter, I pray thee: this poor house will be

Honored henceforth, if it may shelter thee."  
 Hassan Ben Khaled lifted up his eyes  
 To mine, a moment: then, in cheerful guise,  
 He passed my threshold with unslipped feet.

## III.

I led him from the noises of the street  
 To the cool inner chambers, where my slave  
 Poured out the pitcher's rosy-scented wave  
 Over his hands, and laid upon his knee  
 The napkin, silver-fringed: and when the pipe  
 Exhaled a grateful odor from the ripe  
 Latakian leaves, said Hassan unto me:  
 "Listen, O Man! no man can truly say  
 That he hath wisdom. What I sang to-day  
 Was not less truth than what I sang before,  
 But to Truth's house there is a single door,  
 Which is Experience. He teaches best,  
 Who feels the hearts of all men in his breast,  
 And knows their strength or weakness through his own.  
 The holy pride, that never was o'er-thrown,  
 Was never tempted, and its words of blame  
 Reach but the dull ears of the multitude:  
 The admonitions, fruitful unto good,  
 Come from the voice of him who conquers shame."

## IV.

"Give me, O Poet! (if thy friend may be  
 Worthy such confidence,)" I said, "the key  
 Unto thy words, that I may share with thee  
 Thine added wisdom." Hassan's kindly eye  
 Before his lips unclosed, spake willingly,  
 And he began: "But two days since, I went  
 Singing what thou didst hear, with soul intent



On my own virtue, all the markets  
 through;  
 And when about the time of prayer, I  
 drew  
 Near the Gate of Victory, behold!  
 There came a man, whose turban  
 fringed with gold  
 And golden cimeter, bespake his wealth:  
 'May God prolong thy days, O Hassan!  
 Health  
 And Fortune be thy wisdom's aids!' he cried;  
 'Come to my garden by the river's side,  
 Where other poets wait thee. Be my  
 guest,  
 For even the Prophets had their times  
 of rest,  
 And Rest, that strengthens unto virtu-  
 ous deeds,  
 Is one with Prayer.' Two royal-blooded  
 steeds,  
 Held by his grooms, were waiting at  
 the gate,  
 And though I shrank from such un-  
 wonted state  
 The master's words were manna to my  
 pride,  
 And, mounting straightway, forth we  
 twain did ride  
 Unto the garden by the river's side.

## v.

"Never till then had I beheld such  
 bloom.  
 The west-wind sent its heralds of per-  
 fume  
 To bid us welcome, midway on the road.  
 Full in the sun the marble portal glowed  
 Like silver, but within the garden wall  
 No ray of sunshine found a place to  
 fall,  
 So thick the crowning foliage of the  
 trees,  
 Roofing the walks with twilight; and  
 the air  
 Under their tops was greener than the  
 seas,  
 And cool as they. The forms that  
 wandered there  
 Resembled those who populate the floor  
 Of Ocean, and the royal lineage own  
 That gave a Princess unto Persia's  
 throne.  
 All fruits the trees of this fair garden  
 bore,  
 Whose balmy fragrance lured the  
 tongue to taste

Their flavors: there bananas flung to  
 waste  
 Their golden flagons with thick honey  
 filled;  
 From splintered cups the ripe pome-  
 granates spilled  
 A shower of rubies; oranges that glow  
 Like globes of fire, enclosed a heart of  
 snow  
 Which thawed not in their flame; like  
 balls of gold  
 The peaches seemed, that had in blood  
 been rolled;  
 Pure saffron mixed with clearest amber  
 stained  
 The apricots; bunches of amethyst  
 And sapphire seemed the grapes, so  
 newly kissed  
 That still the mist of Beauty's breath  
 remained;  
 And where the lotus slowly swung in  
 air  
 Her snowy-bosomed chalice, rosy-veined,  
 The golden fruit swung softly-cradled  
 there,  
 Even as a bell upon the bosom swings  
 Of some fair dancer,—happy bell, that  
 sings  
 For joy, its golden tinkle keeping time  
 To the heart's beating and the cymbal's  
 chime!  
 There dates of agate and of jasper lay,  
 Dropped from the bounty of the preg-  
 nant palm,  
 And all ambrosial trees, all fruits of  
 balm,  
 All flowers of precious odors, made the  
 day  
 Sweet as a morn of Paradise. My  
 breath  
 Failed with the rapture, and with doubt-  
 ful mind  
 I turned to where the garden's lord re-  
 clined,  
 And asked, 'Was not that gate the Gate  
 of Death?'

## vi.

"The guests were near a fountain. As  
 I came  
 They rose in welcome, wedding to my  
 name  
 Titles of honor, linked in choicest phrase,  
 For Poets' ears are ever quick to Praise,  
 The 'Open Sesamè!' whose magic art  
 Forces the guarded entrance of the heart.  
 Young men were they, whose manly  
 beauty made

Their words the sweeter, and their  
 speech displayed  
 Knowledge of men, and of the Prophet's  
 laws.  
 Pleasant our converse was, where every  
 pause  
 Gave to the fountain leave to sing its  
 song,  
 Suggesting further speech ; until, ere-  
 long,  
 There came a troop of swarthy slaves,  
 who bore  
 Ewers and pitchers all of silver ore,  
 Wherein we washed our hands ; then,  
 tables placed,  
 And brought us meats of every sumptu-  
 ous taste  
 That makes the blood rich, — pheasants  
 stuffed with spice ;  
 Young lambs, whose entrails were of  
 cloves and rice ;  
 Ducks bursting with pistachio nuts, and  
 fish  
 That in a bed of parsley swam. Each  
 dish,  
 Cooked with such art, seemed better  
 than the last,  
 And our indulgence in the rich repast  
 Brought on the darkness ere we missed  
 the day :  
 But lamps were lighted in the fountain's  
 spray,  
 Or, pendent from the boughs, their col-  
 ors told  
 What fruits unseen, of crimson or of  
 gold,  
 Scented the gloom. Then took the gen-  
 erous host  
 A basket filled with roses. Every guest  
 Cried, ' Give me roses ! ' and he thus ad-  
 dressed  
 His words to all : ' He who exalts them  
 most  
 In song, he only shall the roses wear.'  
 Then sang a guest : ' The rose's cheeks  
 are fair ;  
 It crowns the purple bowl, and no one  
 knows  
 If the rose colors it, or it the rose.'  
 And sang another : ' Crimson is its  
 hue,  
 And on its breast the morning's crystal  
 dew  
 Is changed to rubies.' Then a third re-  
 plied :  
 ' It blushes in the sun's enamored sight,  
 As a young virgin on her wedding  
 night,

When from her face the bridegroom lifts  
 the veil.'  
 When all had sung their songs, I, Has-  
 san, tried.  
 ' The Rose,' I sang, ' is either red or  
 pale,  
 Like maidens whom the flame of passion  
 burns,  
 And Love or Jealousy controls, by  
 turns.  
 Its buds are lips preparing for a kiss ;  
 Its open flowers are like the blush of  
 bliss  
 On lovers' cheeks ; the thorns its armor  
 are,  
 And in its centre shines a golden star,  
 As on a favorite's cheek a sequin glows ;  
 And thus the garden's favorite is the  
 Rose.'

## VII.

" The master from his open basket shook  
 The roses on my head. The others took  
 Their silver cups, and filling them with  
 wine,  
 Cried, ' Pledge our singing, Hassan, as  
 we thine ! "  
 But I exclaimed, ' What is it I have  
 heard ?  
 Wine is forbidden by the Prophet's  
 word :  
 Surely, O Friends ! ye would not light-  
 ly break  
 The laws which bring ye blessing ? '  
 Then they spake :  
 ' O Poet, learn thou that the law was  
 made  
 For men, and not for poets. Turn thine  
 eye  
 Within, and read the nature there dis-  
 played ;  
 The gifts thou hast doth Allah's grace  
 deny  
 To common men ; they lift thee o'er  
 the rules  
 The Prophet fixed for sinners and for  
 fools.  
 The vine is Nature's poet : from his  
 bloom  
 The air goes reeling, tipsy with per-  
 fume,  
 And when the sun is warm within his  
 blood  
 It mounts and sparkles in a crimson  
 flood ;  
 Rich with dumb songs he speaks not, till  
 they find  
 Interpretation in the Poet's mind.

If Wine be evil, Song is evil too;  
 Then cease thy singing, lest it bring  
   thee sin;  
 But wouldst thou know the strains which  
   Hafiz knew,  
 Drink as he drank, and thus the secret  
   win.  
 They clasped my glowing hands; they  
   held the bowl  
 Up to my lips, till, losing all control  
 Of the fierce thirst, which at my scrup-  
   ples laughed,  
 I drained the goblet at a single draught.  
 It ran through every limb like fluid fire:  
 'More, O my Friends!' I cried, the new  
   desire  
 Raging within me: 'this is life indeed!  
 From blood like this is coined the nobler  
   seed  
 Whence poets are begotten. Drink  
   again,  
 And give us music of a tender strain,  
 Linking your inspiration unto mine,  
 For music hovers on the lips of Wine!'

## VIII.

"'Music!' they shouted, echoing my  
   demand,  
 And answered with a beckon of his  
   hand  
 The gracious host, whereat a maiden,  
   fair  
 As the last star that leaves the morning  
   air,  
 Came down the leafy paths. Her veil  
   revealed  
 The beauty of her face, which, half con-  
   cealed  
 Behind its thin blue folds, showed like  
   the moon  
 Behind a cloud that will forsake it soon.  
 Her hair was braided darkness, but the  
   glance  
 Of lightning eyes shot from her counte-  
   nance,  
 And showed her neck, that like an ivory  
   tower  
 Rose o'er the twin domes of her marble  
   breast.  
 Were all the beauty of this age com-  
   pressed  
 Into one form, she would transcend its  
   power.  
 Her step was lighter than the young  
   gazelle's,  
 And as she walked, her anklet's golden  
   bells

Tinkled with pleasure, but were quickly  
   mute  
 With jealousy, as from a case she drew  
 With snowy hands the pieces of her  
   lute,  
 And took her seat before me. As it  
   grew  
 To perfect shape, her lovely arms she  
   bent  
 Around the neck of the sweet instru-  
   ment,  
 Till from her soft caresses it awoke  
 To consciousness, and thus its rapture  
   spoke:  
 'I was a tree within an Indian vale,  
 When first I heard the love-sick night-  
   ingale  
 Declare his passion: every leaf was  
   stirred  
 With the melodious sorrow of the bird,  
 And when he ceased, the song remained  
   with me.  
 Men came anon, and felled the harmless  
   tree,  
 But from the memory of the songs I  
   heard,  
 The spoiler saved me from the destiny  
 Whereby my brethren perished. O'er  
   the sea  
 I came, and from its loud, tumultuous  
   moan  
 I caught a soft and solemn undertone;  
 And when I grew beneath the maker's  
   hand  
 To what thou seest, he sang (the while  
   he planned)  
 The mirthful measures of a careless  
   heart,  
 And of my soul his songs became a  
   part.  
 Now they have laid my head upon a  
   breast  
 Whiter than marble, I am wholly blest.  
 The fair hands smite me, and my strings  
   complain  
 With such melodious cries, they smite  
   again,  
 Until, with passion and with sorrow  
   swayed,  
 My torment moves the bosom of the  
   maid,  
 Who hears it speak her own. I am the  
   voice  
 Whereby the lovers languish or rejoice;  
 And they caress me, knowing that my  
   strain  
 Alone can speak the language of their  
   pain.'



## IX.

'Here ceased the fingers of the maid  
 to stray  
 Over the strings; the sweet song died  
 away  
 In mellow, drowsy murmurs, and the  
 lute  
 Leaned on her fairest bosom, and was  
 mute.  
 Better than wine that music was to me:  
 Not the lute only felt her hands, but  
 she  
 Played on my heart-strings, till the  
 sounds became  
 Incarnate in the pulses of my frame.  
 Speech left my tongue, and in my tears  
 alone  
 Found utterance. With stretched arms  
 I implored  
 Continuance, whereat her fingers poured  
 A tenderer music, answering the tone  
 Her parted lips released, the while her  
 throat  
 Throbbled, as a heavenly bird were flut-  
 tering there,  
 And gave her voice the wonder of his  
 note.  
 'His brow,' she sang, 'is white beneath  
 his hair;  
 The fertile beard is soft upon his chin,  
 Shading the mouth that nestles warm  
 within,  
 As a rose nestles in its leaves; I see  
 His eyes, but cannot tell what hue they  
 be,  
 For the sharp eyelash, like a sabre,  
 speaks  
 The martial law of Passion; in his  
 cheeks  
 The quick blood mounts, and then as  
 quickly goes,  
 Leaving a tint like marble when a rose  
 Is held inside it: — bid him veil his eyes,  
 Lest all my soul should unto mine arise,  
 And he behold it!' As she sang, her  
 glance  
 Dwelt on my face; her beauty, like a  
 lance,  
 Transfixed my heart. I melted into  
 sighs,  
 Slain by the arrows of her beauteous  
 eyes.  
 'Why is her bosom made' (I cried) 'a  
 snare?  
 Why does a single ringlet of her hair  
 Hold my heart captive?' 'Would you  
 know?' she said;

'It is that you are mad with love, and  
 chains  
 Were made for madmen.' Then she  
 raised her head  
 With answering love, that led to other  
 strains,  
 Until the lute, which shared with her  
 the smart,  
 Rocked as in storm upon her beating  
 heart.  
 Thus to its wires she made impassioned  
 cries:  
 'I swear it by the brightness of his eyes;  
 I swear it by the darkness of his hair;  
 By the warm bloom his limbs and bosom  
 wear;  
 By the fresh pearls his rosy lips enclose;  
 By the calm majesty of his repose;  
 By smiles I coveted, and frowns I feared,  
 And by the shooting myrtles of his  
 beard, —  
 I swear it, that from him the morning  
 drew  
 Its freshness, and the moon her silvery  
 hue,  
 The sun his brightness, and the stars  
 their fire,  
 And musk and camphor all their odor-  
 ous breath:  
 And if he answer not my love's desire,  
 Day will be night to me, and Life be  
 Death!'

## X.

"Scarce had she ceased, when, over  
 come, I fell  
 Upon her bosom, where the lute no more  
 That night was cradled; song was si-  
 lenced well  
 With kisses, each one sweeter than be-  
 fore,  
 Until their fiery dew so long was  
 quaffed,  
 I drank delirium in the infectious  
 draught.  
 The guests departed, but the sounds  
 they made  
 I heard not; in the fountain-haunted  
 shade  
 The lamps burned out; the moon rode  
 far above,  
 But the trees chased her from our nest  
 of love.  
 Dizzy with passion, in mine ears the  
 blood  
 Tinged and hummed in a tumultuous  
 flood,  
 Until from deep to deep I seemed to fall,



Like him, who from El Sirat's hair-drawn wall  
Plunges to endless gulfs. In broken gleams  
Glimmered the things I saw, so mixed with dreams  
The vain confusion blinded every sense,  
And knowledge left me. Then a sleep intense  
Fell on my brain, and held me as the dead,  
Until a sudden tumult smote my head,  
And a strong glare, as when a torch is hurled  
Before a sleeper's eyes, brought back the world.

## XI.

"Most wonderful! The fountain and the trees  
Had disappeared, and in the place of these  
I saw the well-known Gate of Victory.  
The sun was high; the people looked at me,  
And marvelled that a sleeper should be there  
On the hot pavement, for the second prayer  
Was called from all the minarets. I passed  
My hand across my eyes, and found at last  
What man I was. Then straightway through my heart  
There rang a double pang,—the bitter smart  
Of evil knowledge, and the unhealthy lust  
Of sinful pleasure; and I threw the dust  
Upon my head, the burial of my pride,—  
The ashen soil, wherein I plant the tree  
Of Penitence. The people saw, and cried,  
'May God reward thee, Hassan! Truly, thou,  
Whom men have honored, addest to thy brow  
The crowning lustre of Humility :  
As thou abasest, God exalteth thee !'  
Which when I heard, I shed such tears of shame  
As might erase the record of my blame,  
And from that time I have not dared to curse  
The unrighteous, since the man who seemeth worse

Than I, may prurer be; for, when I fell  
Temptation reached a loftier pinnacle.  
Therefore, O Man! be Charity thy aim :  
Praise cannot harm, but weigh thy words of blame.  
Distrust the Virtue that itself exalts,  
But turn to that which doth avow its faults,  
And from Repentance plucks a wholesome fruit.  
Pardon, not Wrath, is God's best attribute."

## XII.

"The tale, O Poet! which thy lips have told,"  
I said, "is words of rubies set in gold.  
Precious the wisdom which from evil draws  
Strength to fulfil the good, of Allah's laws.  
But lift thy head, O Hassan! Thine own words  
Shall best console thee, for my tongue affords  
No phrase but thanks for what thou hast bestowed;  
And yet I fain would have thee shake the load  
Of shame from off thy shoulders, seeing still  
That by this fall thou hast increased thy will  
To do the work which makes thee truly blest."  
Hassan Ben Khaled wept and smote his breast :  
"Hold! hold, O Man!" he cried : "why make me feel  
A deeper shame! Why force me to reveal  
That Sin is as the leprous taint no art  
Can cleanse the blood from? In my secret heart  
I do believe I hold at dearer cost  
The vanished Pleasure, than the Virtue lost."

So saying, he arose and went his way ;  
And Allah grant he go no more astray.

SHEKH AHNAF'S LETTER  
FROM BAGHDAD.

In Allah's name, the Ever Merciful,  
The Most Compassionate! To thee, my friend,

Ben-Arif, peace and blessing ! May this  
 scroll,  
 A favored herald, tell thee in Tangier  
 That Ahnaf follows soon, if Allah wills !  
 Yes, after that last day at Arafât  
 Whereof I wrote thee, — after weary  
 moons,  
 Delayed among the treacherous Waha-  
 bees, —  
 The long, sweet rest beneath Derreyeh's  
 palms,  
 That cooled my body for the burning  
 bath  
 Of naked valleys in the hither waste  
 Beside Euphrates, — now behold me  
 here  
 In Baghdad ! Here, and drinking from  
 the well  
 Whose first pure waters fertilized the  
 West !  
 I, as thou knowest, with both my hands  
 took hold  
 Of Law and of Tradition, so to lift  
 To knowledge and obedience my soul.  
 Severe was I accounted — but my  
 strength  
 Was likewise known of all men ; and I  
 craved  
 The sterner discipline which Islam first  
 Endured, and knit the sinews of our race.  
 What says the Law ? — “ Who changes  
 or perverts,  
 Conceals, rejects, or holds of small ac-  
 count,  
 Though it were but the slightest seem-  
 ing word,  
 Hath *all* concealed, perverted, slighted ! ”  
 This,  
 Thou knowest, I held, and hold. Here,  
 I hoped,  
 The rigid test should gladden limbs pre-  
 pared  
 To bend, accept, and then triumphant  
 rise.  
 Even as the weak of faith rejoice to  
 find  
 Some lax interpretation, I rejoiced  
 In foretaste of the sure severity.  
 As near I drew, across the sandy flats,  
 Above the palms the yellow minaret  
 Wrote on the sky my welcome : “ Ahnaf,  
 hail !  
 Here, in the city of the Abbasid,  
 Set thou thine evening by its morning  
 star  
 Of Faith, and bind the equal East and  
 West ! ”

Ah me, Ben-Arif ! how shall pen of  
 mine  
 Set forth the perturbation of the soul ?  
 To doubt were death ; not hope, were  
 much the same  
 As not believe — but Allah tries my  
 strength  
 With tests far other than severest law.  
 When I had bathed, and then had  
 cleansed with prayer  
 My worn and dusty soul, (so, doubly pure,  
 Pronounced the *fathah* as 't is heard in  
 Heaven),  
 I sought the court-yard of Almansour's  
 mosque,  
 Where, after *asser*, creeping shadows cool  
 The marble, and the shekhs in com-  
 merce grave  
 Keep fresh the ancient wisdom. Me  
 they gave  
 Reception kindly, though perchance I  
 felt —  
 Or fancied, only — lack of special  
 warmth  
 For vows accomplished and my pilgrim  
 zeal.  
 “ Where is Tangier ? ” said one ; whereat  
 the rest  
 With most indifferent knowledge did  
 discuss  
 The problem — none, had they but  
 questioned me ! —  
 Then snatched again the theme they  
 half let drop,  
 And in their heat forgot me.

I, abashed,  
 Sat listening : vainly did I prick mine  
 ears.  
 I knew the words, indeed, but missed  
 therein  
 The wonted sense : they stripped our  
 Holy Book  
 Of every verse which not contains the  
 Law, —  
 Spake Justice and Forgiveness, Peace  
 and Love,  
 Nor once the duties of the right hand  
 fixed,  
 Nor service of the left : the nature they  
 Of Allah glorified, and not His names :  
 Of customs and observances no word  
 Their lips let fall : and I distinguished  
 not,  
 Save by their turbans, that they other  
 were  
 Than Jews, or Christians, or the Pagans  
 damned.

Methought I dreamed and in my mind  
withdrawn

At last heard only the commingling clash  
Of voices near me, and the songs outside  
Of boatmen on the Tigris. Then a hand  
Came on my shoulder, and the oldest  
shekh,

White-bearded Hatem, spake: "O Ahnaf! thou

Art here a stranger, and it scarce be-  
seems

That we should speak of weighty mat-  
ters thus

To uninstructed ears — the less, to  
thine,

Which, filled so long with idle sand, re-  
quire

The fresh delight of sympathetic speech  
That cools like yonder fountain, and  
makes glad.

Nor wouldst thou hear, perchance, nor  
could we give

An easy phrase as key to what so long  
Hath here been forged: but come to-  
night with me

Where this shall be applied, and more,  
to bring

Islam a better triumph than the sword  
Of Ali gave; for that but slew the foe,  
This maketh him a friend."

I, glad at heart  
To know my hope not false, yet won-  
dering much,

Gave eager promise, and at nightfall  
went

With Hatem to the college of a sect  
We know not in the West — nor is there  
need:

An ancient hall beneath a vaulted dome,  
With hanging lamps well lit, and cush-  
ioned seats

Where sat a grave and motley multi-  
tude.

When they beheld my guide, they all  
arose,

And "Peace be with thee, Hatem!"  
greeting, cried.

He, whispering to me: "O Ahnaf, sit  
And hear, be patient, wonder if thou  
wilt,

But keep thy questions sagely to the end,  
When I shall seek thee" — to a dais  
passed,

And sat him down. And all were silent  
there

In decent order, or in whispers spoke;  
But great my marvel was when I beheld

Parsee and Jew and Christian — yea,  
the race

Of Boodh and Brahma — with the Faith-  
ful mixed

As if were no defilement! Lo! they  
rose

Again, with equal honor to salute  
The Rabbi Daood, Jewest of the Jews, —  
And even so, for an Armenian priest!  
Yet both some elder prophets share with  
us,

And it might pass: but twice again  
they rose, —

Once for a Parsee, tinged like smoky  
milk,

His hat a leaning tower, — and once, a  
dark,

Grave man, with turban thinner than a  
wheel,

A wafer on his forehead (Satan's  
sign!) —

A worshipper of Ganges and the cow!  
These made my knees to smite: yet  
Hatem stood

And gave his hand, and they beside him  
sat.

Then one by one made speech; and  
what the first,

The shrill-tongued Rabbi, claimed as  
rule for all,

That they accepted. "Forasmuch"  
(said he)

"As either of our sects hath special lore  
Which not concerns the others — special  
signs

And marvels which the others must re-  
ject,

However holy and attested deemed,  
Set we all such aside, and hold our  
minds

Alone to that which in our creeds hath  
power

To move, enlighten, strengthen, pu-  
rify, —

The God behind the veil of miracles!  
So speak we to the common brain of  
each

And to the common heart; for what of  
Truth

Grows one with life, is manifest to all,  
Or Jew, or Moslem, or whatever name,  
And none deny it: test we then how  
much

This creed or that hath power to shape  
true lives."

All there these words applauded: He  
tem most,



Who spake: "My acquiescence lies therein,  
That on thy truth, O Jew! I build the claim  
Of him, our Prophet, to authority."  
Then some one near me, jeering, said:  
"Well done!  
He gives up Gabriel and the Beast  
Borak!"  
"Yea, but" — another answered —  
"must the Jew  
Not also lose his Pharaohs and his plagues,  
His rams'-horns and his Joshua and the sun?"  
"For once the Christians," whispered  
back a Jew,  
"Must cease to turn their water into wine,  
Or feed the multitude with five small loaves  
And two small fishes." Thus the people talked;  
While I, as one that in a dream appears  
To eat the flesh of swine, and cannot help  
The loathsome dream, awaited what should come.

To me it seemed — and doubtless to the rest,  
Though heretics and pagans — as the chiefs  
Who there disputed were both maimed and bound,  
So little dared they offer, shorn and lopped  
Of all their vigor, false as well as true.  
Was it of Islam that Shekh Hatem spake,  
With ringing tongue and fiery words that forced  
Unwilling tears from Pagan and from Jew,  
And cries of "*Allah Akhbar!*" from his own?  
Forsooth, I know not: he was Islam's chief.  
How dared he nod his head and smile, to hear  
The Jew declare his faith in God the Lord,  
The Christian preach of love and sacrifice,  
The Parsee and the Hindoo recognize  
The gifts of charity and temperance,  
And peace and purity? If this be so,  
And heretic and pagan crowd with us

The gates of Allah's perfect Paradise,  
Why hath He sent His Prophet? Nay,  
— I write  
In anger, not in doubt: nor need I here  
To thee, Ben-Arif, faithful man and wise,  
Portray the features of my shame and grief.

Ere all had fully spoken, I, confused, —  
Hearing no word of washing or of prayer,  
Of cross, or ark, or fire, or symbol else  
Idoltrous, obscene, — could only guess  
What creed was glorified before the crowd,  
By garb and accent of the chief who spake:  
And scarcely then; for oft, as one set forth  
His holiest duties, all, as with one voice,  
Exclaimed: "But also these are mine!"  
The strife  
Was then, how potent were they, how observed, —  
Made manifest in life? One cannot say  
That such are needless, but their sacred stamp  
Comes from observance of all forms of law,  
Which here — the strength of Islam —  
was suppressed.  
Their wrangling — scarcely could it so  
be called! —  
Was o'er the husks: the kernel of the creed  
They first picked out, and flung it to the winds.

I, pierced on every side with sorest stings,  
Waited uneasily the end delayed,  
When Hatem spake once more: his eye was bright,  
And the long beard that o'er his girdle rolled  
Shook as in storm. "Now, God be praised!" he cried:  
"God ever merciful, compassionate,  
Hath many children; these have many tongues:  
But of one blood are they, one truth they seek,  
One law of Love and Justice fits them all.  
And they have many Prophets: may it be,  
Though not of like commission, in so far



As they declare His truth, they speak  
 for Him !  
 Go past their histories : accept their  
 souls,  
 And whatso'er of perfect and of pure  
 Is breathed from each, in each and all  
 the same,  
 Confirms the others' office and its own !  
 Here is the centre of the moving  
 wheel, —  
 The point of rest, wherefrom the sepa-  
 rate creeds  
 Build out their spokes, that seem to  
 chase and flee,  
 Revolving in the marches of His Day !  
 If one be weak, destroy it : if it bear  
 Unstrained His glory of Eternal Truth,  
 And firmer fibre from the ages gain,  
 Behold, at last it shall replace the rest !  
 Even as He wills ! The bright solution  
 grows  
 Nearer and clearer with the whirling  
 years :  
 Till finally the use of outward signs  
 Shall be outworn, the crumbling walls  
 thrown down,  
 And one Religion shall make glad the  
 world ! ”  
 More I could not endure : I did not  
 wait  
 For Hatem's coming, as he promised  
 me ;  
 Yet — ere amid the crowds I could  
 escape —  
 I saw the Rabbi and the Christian priest  
 Fall on his neck with weeping. With  
 a groan,  
 A horrid sense of smothering in my  
 throat,  
 And words I will not write, I gained  
 the air,  
 And saw, O Prophet ! how thy Cres-  
 cent shone  
 Above the feathery palm-tops, and the  
 dome  
 Of Haroun's tomb upon the Tigris'  
 bank.  
 And this is Baghdad ! — Eblis, rather  
 say ! —  
 O fallen city of the Abbasid,  
 Where Islam is defiled, and by its  
 sons !  
 Prepare, Ben-Arif, to receive thy friend,  
 Who with the coming moon shall west-  
 ward turn  
 To keep his faith undarkened in Tan-  
 gier !

## EL KHALIL.

I AM no chieftain, fit to lead  
 Where spears are hurled and warriors  
 bleed ;  
 No poet, in my chanted rhyme  
 To rouse the ghosts of ancient time ;  
 No magian, with a subtle ken  
 To rule the thoughts of other men ;  
 Yet far as sounds the Arab tongue  
 My name is known to old and young.

My form has lost its pliant grace,  
 There is no beauty in my face,  
 There is no cunning in my arm,  
 The Children of the Sun to charm ;  
 Yet, where I go, my people's eyes  
 Are lighted with a glad surprise,  
 And in each tent a couch is free,  
 And by each fire a place, for me.

They watch me from the palms, and  
 some  
 Proclaim my coming ere I come.  
 The children lift my hand to meet  
 The homage of their kisses sweet ;  
 With manly warmth the men embrace,  
 The veiled maidens seek my face,  
 And eyes, fresh kindled from the heart,  
 Keep loving watch when I depart.

On God, the Merciful, I call,  
 To shed His blessing over all :  
 I praise His name, for He is Great,  
 And Loving, and Compassionate ;  
 And for the gift of love I give —  
 The breath of life whereby I live —  
 He gives me back, in overflow,  
 His children's love, where'er I go.

Deep sunk in sin the man must be  
 That has no friendly word for me.  
 I pass through tribes whose trade is  
 death,  
 And not a sabre quits the sheath ;  
 For strong, and cruel as they prove,  
 The sons of men are weak to Love.  
 The humblest gifts to them I bring ;  
 Yet in their hearts I rule, a king.

## SONG.

DAUGHTER of Egypt, veil thine eyes !  
 I cannot bear their fire ;  
 Nor will I touch with sacrifice  
 Those altars of Desire.

For they are flames that shun the day,  
 And their unholy light  
 Is fed from natures gone astray  
 In passion and in night.

The stars of Beauty and of Sin,  
 They burn amid the dark,  
 Like beacons that to ruin win  
 The fascinated bark.  
 Then veil their glow, lest I forswear  
 The hopes thou canst not crown,  
 And in the black waves of thy hair  
 My struggling manhood drown !

## AMRAN'S WOOING.

## I.

You ask, O Frank ! how Love is born  
 Within these glowing climes of Morn,  
 Where envious veils conceal the charms  
 That tempt a Western lover's arms,  
 And how, without a voice or sound,  
 From heart to heart the path is found,  
 Since on the eye alone is flung  
 The burden of the silent tongue.  
 You hearken with a doubtful smile  
 Whene'er the wandering bards beguile  
 Our evening indolence with strains  
 Whose words gush molten through our  
 veins, —

The songs of Love, but half confessed,  
 Where Passion sobs on Sorrow's breast,  
 And mighty longings, tender fears,  
 Steep the strong heart in fire and tears.  
 The source of each accordant strain  
 Lies deeper than the Poet's brain.  
 First from the people's heart must spring  
 The passions which he learns to sing ;  
 They are the wind, the harp is he,  
 To voice their fitful melody, —  
 The language of their varying fate,  
 Their pride, grief, love, ambition,  
 hate, —

The talisman which holds inwrought  
 The touchstone of the listener's thought ;  
 That penetrates each vain disguise,  
 And brings his secret to his eyes.  
 For, like a solitary bird  
 That hides among the boughs unheard  
 Until some mate, whose carol breaks,  
 Its own betraying song awakes,  
 So, to its echo in those lays,  
 The ardent heart itself betrays.  
 Crowned with a prophet's honor, stands  
 The Poet, on Arabian sands ;  
 A chief, whose subjects love his thrall, —  
 The sympathizing heart of all.

## II.

Vaunt not your Western maids to me,  
 Whose charms to every gaze are free :  
 My love is selfish, and would share  
 Scarce with the sun, or general air,  
 The sight of beauty which has shone  
 Once for mine eyes, and mine alone.  
 Love likes concealment ; he can dress  
 With fancied grace the loveliness  
 That shrinks behind its virgin veil,  
 As hides the moon her forehead pale  
 Behind a cloud, yet leaves the air  
 Softer than if her orb were there.  
 And as the splendor of a star,  
 When sole in heaven, seems brighter far,  
 So shines the eye, Love's star and sun,  
 The brighter, that it shines alone.  
 The light from out its darkness sent  
 Is Passion's life and element ;  
 And when the heart is warm and young,  
 Let but that single ray be flung  
 Upon its surface, and the deep  
 Heaves from its unsuspecting sleep,  
 As heaves the ocean when its floor  
 Breaks over the volcano's core.  
 Who thinks if cheek or lip be fair?  
 Is not all beauty centered where  
 The soul looks out, the feelings move,  
 And Love his answer gives to love ?  
 Look on the sun, and you will find  
 For other sights your eyes are blind.  
 Look — if the colder blood you share  
 Can give your heart the strength to  
 dare —

In eyes of dark and tender fire :  
 What more can blinded love desire ?

## III.

I was a stripling, quick and bold,  
 And rich in pride as poor in gold,  
 When God's good will my journey bent  
 One day to Shekh Abdallah's tent.  
 My only treasure was a steed  
 Of Araby's most precious breed ;  
 And whether 't was in boastful whim  
 To show his mettled speed of limb,  
 Or that presumption, which, in sooth,  
 Becomes the careless brow of youth, —  
 Which takes the world as birds the air,  
 And moves in freedom everywhere, —  
 It matters not. But 'midst the tents  
 I rode in easy confidence,  
 Till to Abdallah's door I pressed  
 And made myself the old man's guest.  
 My "Peace be with you !" was returned  
 With the grave courtesy he learned



From age and long authority,  
 And in God's name he welcomed me.  
 The pipe replenished, with its stem  
 Of jasmine wood and amber gem,  
 Was at my lips, and while I drew  
 The rosy-sweet, soft vapor through  
 In ringlets of dissolving blue,  
 Waiting his speech with reverence meet,  
 A woman's garments brushed my feet,  
 And first through boyish senses ran  
 The pulse of love which made me man.  
 The handmaid of her father's cheer,  
 With timid grace she glided near,  
 And, lightly dropping on her knee,  
 Held out a silver zerf to me,  
 Within whose cup the fragrance sent  
 From Yemen's sunburnt berries blent  
 With odors of the Persian rose.  
 That picture still in memory glows  
 With the same heat as then, — the gush  
 Of fever, with its fiery flush  
 Startling my blood; and I can see —  
 As she this moment knelt to me —  
 The shrouded graces of her form;  
 The half-seen arm, so round and warm;  
 The little hand, whose tender veins  
 Branched through the henna's orange  
 stains;

The head, in act of offering bent;  
 And through the parted veil, which lent  
 A charm for what it hid, the eye,  
 Gazelle-like, large, and dark, and shy,  
 That with a soft, sweet tremble shone  
 Beneath the fervor of my own,  
 Yet could not, would not, turn away  
 The fascination of its ray,  
 But half in pleasure, half in fright,  
 Grew unto mine, and builded bright  
 From heart to heart a bridge of light.

## IV.

From the fond trouble of my look  
 The zerf within her fingers shook,  
 As with a start, like one who breaks  
 Some happy trance of thought, and  
 wakes

Unto forgotten toil, she rose  
 And passed. I saw the curtains close  
 Behind her steps: the light was gone,  
 But in the dark my heart dreamed on.  
 Some random words — thanks ill ex-  
 pressed —

I to the stately Shekh addressed,  
 With the intelligence which he,  
 My host, could not demand of me;  
 How, wandering in the desert chase,  
 I spied from far his camping-place,

And Arab honor bade me halt  
 To break his bread and share his salt.  
 Thereto, fit reverence for his name,  
 The praise our speech is quick to frame,  
 Which, empty though it seem, was dear  
 To the old warrior's willing ear,  
 And led his thoughts, by many a track,  
 To deeds of ancient prowess back,  
 Until my love could safely hide  
 Beneath the covert of his pride.  
 And when his "Go with God!" was  
 said,

Upon El-Azrek's back I sped  
 Into the desert, wide and far,  
 Beneath the silver evening-star,  
 And, fierce with passion, without heed  
 Urged o'er the sands my snorting steed,  
 As if those afrites, feared of man, —  
 Who watch the lonely caravan,  
 And, if a loiterer lags behind,  
 Efface its tracks with sudden wind,  
 Then fill the air with cheating cries,  
 And make false pictures to his eyes  
 Till the bewildered sufferer dies, —  
 Had breathed on me their demon breath,  
 And spurred me to the hunt of Death.

## V.

Yet madness such as this was worth  
 All the cool wisdom of the earth,  
 And sweeter glowed its wild unrest  
 Than the old calm of brain and breast.  
 The image of that maiden beamed  
 Through all I saw, or thought, or  
 dreamed,

Till she became, like Light or Air,  
 A part of life. And she shall share,  
 I vowed, my passion and my fate,  
 Or both shall fail me, soon or late,  
 In the vain effort to possess;  
 For Life lives only in success.  
 I could not, in her father's sight,  
 Purchase the hand which was his right;  
 And well I knew how quick denied  
 The prayer would be to empty pride;  
 But Heaven and Earth shall sooner move  
 Than bar the energy of Love.  
 The sinews of my life became  
 Obedient to that single aim,  
 And desperate deed and patient thought  
 Together in its service wrought.  
 Keen as a falcon, when his eye  
 In search of quarry reads the sky,  
 I stole unseen, at eventide,  
 Behind the well, upon whose side  
 The girls their jars of water leaned.  
 By one long, sandy hillock screened,

I watched the forms that went and  
came,  
With eyes that sparkled with the flame  
Up from my heart in flashes sent,  
As one by one they came and went  
Amid the sunset radiance cast  
On the red sands: they came and  
passed,  
And she, — thank God! — she came at  
last!

## VI.

Then, while her fair companion bound  
The cord her pitcher's throat around,  
And steadied with a careful hand  
Its slow descent, upon the sand  
At the Shekh's daughter's feet, I sped  
A slender arrow, shaft and head  
With breathing jasmine-flowers en-  
twined,  
And roses such as on the wind  
Of evening with rich odors fan  
The white kiosks of Ispahan.  
A moment, fired with love and hope,  
I stayed upon the yellow slope  
El-Azrek's hoofs, to see her raise  
Her startled eyes in sweet amaze, —  
To see her make the unconscious sign  
Which recognized the gift as mine,  
And place, before she turned to part,  
The flowery barb against her heart.

## VII.

Again the Shekh's divan I pressed:  
The jasmine pipe was brought the  
guest,  
And Mariam, lovelier than before,  
Knelt with the steamy cup once more.  
O bliss! within those eyes to see  
A soul of love look out on me, —  
A fount of passion, which is *truth*  
In the wild dialect of Youth, —  
Whose rich abundance is outpoured  
Like worship at a shrine adored,  
And on its rising deluge bears  
The heart to raptures or despairs.  
While from the cup the zerf contained  
The foamy amber juice I drained,  
A rose-bud in the zerf expressed  
The sweet confession of her breast.  
One glance of glad intelligence,  
And silently she glided thence.  
"O Shekh!" I cried, as she withdrew,  
'Short is the speech where hearts are  
true,)  
"Thou hast a daughter; let me be  
A shield to her, a sword to thee!"

Abdallah turned his steady eye  
Full on my face, and made reply:  
"It cannot be. The treasure sent  
By God must not be idly spent.  
Strong men there are, in service tried,  
Who seek the maiden for a bride;  
And shall I slight their worth and  
truth  
To feed the passing flame of youth?"

## VIII.

"No passing flame!" my answer ran;  
"But love which is the life of man,  
Warmed with his blood, fed by his  
breath,  
And, when it fails him, leaves but  
Death.  
O Shekh, I hoped not thy consent;  
But having tasted in thy tent  
An Arab welcome, shared thy bread,  
I come to warn thee I shall wed  
Thy daughter, though her suitors be  
As leaves upon the tamarind-tree.  
Guard her as thou mayst guard, I swear  
No other bed than mine shall wear  
Her virgin honors, and thy race  
Through me shall keep its ancient place.  
Thou 'rt warned, and duty bids no more;  
For, when I next approach thy door,  
Her child shall intercessor be  
To build up peace 'twixt thee and me."  
A little flushed my boyish brow;  
But calmly then I spake, as now.  
The Shekh, with dignity that flung  
Rebuke on my impetuous tongue,  
Replied: "The young man's hopes are  
fair;  
The young man's blood would all things  
dare.  
But age is wisdom, and can bring  
Confusion on the soaring wing  
Of reckless youth. Thy words are just,  
But needless; for I still can trust  
A father's jealousy to shield  
From robber grasp the gem concealed  
Within his tent, till he may yield  
To fitting hands the precious store.  
Go, then, in peace; but come no more."

## IX.

My only sequin served to bribe  
A cunning mother of the tribe  
To Mariam's mind my plan to bring.  
A feather of the wild dove's wing,  
A lock of raven gloss and stain  
Sheared from El-Azrek's flowing mane



And that pale flower whose fragrant cup  
Is closed until the moon comes up, —  
But then a tenderer beauty holds  
Than any flower the sun unfolds, —  
Declared my purpose. Her reply  
Let loose the winds of ecstasy :  
Two roses and the moonlight flower  
Told the acceptance, and the hour, —  
Two daily suns to waste their glow,  
And then, at moonrise, bliss — or woe.

## X.

El-Azrek now, on whom alone  
The burden of our fate was thrown,  
Claimed from my hands a double meed  
Of careful training for the deed.  
I gave him of my choicest store, —  
No guest was ever honored more.  
With flesh of kid, with whitest bread  
And dates of Egypt was he fed ;  
The camel's heavy udders gave  
Their frothy juice his thirst to lave :  
A charger, groomed with better care,  
The Sultan never rode to prayer.  
My burning hope, my torturing fear,  
I breathed in his sagacious ear ;  
Caressed him as a brother might,  
Implored his utmost speed in flight,  
Hung on his neck with many a vow,  
And kissed the white star on his brow.  
His large and lustrous eyeball sent  
A look which made me confident,  
As if in me some doubt he spied,  
And met it with a human pride.  
"Enough : I trust thee. 'T is the hour,  
And I have need of all thy power.  
Without a wing, God gives thee wings,  
And Fortune to thy forelock clings."

## XI.

The yellow moon was rising large  
Above the Desert's dusky marge,  
And save the jackal's whining moan,  
Or distant camel's gurgling groan,  
And the lamenting monotone  
Of winds that breathe their vain desire  
And on the lonely sands expire,  
A silent charm, a breathless spell,  
Waited with me beside the well.  
She is not there, — not yet, — but soon  
A white robe glimmers in the moon.  
Her little footsteps make no sound  
On the soft sand ; and with a bound,  
Where terror, doubt, and love unite  
To blind her heart to all but flight,  
Trembling, and panting, and oppressed,

She threw herself upon my breast.  
By Allah ! like a bath of flame  
The seething blood tumultuous came  
From life's hot centre as I drew  
Her mouth to mine : our spirits grew  
Together in one long, long kiss, —  
One swooning, speechless pulse of bliss  
That, throbbing from the heart's core  
met  
In the united lips. Oh, yet  
The eternal sweetness of that draught  
Renews the thirst with which I quaffed  
Love's virgin vintage : starry fire  
Leapt from the twilights of desire,  
And in the golden dawn of dreams  
The space grew warm with radiant  
beams,  
Which from that kiss streamed o'er a  
sea  
Of rapture, in whose bosom we  
Sank down, and sank eternally.

## XII.

Now nerve thy limbs, El-Azrek ! Fling  
Thy head aloft, and like a wing  
Spread on the wind thy cloudy mané !  
The hunt is up : their stallions strain  
The urgent shoulders close behind,  
And the wide nostril drinks the wind.  
But thou art, too, of Nedjid's breed,  
My brother ! and the falcon's speed  
Slant down the storm's advancing line  
Would laggard be if matched with thine.  
Still leaping forward, whistling through  
The moonlight-laden air, we flew ;  
And from the distance, threateningly,  
Came the pursuer's eager cry.  
Still forward, forward, stretched our  
flight  
Through the long hours of middle night ;  
One after one the followers lagged,  
And even my faithful Azrek flagged  
Beneath his double burden, till  
The streaks of dawn began to fill  
The East, and freshening in the race,  
Their goaded horses gained apace.  
I drew my dagger, cut the girth,  
Tumbled my saddle to the earth,  
And clasped with desperate energies  
My stallion's side with iron knees ;  
While Mariam, clinging to my breast,  
The closer for that peril pressed.  
They come ! they come ! Their shouts  
we hear,  
Now faint and far, now fierce and near  
O brave El-Azrek ! on the track  
Let not one fainting sinew slack,

Or know thine agony of flight  
 Endured in vain ! The purple light  
 Of breaking morn has come at last.  
 O joy ! the thirty leagues are past ;  
 And, gleaming in the sunrise, see,  
 The white tents of the Aneyzee !  
 The warriors of the waste, the foes  
 Of Shekh Abdallah's tribe, are those  
 Whose shelter and support I claim,  
 Which they bestow in Allah's name ;  
 While, wheeling back, the baffled few  
 No longer venture to pursue.

## XIII.

And now, O Frank ! if you would see  
 How soft the eyes that looked on me  
 Through Mariam's silky lashes, scan  
 Those of my little Solyman.  
 And should you marvel if the child  
 His stately grandsire reconciled  
 To that bold theft, when years had  
     brought  
 The golden portion which he sought,  
 And what upon this theme befell,  
 The Shekh himself can better tell.

## THE GARDEN OF IREM.

## I.

HAVE you seen the Garden of Irem ?  
 No mortal knoweth the road thereto.  
 Find me a path in the mists that gather  
 When the sunbeams scatter the morn-  
     ing dew,  
 And I will lead you thither.  
 Give me a key to the halls of the sun  
 When he goes behind the purple sea,  
 Or a wand to open the vaults that run  
 Down to the afrite-guarded treasures,  
 And I will open its doors to thee.  
 Who hath tasted its countless pleasures ?  
 Who hath breathed, in its winds of spice,  
 Raptures deeper than Paradise ?  
 Who hath trodden its ivory floors,  
 Where the fount drops pearls from a  
     golden shell,  
 And heard the hinges of diamond doors  
 Swing to the music of Israfil ?  
 Its roses blossom, its palms arise,  
 By the phantom stream that flows so fair  
 Under the Desert's burning skies.  
 Can you reach that flood, can you drink  
     its tide,  
 Can you swim its waves to the farther  
     side,  
 Your feet may enter there.

## II.

I have seen the Garden of Irem.  
 I found it, but I sought it not :  
 Without a path, without a guide,  
 I found the enchanted spot :  
 Without a key its golden gate stood wide.  
 I was young, and strong, and bold, and  
     free  
 As the milk-white foal of the Nedjidee,  
 And the blood in my veins was like sap  
     of the vine,  
 That stirs, and mounts, and will not stop  
 Till the breathing blossoms that bring  
     the wine  
 Have drained its balm to the last sweet  
     drop.  
 Lance and barb were all I knew,  
 Till deep in the Desert the spot I found,  
 Where the marvellous gates of Irem threw  
 Their splendors over an unknown ground.  
 Mine were the pearl and ivory floors,  
 Mine the music of diamond doors,  
 Turning each on a newer glory :  
 Mine were the roses whose bloom outran  
 The spring-time beauty of Gulistan,  
 And the fabulous flowers of Persian story.  
 Mine were the palms of silver stems,  
 And blazing emerald for diadems ;  
 The fretted arch and the gossamer  
     wreath,  
 So light and frail you feared to breathe ;  
 Yet o'er them rested the pendant spars  
 Of domes bespangled with silver stars,  
 And crusted gems of rare adorning :  
 And ever higher, like a shaft of fire,  
 The lessening links of the golden spire  
 Flamed in the myriad-colored morning.

Like one who lies on the marble lip  
 Of the blessed bath in a tranquil rest,  
 And stirs not even a finger's tip  
 Lest the beatific dream should slip,  
 So did I lie in Irem's breast.  
 Sweeter than Life and stronger than  
     Death  
 Was every draught of that blissful  
     breath ;  
 Warmer than summer came its glow  
 To the youthful heart in a mighty flood,  
 And sent its bold and generous blood  
 To water the world in its onward flow.  
 There, where the Garden of Irem lies,  
 Are the roots of the Tree of Paradise,  
 And happy are they who sit below,  
 When into this world of Strife and Death  
 The blossoms are shaken by Allah's  
     breath.



## THE WISDOM OF ALL.

## AN ARAB LEGEND.

THE Prophet once, sitting in calm debate,  
Said: "I am Wisdom's fortress; but the gate  
Thereof is Ali." Wherefore, some who heard,  
With unbelieving jealousy were stirred;  
And, that they might on him confusion bring,  
Ten of the boldest joined to prove the thing.  
"Let us in turn to Ali go," they said,  
"And ask if Wisdom should be sought instead  
Of earthly riches; then, if he reply  
To each of us, in thought, accordantly,  
And yet to none, in speech or phrase, the same,  
His shall the honor be, and ours the shame."

Now, when the first his bold demand did make,  
These were the words which Ali straight-way spake:—

"Wisdom is the inheritance of those  
Whom Allah favors; riches, of his foes."

Unto the second he said: "Thyself must be  
Guard to thy wealth; but Wisdom guardeth thee."

Unto the third: "By Wisdom wealth is won;  
But riches purchased wisdom yet for none."

Unto the fourth: "Thy goods the thief may take;  
But into Wisdom's house he cannot break."

Unto the fifth: "Thy goods decrease the more  
Thou giv'st; but use enlarges Wisdom's store."

Unto the sixth: "Wealth tempts to evil ways;  
But the desire of Wisdom is God's praise."

Unto the seventh: "Divide thy wealth each part  
Becomes a pittance. Give with open heart

Thy wisdom, and each separate gift shall be  
All that thou hast, yet not impoverish thee."

Unto the eighth: "Wealth cannot keep itself;  
But Wisdom is the steward even of pelf."

Unto the ninth: "The camels slowly bring  
Thy goods; but Wisdom has the swallow's wing."

And lastly, when the tenth did question make,  
These were the ready words which Ali spake:—  
"Wealth is a darkness which the soul should fear;  
But Wisdom is the lamp that makes it clear."

Crimson with shame the questioners withdrew,  
And they declared: "The Prophet's words were true;  
The mouth of Ali is the golden door  
Of Wisdom."

When his friends to Ali bore  
These words, he smiled and said: "And should they ask  
The same until my dying day, the task  
Were easy; for the stream from Wisdom's well,  
Which God supplies, is inexhaustible."

## AN ORIENTAL IDYL.

A SILVER javelin which the hills  
Have hurled upon the plain below,  
The fleetest of the Pharpar's rills,  
Beneath me shoots in flashing flow.  
I hear the never-ending laugh  
Of jostling waves that come and go,  
And suck the bubbling pipe, and quaff  
The sherbet cooled in mountain snow

The flecks of sunshine gleam like stars  
Beneath the canopy of shade;



And in the distant, dim bazaars  
 I scarcely hear the hum of trade.  
 No evil fear, no dream forlorn,  
 Darkens my heaven of perfect blue ;  
 My blood is tempered to the morn, —  
 My very heart is steeped in dew.

What Evil is I cannot tell ;  
 But half I guess what Joy may be ;  
 And, as a pearl within its shell,  
 The happy spirit sleeps in me.

I feel no more the pulse's strife, —  
 The tides of Passion's ruddy sea, —  
 But live the sweet, unconscious life  
 That breathes from yonder jasmine  
 tree.

Upon the glittering pageantries  
 Of gay Damascus' streets I look  
 As idly as a babe that sees  
 The painted pictures of a book.

Forgotten now are name and race ;  
 The Past is blotted from my brain ;  
 For Memory sleeps, and will not trace  
 The weary pages o'er again.

I only know the morning shines,  
 And sweet the dewy morning air ;  
 But does it play with tendrilled vines ?  
 Or does it lightly lift my hair ?

Deep-sunken in the charmed repose,  
 This ignorance is bliss extreme :  
 And whether I be Man, or Rose,  
 Oh, pluck me not from out my dream !

### BEDOUIN SONG.

FROM the Desert I come to thee  
 On a stallion shod with fire ;  
 And the winds are left behind  
 In the speed of my desire.  
 Under thy window I stand,  
 And the midnight hears my cry :  
 I love thee, I love but thee,  
 With a love that shall not die  
*Till the sun grows cold,  
 And the stars are old,  
 And the leaves of the Judgment  
 Book unfold !*

Look from thy window and see  
 My passion and my pain ;  
 I lie on the sands below,  
 And I faint in thy disdain.

Let the night-winds touch thy brow  
 With the heat of my burning sigh,  
 And melt thee to hear the vow  
 Of a love that shall not die  
*Till the sun grows cold,  
 And the stars are old,  
 And the leaves of the Judgment  
 Book unfold !*

My steps are nightly driven,  
 By the fever in my breast,  
 To hear from thy lattice breathed  
 The word that shall give me rest.  
 Open the door of thy heart,  
 And open thy chamber door,  
 And my kisses shall teach thy lips  
 The love that shall fade no more  
*Till the sun grows cold,  
 And the stars are old,  
 And the leaves of the Judgment  
 Book unfold !*

### DESERT HYMN TO THE SUN.

#### I.

UNDER the arches of the morning sky,  
 Save in one heart, there beats no life  
 of Man ;  
 The yellow sand-hills bleak and track-  
 less lie,  
 And far behind them sleeps the cara-  
 van.  
 A silence, as before Creation, broods  
 Sublimely o'er the desert solitudes.

#### II.

A silence as if God in Heaven were still,  
 And meditating some new wonder !  
 Earth  
 And Air the solemn portent own, and  
 thrill  
 With awful prescience of the coming  
 birth.  
 And Night withdraws, and on their sil-  
 ver cars  
 Wheel to remotest space the trembling  
 Stars.

#### III.

See ! an increasing brightness, broad  
 and fleet,  
 Breaks on the morning in a rosy flood,  
 As if He smiled to see His work com-  
 plete,  
 And rested from it, and pronounced  
 it good.

The sands lie still, and every wind is  
furled :  
The Sun comes up, and looks upon the  
world.

## IV.

Is there no burst of music to proclaim  
The pomp and majesty of this new  
lord ? —  
A golden trumpet in each beam of flame,  
Startling the universe with grand ac-  
cord ?  
Must Earth be dumb beneath the splen-  
dors thrown  
From his full orb to glorify her own ?

## V.

No : with an answering splendor, more  
than sound  
Instinct with gratulation, she adores.  
With purple flame the porphyry hills  
are crowned,  
And burn with gold the Desert's  
boundless floors ;  
And the lone Man compels his haughty  
knee,  
And, prostrate at thy footstool, wor-  
ships thee.

## VI.

Before the dreadful glory of thy face  
He veils his sight ; he fears the fiery  
rod  
Which thou dost wield amid the bright-  
ening space,  
As if the sceptre of a visible god.  
If not the shadow of God's lustre, thou  
Art the one jewel flaming on His brow.

## VII.

Wrap me within the mantle of thy  
beams,  
And feed my pulses with thy keenest  
fire !  
Here, where thy full meridian deluge  
streams  
Across the Desert, let my blood aspire  
To ripen in the vigor of thy blaze,  
And catch a warmth to shine through  
darker days !

## VIII.

I am alone before thee : Lord of Light !  
Begetter of the life of things that live !

Beget in me thy calm, self-balanced  
might ;  
To me thine own immortal ardor give.  
Yea, though, like her who gave to Jove  
her charms,  
My being wither in thy fiery arms.

## IX.

Whence came thy splendors ? Heaven  
is filled with thee ;  
The sky's blue walls are dazzling with  
thy train ;  
Thou sitt'st alone in the Immensity,  
And in thy lap the World grows  
young again.  
Bathed in such brightness, drunken with  
the Day,  
He deems the Dark forever passed away.

## X.

But thou dost sheathe thy trenchant  
sword, and lean  
With tempered grandeur towards the  
western gate ;  
Shedding thy glory with a brow serene,  
And leaving heaven all golden with  
thy state :  
Not as a king discrowned and over-  
thrown,  
But one who keeps, and shall reclaim  
his own.

## NILOTIC DRINKING SONG.

## I.

You may water your bays, brother-poets,  
with lays  
That brighten the cup from the stream  
you doat on,  
By the Schuylkill's side, or Cochituate's  
tide,  
Or the crystalymph of the mountain  
Croton :  
(We may pledge from these  
In our summer ease,  
Nor even Anacreon's shade revile  
us —)  
But I, from the flood  
Of his own brown blood,  
Will drink to the glory of ancient  
Nilus !

## II.

Cloud never gave birth, nor cradle the  
Earth,  
To river so grand and fair as this is .

Not the waves that roll us the gold of  
 Pactolus,  
 Nor cool Cephissus, nor classic Ilissus.  
     The lily may dip  
     Her ivory lip  
 To kiss the ripples of clear Eurotas;  
     But the Nile brings balm  
     From the myrrh and palm,  
 And the ripe, voluptuous lips of the  
 lotus.

## III.

The waves that ride on his mighty tide  
 Were poured from the urns of unvis-  
 ited mountains;  
 And their sweets of the South mingle  
 cool in the mouth  
 With the freshness and sparkle of  
 Northern fountains.  
     Again and again  
     The goblet we drain, —  
 Diviner a stream never Nereid swam  
 on :  
     For Isis and Orus  
     Have quaffed before us,  
 And Ganymede dipped it for Jupiter  
 Ammon.

## IV.

Its blessing he pours o'er his thirsty  
 shores,  
 And floods the regions of Sleep and  
 Silence,  
 When he makes oases in desert places,  
 And the plain is a sea, the hills are  
 islands.  
     And had I the brave  
     Anacreon's stave,  
 And lips like the honeyed lips of  
 Hylas,  
     I'd dip from his brink  
     My bacchanal drink,  
 And sing for the glory of ancient  
 Nilus!

## CAMADEVA.

THE sun, the moon, the mystic planets  
 seven,  
 Shone with a purer and serener flame,  
 And there was joy on Earth and joy in  
 Heaven  
 When Camadeva came.

The blossoms burst, like jewels of the air,  
 Putting the colors of the morn to  
 shame ;

Breathing their odorous secrets every-  
 where  
 When Camadeva came.

The birds, upon the tufted tamarind  
 spray,  
 Sat side by side and cooed in amorous  
 blame ;  
 The lion sheathed his claws and left his  
 prey  
 When Camadeva came.

The sea slept, pillowed on the happy  
 shore ;  
 The mountain-peaks were bathed in  
 rosy flame ;  
 The clouds went down the sky, — to  
 mount no more  
 When Camadeva came.

The hearts of all men brightened like  
 the morn ;  
 The poet's harp then first deserved its  
 fame,  
 For rapture sweeter than he sang was  
 born  
 When Camadeva came.

All breathing life a newer spirit quaffed,  
 A second life, a bliss beyond a name,  
 And Death, half-conquered, dropped his  
 idle shaft  
 When Camadeva came.

## NUBIA.

A LAND of Dreams and Sleep, — a pop-  
 pied land !  
 With skies of endless calm above her  
 head,  
 The drowsy warmth of summer noonday  
 shed  
 Upon her hills, and silence stern and  
 grand  
 Throughout her Desert's temple-burying  
 sand.  
 Before her threshold, in their ancient  
 place,  
 With closed lips, and fixed, majestic face,  
 Noteless of Time, her dumb colossi stand.  
 Oh, pass them not with light, irreverent  
 tread ;  
 Respect the dream that builds her fallen  
 throne,  
 And soothes her to oblivion of her woes.  
 Hush ! for she does but sleep ; she is not  
 dead :



Action and Toil have made the world  
their own,  
But she hath built an altar to Repose.

### KILIMANDJARO.

#### I.

HAIL to thee, monarch of African  
mountains,  
Remote, inaccessible, silent, and lone, —  
Who, from the heart of the tropical fer-  
vors,  
Liftest to heaven thine alien snows,  
Feeding forever the fountains that make  
thee  
Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt!

#### II.

The years of the world are engraved on  
thy forehead;  
Time's morning blushed red on thy  
first-fallen snows;  
Yet, lost in the wilderness, nameless,  
unnoted,  
Of Man unbeholden, thou wert not till  
now.  
Knowledge alone is the being of Nature,  
Giving a soul to her manifold features,  
Lighting through paths of the primitive  
darkness  
The footsteps of Truth and the vision  
of Song.  
Knowledge has born thee anew to Crea-  
tion,  
And long-baffled Time at thy baptism  
rejoices.  
Take, then, a name, and be filled with  
existence,  
Yea, be exultant in sovereign glory,  
While from the hand of the wandering  
poet  
Drops the first garland of song at thy  
feet.

#### III.

Floating alone, on the flood of thy mak-  
ing,  
Through Africa's mystery, silence, and  
fire,  
Lo! in my palm, like the Eastern en-  
chanter,  
I dip from the waters a magical mirror,  
And thou art revealed to my purified  
vision.  
I see thee, supreme in the midst of thy  
co-mates,

Standing alone 'twixt the Earth and the  
Heavens,  
Heir of the Sunset and Herald of Morn.  
Zone above zone, to thy shoulders of  
granite,  
The climates of Earth are displayed, as  
an index,  
Giving the scope of the Book of Crea-  
tion.  
There, in the gorges that widen, de-  
scending  
From cloud and from cold into summer  
eternal,  
Gather the threads of the ice-generated  
fountains, —  
Gather to riotous torrents of crystal,  
And, giving each shelvy recess where  
they dally  
The blooms of the North and its ever-  
green turfage,  
Leap to the land of the lion and lotus!  
There, in the wondering airs of the  
Tropics  
Shivers the Aspen, still dreaming of  
cold:  
There stretches the Oak, from the loft-  
iest ledges,  
His arms to the far-away lands of his  
brothers,  
And the Pine-tree looks down on his  
rival, the Palm.

#### IV.

Bathed in the tenderest purple of dis-  
tance,  
Tinted and shadowed by pencils of air,  
Thy battlements hang o'er the slopes  
and the forests,  
Seats of the Gods in the limitless ether,  
Looming sublimely aloft and afar.  
Above them, like folds of imperial  
ermine,  
Sparkle the snow-fields that furrow thy  
forehead, —  
Desolate realms, inaccessible, silent,  
Chasms and caverns where Day is a  
stranger,  
Garners where storeth his treasures the  
Thunder,  
The Lightning his falchion, his arrows  
the Hail!

#### V.

Sovereign Mountain, thy brothers give  
welcome:  
They, the baptized and the crownèd of  
ages,

Watch-towers of Continents, altars of Earth,  
 Welcome thee now to their mighty assembly.  
 Mont Blanc, in the roar of his mad avalanches,  
 Hails thy accession; superb Orizaba,  
 Belted with beech and ensandalled with palm;  
 Chimborazo, the lord of the regions of noonday, —  
 Mingle their sounds in magnificent chorus  
 With greeting august from the Pillars of Heaven,  
 Who, in the urns of the Indian Ganges  
 Filter the snows of their sacred dominions,  
 Unmarked with a footprint, unseen but of God.

## VI.

Lo! unto each is the seal of his lordship,  
 Nor questioned the right that his majesty give'h:  
 Each in his lawtul supremacy forces  
 Worship and reverence, wonder and joy.  
 Absolute all, yet in dignity varied,  
 None has a claim to the honors of story,  
 Or the superior splendors of song,  
 Greater than thou, in thy mystery mantled, —  
 Thou, the sole monarch of African mountains,  
 Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt!

## THE BIRTH OF THE PROPHET.

## I.

THRICE three moons had waxed in heaven,  
 thrice three moons had waned away,  
 Since Abdullah, faint and thirsty, on the Desert's bosom lay  
 In the fiery lay of Summer, the meridian of the day; —

## II.

Since from out the sand upgushing, lo!  
 a sudden fountain leapt;  
 Sweet as musk and clear as amber, to his parching lips it crept.  
 When he drank it straightway vanished,  
 but his blood its virtue kept.

## III.

Ere the morn his forehead's lustre, signet of the Prophet's line,  
 To the beauty of Amina had transferred its flame divine;  
 Of the germ within her sleeping, such the consecrated sign.

## IV.

And with every moon that faded waxed the splendor more and more,  
 Till Amina's beauty lightened through the matron veil she wore,  
 And the tent was filled with glory, and of Heaven it seemed the door.

## V.

When her quickened womb its burden had matured, and Life began  
 Struggling in its living prison, through the wide Creation rang  
 Premonitions of the coming of a God-appointed man.

## VI.

For the oracles of Nature recognize a Prophet's birth, —  
 Blossom of the tardy ages, crowning type of human worth, —  
 And by miracles and wonders he is welcomed to the Earth.

## VII.

Then the stars in heaven grew brighter, stooping downward from their zones;  
 Wheeling round the towers of Mecca, sang the moon in silver tones,  
 And the Kaaba's grisly idols trembled on their granite thrones.

## VIII.

Mighty arcs of rainbow splendor, pilared shafts of purple fire,  
 Split the sky and spanned the darkness, and with many a golden spire,  
 Beacon-like, from all the mountains streamed the lambent meteors higher.

## IX.

But when first the breath of being to the sacred infant came,

Paled the pomp of airy lustre, and the  
stars grew dim with shame,  
For the glory of his countenance out-  
shone their feebler flame.

## x.

Over Nedjid's sands it lightened, unto  
Oman's coral deep,  
Startling all the gorgeous regions of the  
Orient from sleep,  
Till, a sun on night new-risen, it illumed  
the Indian steep.

## xi.

They who dwelt in Mecca's borders saw  
the distant realms appear  
All around the vast horizon, shining  
marvellous and clear,  
From the gardens of Damascus unto  
those of Bendemeer.

## xii.

From the colonnades of Tadmor to the  
hills of Hadramaut,  
Ancient Araby was lighted, and her  
sands the splendor caught,  
Till the magic sweep of vision overtook  
the track of Thought.

## xiii.

Such on Earth the wondrous glory, but  
beyond the sevenfold skies  
God His mansions filled with gladness,  
and the seraphs saw arise  
Palaces of pearl and ruby from the  
founts of Paradise.

## xiv.

As the surge of heavenly anthems shook  
the solemn midnight air,  
From the shrines of false religions came  
a wailing of despair,  
And the fires on Pagan altars were ex-  
tinguished everywhere.

## xv.

Mid the sounds of salutation, 'mid the  
splendor and the balm,  
Knelt the sacred child, proclaiming, with  
a brow of heavenly calm :  
'God is God ; there is none other ; I  
his chosen Prophet am !'

## TO THE NILE.

MYSTERIOUS Flood, — that through the  
silent sands

Hast wandered, century on century,  
Watering the length of great Egyptian  
lands,

Which were not, but for thee, —

Art thou the keeper of that eldest lore,  
Written ere yet thy hieroglyphs began,  
When dawned upon thy fresh, untram-  
pled shore

The earliest life of Man ?

Thou guardest temple and vast pyramid,  
Where the gray Past records its an-  
cient speech ;

But in thine unrevealing breast lies hid  
What they refuse to teach.

All other streams with human joys and  
fears

Run blended, o'er the plains of His-  
tory :

Thou tak'st no note of Man ; a thousand  
years

Are as a day to thee.

What were to thee the Osirian festivals ?  
Or Memnon's music on the Theban  
plain ?

The carnage, when Cambyzes made thy  
halls

Ruddy with royal slain ?

Even then thou wast a God, and shrines  
were built

For worship of thine own majestic  
flood ;

For thee the incense burned, — for thee  
was spilt

The sacrificial blood.

And past the bannered pylons that arose  
Above thy palms, the pageantry and  
state,

Thy current flowed, calmly as now it  
flows,

Unchangeable as Fate.

Thou givest blessing as a God might give.  
Whose being is his bounty : from the  
slime

Shaken from off thy skirts the nations  
live,

Through all the years of Time



In thy solemnity, thine awful calm,  
 Thy grand indifference of Destiny,  
 My soul forgets its pain, and drinks the  
 balm  
 Which thou dost proffer me.

Thy godship is unquestioned still : I bring  
 No doubtful worship to thy shrine supreme ;  
 But thus my homage as a chaplet fling,  
 To float upon thy stream !

### HASSAN TO HIS MARE.

COME, my beauty ! come, my desert  
 darling !  
 On my shoulder lay thy glossy head !  
 Fear not, though the barley-sack be  
 empty,  
 Here's the half of Hassan's scanty  
 bread.

Thou shalt have thy share of dates, my  
 beauty !  
 And thou know'st my water-skin is  
 free :  
 Drink and welcome, for the wells are  
 distant,  
 And my strength and safety lie in thee.

Bend thy forehead now, to take my  
 kisses !  
 Lift in love thy dark and splendid eye :  
 Thou art glad when Hassan mounts the  
 saddle, —  
 Thou art proud he owns thee : so am I.

Let the Sultan bring his boasted horses,  
 Prancing with their diamond-studded  
 reins ;  
 They, my darling, shall not match thy  
 fleetness  
 When they course with thee the desert-  
 plains !

Let the Sultan bring his famous horses,  
 Let him bring his golden swords to  
 me, —  
 Bring his slaves, his eunuchs, and his  
 harem ;  
 He would offer them in vain for thee.

We have seen Damascus, O my beauty !  
 And the splendor of the Pashas there :  
 What's their pomp and riches ? Why,  
 I would not  
 Take them for a handful of thy hair !

Khaled sings the praises of his mistress,  
 And, because I've none, he pities me :  
 What care I if he should have a thou-  
 sand,  
 Fairer than the morning ? I have  
 thee.

He will find his passion growing cooler,  
 Should her glance on other suitors  
 fall ;  
 Thou wilt ne'er, my mistress and my  
 darling,  
 Fail to answer at thy master's call.

By and by some snow-white Nedjid stal-  
 lion  
 Shall to thee his spring-time ardor  
 bring ;  
 And a foal, the fairest of the Desert,  
 To thy milky dugs shall crouch and  
 cling.

Then, when Khaled shows to me his  
 children,  
 I shall laugh, and bid him look at  
 thine ;  
 Thou wilt neigh, and lovingly caress me,  
 With thy glossy neck laid close to  
 mine.

### CHARMIAN.

#### I.

O DAUGHTER of the Sun ;  
 Who gave the keys of passion unto thee ?  
 Who taught the powerful sorcery  
 Wherein my soul, too willing to be won,  
 Still feebly struggles to be free,  
 But more than half undone ?  
 Within the mirror of thine eyes,  
 Full of the sleep of warm Egyptian  
 skies, —  
 The sleep of lightning, bound in airy  
 spell,  
 And deadlier, because invisible, —  
 I see the reflex of a feeling  
 Which was not, till I looked on thee :  
 A power, involved in mystery,  
 That shrinks, affrighted, from its own  
 revealing.

#### II.

Thou sitt'st in stately indolence,  
 Too calm to feel a breath of passion  
 start  
 The listless fibres of thy sense,  
 The fiery slumber of thy heart.

Thine eyes are wells of darkness, by the  
 veil  
 Of languid lids half-sealed : the pale  
 And bloodless olive of thy face,  
 And the full, silent lips that wear  
 A ripe serenity of grace,  
 Are dark beneath the shadow of thy  
 hair.  
 Not from the brow of templed Athor  
 beams  
 Such tropic warmth along the path of  
 dreams ;  
 Not from the lips of hornèd Isis flows  
 Such sweetness of repose !  
 For thou art Passion's self, a goddess  
 too,  
 And aught but worship never knew ;  
 And thus thy glances, calm and sure,  
 Look for accustomed homage, and be-  
 tray  
 No effort to assert thy sway :  
 Thou deem'st my fealty secure.

## III.

O Sorceress ! those looks unseal  
 The undisturbèd mysteries that press  
 Too deep in nature for the heart to  
 feel  
 Their terror and their loveliness.  
 Thine eyes are torches that illumine  
 On secret shrines their unforeboded fires,  
 And fill the vaults of silence and of  
 gloom  
 With the unresting life of new desires.  
 I follow where their arrowy ray  
 Pierces the veil I would not tear away,  
 And with a dread, delicious awe behold  
 Another gate of life unfold,  
 Like the rapt neophyte who sees  
 Some march of grand Osirian mysteries.  
 The startled chambers I explore,  
 And every entrance open lies,  
 Forced by the magic thrill that runs be-  
 fore  
 Thy slowly-lifted eyes.  
 I tremble to the centre of my being  
 Thus to confess the spirit's poise o'er-  
 thrown,  
 And all its guiding virtues blown  
 Like leaves before the whirlwind's fury  
 fleeing.

## IV.

But see ! one memory rises in my  
 soul,  
 And, beaming steadily and clear,

Scatters the lurid thunder-clouds that  
 roll  
 Through Passion's sultry atmosphere.  
 An alchemy more potent borrow  
 For thy dark eyes, enticing Sorcer-  
 ess !  
 For on the casket of a sacred Sor-  
 row  
 Their shafts fall powerless.  
 Nay, frown not, Athor, from thy mystic  
 shrine :  
 Strong Goddess of Desire, I will not  
 be  
 One of the myriad slaves thou callest  
 thine,  
 To cast my manhood's crown of roy-  
 alty  
 Before thy dangerous beauty : I am  
 free !

## SMYRNA.

THE "Ornament of Asia" and the  
 "Crown  
 Of fair Ionia." Yea ; but Asia stands  
 No more an empress, and Ionia's hands  
 Have lost their sceptre. Thou, majestic  
 town,  
 Art as a diamond on a faded robe :  
 The freshness of thy beauty scatters  
 yet  
 The radiance of that sun of Empire  
 set,  
 Whose disk sublime illumed the ancient  
 globe.  
 Thou sitt'st between the mountains and  
 the sea ;  
 The sea and mountains flatter thine  
 array,  
 And fill thy courts with Grandeur, not  
 Decay ;  
 And Power, not Death, proclaims thy  
 cypress tree.  
 Through thee, the sovereign symbols  
 Nature lent  
 Her rise, make Asia's fall magnificent.

## TO A PERSIAN BOY,

## IN THE BAZAAR AT SMYRNA.

THE gorgeous blossoms of that magic  
 tree  
 Beneath whose shade I sat a thousand  
 nights,

Breathed from their opening petals all  
delights  
Embalmed in spice of Orient Poesy,  
When first, young Persian, I beheld  
thine eyes,  
And felt the wonder of thy beauty grow  
Within my brain, as some fair planet's  
glow  
Deepens, and fills the summer evening  
skies.  
From under thy dark lashes shone on  
me  
The rich, voluptuous soul of Eastern  
land,  
Impassioned, tender, calm, serenely  
sad, —  
Such as immortal Hafiz felt when he  
Sang by the fountain-streams of Roc-  
nabad,  
Or in the bowers of blissful Samarcand.

### THE ARAB TO THE PALM.

NEXT to thee, O fair gazelle,  
O Beddowee girl, beloved so well ;

Next to the fearless Nedjidee,  
Whose fleetness shall bear me again to  
thee ;

Next to ye both I love the Palm,  
With his leaves of beauty, his fruit of  
balm ;

Next to ye both I love the Tree  
Whose fluttering shadow wraps us three  
With love, and silence, and mystery !

Our tribe is many, our poets vie  
With any under the Arab sky ;  
Yet none can sing of the Palm but I.

The marble minarets that begem  
Cairo's citadel-diadem  
Are not so light as his slender stem.

He lifts his leaves in the sunbeam's  
glance  
As the Almehs lift their arms in  
dance, —

A slumberous motion, a passionate sign,  
That works in the cells of the blood like  
wine.

Full of passion and sorrow is he,  
Dreaming where the beloved may be.

And when the warm south-winds arise,  
He breathes his longing in fervid  
sighs, —

Quickening odors, kisses of balm,  
That drop in the lap of his chosen palm.

The sun may flame and the sands may  
stir,  
But the breath of his passion reaches  
her.

O Tree of Love, by that love of thine,  
Teach me how I shall soften mine !

Give me the secret of the sun,  
Whereby the wooed is ever won !

If I were a King, O stately Tree,  
A likeness, glorious as might be,  
In the court of my palace I'd build  
for thee !

With a shaft of silver, burnished bright,  
And leaves of beryl and malachite ;

With spikes of golden bloom ablaze,  
And fruits of topaz and chrysoprase :

And there the poets, in thy praise,  
Should night and morning frame new  
lays, —

New measures sung to tunes divine ;  
But none, O Palm, should equal mine !

### AURUM POTABILE.

#### I.

BROTHER Bards of every region, —  
Brother Bards, (your name is Legion !)  
Were you with me while the twilight  
Darkens up my pine-tree skylight, —  
Were you gathered, representing  
Every land beneath the sun,  
Oh, what songs would be indited,  
Ere the earliest star is lighted,  
To the praise of vino d'oro,  
On the Hills of Lebanon !

#### II.

Yes ; while all alone I quaff its  
Lucid gold, and brightly laugh its  
Topaz waves and amber bubbles,  
Still the thought my pleasure troubles,  
That I quaff it all alone.



Oh for Hafiz, — glorious Persian !  
 Keats, with buoyant, gay diversion  
 Mocking Schiller's grave immersion ;  
     Oh for wreathed Anacreon !  
 Yet enough to have the living, —  
 They, the few, the rapture-giving !  
 (Blessèd more than in receiving,) Fate,  
 Fate, that frowns when laurels wreath  
     them,  
 Once the solace might bequeath them,  
 Once to taste of vino d'oro  
     On the Hills of Lebanon !

## III.

Lebanon, thou mount of story,  
 Well we know thy sturdy glory,  
     Since the days of Solomon ;  
 Well we know the Five old Cedars,  
 Scarred by ages, — silent pleaders,  
 Preaching, in their gray sedateness,  
 Of thy forest's fallen greatness,  
 Of the vessels of the Tyrian,  
 And the palaces Assyrian,  
 And the temple on Moriah  
     To the High and Holy One !  
 Know the wealth of thy appointment, —  
 Myrrh and aloes, gum and ointment ;  
 But we knew not, till we clomb thee,  
 Of the nectar dropping from thee, —  
 Of the pure, pellucid Ophir  
 In the cups of vino d'oro,  
     On the Hills of Lebanon !

## IV.

We have drunk, and we have eaten,  
 Where Egyptian sheaves are beaten ;  
 Tasted Judah's milk and honey  
 On his mountains, bare and sunny ;  
 Drained ambrosial bowls, that ask us  
 Never more to leave Damascus ;  
 And have sung a vintage pæan  
 To the grapes of isles Ægean,  
 And the flasks of Orvieto,  
     Ripened in the Roman sun :  
 But the liquor here surpasses  
 All that beams in earthly glasses.  
 'T is of this that Paracelsus  
 (His elixir vitæ) tells us,  
 That to happier shores can float us  
 Than Lethean stems of lotus,  
 And the vigor of the morning  
     Straight restores when day is done.  
 Then, before the sunset waneth,  
 While the rosy tide, that staineth  
 Earth, and sky, and sea, remaineth,  
 We will take the fortune proffered, —

Ne'er again to be re-offered,  
 We will drink of vino d'oro,  
     On the Hills of Lebanon !  
 Vino d'oro ! vino d'oro ! —  
     Golden blood of Lebanon !

## ON THE SEA.

THE splendor of the sinking moon  
     Deserts the silent bay ;  
 The mountain-isles loom large and faints  
     Folded in shadows gray,  
 And the lights of land are setting stars  
     That soon will pass away.

O boatman, cease thy mellow song !  
     O minstrel, drop thy lyre !  
 Let us hear the voice of the midnight  
     sea,  
     Let us speak as the waves inspire,  
 While the plashy dip of the languid  
     oar  
     Is a furrow of silver fire.

Day cannot make thee half so fair,  
     Nor the stars of eve so dear :  
 The arms that clasp and the breast that  
     keeps,  
     They tell me thou art near,  
 And the perfect beauty of thy face  
     In thy murmured words I hear.

The lights of land have dropped below  
     The vast and glimmering sea ;  
 The world we leave is a tale that is  
     told, —  
     A fable, that cannot be.  
 There is no life in the sphery dark  
     But the love in thee and me !

## TYRE.

## I.

THE wild and windy morning is lit with  
     lurid fire ;  
 The thundering surf of ocean beats on  
     the rocks of Tyre, —  
 Beats on the fallen columns and round  
     the headland roars,  
 And hurls its foamy volume along the  
     hollow shores,  
 And calls with hungry clamor, that  
     speaks its long desire :  
 "Where are the ships of Tarshish, the  
     mighty ships of Tyre ?"

## II.

Within her cunning harbor, choked with  
 invading sand,  
 No galleys bring their freightage, the  
 spoils of every land,  
 And like a prostrate forest, when au-  
 tumn gales have blown,  
 Her colonnades of granite lie shattered  
 and o'erthrown;  
 And from the reef the pharos no longer  
 flings its fire,  
 To beacon home from Tarshish the  
 lordly ships of Tyre.

## III.

Where is thy rod of empire, once mighty  
 on the waves, —  
 Thou that thyself exalted, till Kings  
 became thy slaves?  
 Thou that didst speak to nations, and  
 saw thy will obeyed, —  
 Whose favor made them joyful, whose  
 anger sore afraid, —  
 Who laid'st thy deep foundations, and  
 thought them strong and sure,  
 And boasted midst the waters, Shall I  
 not aye endure?

## IV.

Where is the wealth of ages that heaped  
 thy princely mart?  
 The pomp of purple trappings; the  
 gems of Syrian art;  
 The silken goats of Kedar; Sabæa's  
 spicy store;  
 The tributes of the islands thy squad-  
 rons homeward bore,  
 When in thy gates triumphant they  
 entered from the sea  
 With sound of horn and sackbut, of  
 harp and psaltery?

## V.

Howl, howl, ye ships of Tarshish! the  
 glory is laid waste:  
 There is no habitation; the mansions  
 are defaced.  
 No mariners of Sidon unfurl your  
 mighty sails;  
 No workmen fell the fir-trees that grow  
 in Shenir's vales  
 And Bashan's oaks that boasted a  
 thousand years of sun,  
 Or hew the masts of cedar on frosty  
 Lebanon.

## VI.

Rise, thou forgotten harlot! take up thy  
 harp and sing:  
 Call the rebellious islands to own their  
 ancient king:  
 Bare to the spray thy bosom, and with  
 thy hair unbound,  
 Sit on the piles of ruin, thou throneless  
 and discrowned!  
 There mix thy voice of wailing with the  
 thunders of the sea,  
 And sing thy songs of sorrow, that thou  
 remembered be!

## VII.

Though silent and forgotten, yet Nature  
 still laments  
 The pomp and power departed, the lost  
 magnificence:  
 The hills were proud to see thee, and  
 they are sadder now;  
 The sea was proud to bear thee, and  
 wears a troubled brow,  
 And evermore the surges chant forth  
 their vain desire:  
 "Where are the ships of Tarshish, the  
 mighty ships of Tyre?"

## AN ANSWER.

You call me cold: you wonder why  
 The marble of a mien like mine  
 Gives fiery sparks of Poesy,  
 Or softens at Love's touch divine.

Go, look on Nature, you will find  
 It is the rock that feels the sun:  
 But you are blind, — and to the blind  
 The touch of ice and fire is one.

## L'ENVOI.

UNTO the Desert and the Desert steed  
 Farewell! The journey is completed  
 now:  
 Struck are the tents of Ishmael's wan-  
 dering breed,  
 And I unwind the turban from my  
 brow.

The sun has ceased to shine; the palms  
 that bent,  
 Inebriate with light, have disap-  
 peared;

And naught is left me of the Orient  
But the tanned bosom and the un-  
shorn beard.

Yet from that life my blood a glow re-  
tains,

As the red sunshine in the ruby  
glows;

These songs are echoes of its fiercer  
strains, —

Dreams, that recall its passion and  
repose.

I found, among those Children of the  
Sun,

The cipher of my nature, — the re-  
lease

Of baffled powers, which else had never  
won

That free fulfilment, whose reward is  
peace.

For not to any race or any clime

Is the completed sphere of life re-  
vealed;

He who would make his own that round  
sublime,

Must pitch his tent on many a distant  
field.

Upon his home a dawning lustre beams,  
But through the world he walks to  
open day,

Gathering from every land the prismatic  
gleams,

Which, when united, form the perfect  
ray.

Go, therefore, Songs! — which in the  
East were born

And drew your nurture — from your  
sire's control :

Haply to wander through the West  
forlorn,

Or find a shelter in some Orient  
soul.

And if the temper of our colder sky

Less warmth of passion and of speech  
demands,

They are the blossoms of my life, —  
and I

Have ripened in the suns of many  
lands.



ROMANCES AND LYRICS.

TO

GEORGE H. BOKER.

To you the homage of this book I bring.  
The earliest and the latest flowers I yield,  
And though their hues betray a barren field,  
I know you will not slight the offering.  
You were the mate of my poetic spring ;  
To you its buds of little worth concealed  
More than the summer years have since revealed,  
Or doubtful autumn from the stem shall fling.  
But here they are, the buds, the blossoms blown ;  
If rich or scant, the wreath is at your feet ;  
And though it were the freshest ever grown,  
To you its incense could not be more sweet,  
Since with it goes a love to match your own,  
A heart, dear Friend, that never falsely beat.

## ROMANCES AND LYRICS.

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### PORPHYROGENITUS.

#### I.

BORN in the purple! born in the purple!  
Heir to the sceptre and crown!  
Lord over millions and millions of vassals, —  
Monarch of mighty renown!  
Where, do you ask, are my banner-proud castles?  
Where my imperial town?

#### II.

Where are the ranks of my far-flashing lances, —  
Trumpets, courageous of sound, —  
Galloping squadrons and rocking armadas,  
Guarding my kingdom around?  
Where are the pillars that blazon my borders,  
Threatening the alien ground?

#### III.

Vainly you ask, if you wear not the purple,  
Sceptre and diadem own;  
Ruling, yourself, over prosperous regions.  
Seated supreme on your throne.  
Subjects have nothing to give but allegiance:  
Monarchs meet monarchs alone.

#### IV.

But, if a king, you shall stand on my ramparts,  
Look on the lands that I sway,  
Number the domes of magnificent cities,  
Shining in valleys away, —

Number the mountains whose foreheads  
are golden,  
Lakes that are azure with day.

#### V.

Whence I inherited such a dominion?  
What was my forefathers' line?  
Homer and Sophocles, Pindar and Sappho,  
First were anointed divine:  
Theirs were the realms that a god  
might have governed,  
Ah, and how little is mine!

#### VI.

Hafiz in Orient shared with Petrarca  
Thrones of the East and the West;  
Shakespeare succeeded to limitless empire,  
Greatest of monarchs, and best:  
Few of his children inherited kingdoms,  
Provinces only, the rest.

#### VII.

Keats has his vineyards, and Shelley  
his islands;  
Coleridge in Xanadu reigns;  
Wordsworth is eyried aloft on the mountains,  
Goethe has mountains and plains;  
Yet, though the world has been parcelled among them,  
A world to be parcelled remains.

#### VIII.

Blessing enough to be born in the purple,  
Though but a monarch in name, —



Though in the desert my palace is  
 builded,  
 Far from the highways of Fame :  
 Up with my standards ! salute me with  
 trumpets !  
 Crown me with regal acclaim !

### METEMPSYCHOSIS OF THE PINE.

As when the haze of some wan moon-  
 light makes  
 Familiar fields a land of mystery,  
 Where, chill and strange, a ghostly pres-  
 ence wakes  
 In flower, and bush, and tree, —

Another life, the life of Day o'erwhelms ;  
 The Past from present consciousness  
 takes hue,  
 And we remember vast and cloudy  
 realms  
 Our feet have wandered through :

So, oft, some moonlight of the mind  
 makes dumb  
 The stir of outer thought : wide open  
 seems  
 The gate wherethrough strange sympa-  
 thies have come,  
 The secret of our dreams ;

The source of fine impressions, shooting  
 deep  
 Below the failing plummet of the  
 sense ;  
 Which strike beyond all Time, and back-  
 ward sweep  
 Through all intelligence.

We touch the lower life of beast and  
 clod,  
 And the long process of the ages see  
 From blind old Chaos, ere the breath of  
 God  
 Moved it to harmony.

All outward wisdom yields to that  
 within,  
 Whereof nor creed nor canon holds  
 the key ;  
 We only feel that we have ever been,  
 And evermore shall be.

And thus I know, by memories unfurled  
 In rarer moods, and many a nameless  
 sign,

That once in Time, and somewhere in  
 the world,  
 I was a towering Pine,

Rooted upon a cape that overhung  
 The entrance to a mountain gorge ;  
 whereon  
 The wintry shadow of a peak was  
 flung,  
 Long after rise of sun.

Behind, the silent snows ; and wide be-  
 low,  
 The rounded hills made level, lessen-  
 ing down  
 To where a river washed with sluggish  
 flow  
 A many-templed town.

There did I clutch the granite with firm  
 feet,  
 There shake my boughs above the  
 roaring gulf,  
 When mountain whirlwinds through the  
 passes beat,  
 And howled the mountain wolf.

There did I louder sing than all the  
 floods  
 Whirled in white foam above the  
 precipice,  
 And the sharp sleet that stung the naked  
 woods  
 Answer with sullen hiss :

But when the peaceful clouds rose white  
 and high  
 On blandest airs that April skies  
 could bring,  
 Through all my fibres thrilled the ten-  
 der sigh,  
 The sweet unrest of Spring.

She, with warm fingers laced in mine,  
 did melt  
 In fragrant balsam my reluctant  
 blood ;  
 And with a smart of keen delight I  
 felt  
 The sap in every bud,

And tingled through my rough old bark,  
 and fast  
 Pushed out the younger green, that  
 smoothed my tones,  
 When last year's needles to the wind I  
 cast,  
 And shed my scaly cones.

I held the eagle till the mountain mist  
 Rolled from the azure paths he came  
 to soar,  
 And like a hunter, on my gnarled wrist  
 The dappled falcon bore.

Poised o'er the blue abyss, the morning  
 lark  
 Sang, wheeling near in rapturous car-  
 rouse ;  
 And hart and hind, soft-pacing through  
 the dark,  
 Slept underneath my boughs.

Down on the pasture-slopes the herds-  
 man lay,  
 And for the flock his birchen trumpet  
 blew ;  
 There ruddy children tumbled in their  
 play,  
 And lovers came to woo. —

And once an army, crowned with tri-  
 umph, came  
 Out of the hollow bosom of the gorge,  
 With mighty banners in the wind aflame,  
 Borne on a glittering surge

Of tossing spears, a flood that homeward  
 rolled,  
 While cymbals timed their steps of  
 victory,  
 And horn and clarion from their throats  
 of gold  
 Sang with a savage glee.

I felt the mountain walls below me  
 shake,  
 Vibrant with sound, and through my  
 branches poured  
 The glorious gust: my song thereto did  
 make  
 Magnificent accord.

Some blind harmonic instinct pierced  
 the rind  
 Of that slow life which made me  
 straight and high,  
 And I became a harp for every wind,  
 A voice for every sky ;

When fierce autumnal gales began to  
 blow,  
 Roaring all day in concert, hoarse  
 and deep ;  
 And then made silent with my weight  
 of snow —  
 A spectre on the steep ;

Filled with a whispering gush, like that  
 which flows  
 Through organ-stops, when sank the  
 sun's red disk  
 Beyond the city, and in blackness rose  
 Temple and obelisk ;

Or breathing soft, as one who sighs in  
 prayer,  
 Mysterious sounds of portent and of  
 might,  
 What time I felt the wandering waves  
 of air  
 Pulsating through the night.

And thus for centuries my rhythmic  
 chant  
 Rolled down the gorge, or surged  
 about the hill :  
 Gentle, or stern, or sad, or jubilant,  
 At every season's will.

No longer Memory whispers whence  
 arose  
 The doom that tore me from my place  
 of pride :  
 Whether the storms that load the peak  
 with snows,  
 And start the mountain-slide,

Let fall a fiery bolt to smite my  
 top,  
 Upwrenched my roots, and o'er the  
 precipice  
 Hurled me, a dangling wreck, ere long  
 to drop  
 Into the wild abyss ;

Or whether hands of men, with scorn-  
 ful strength  
 And force from Nature's rugged  
 armory lent,  
 Sawed through my heart and rolled my  
 tumbling length  
 Sheer down the steep descent.

All sense departed, with the boughs I  
 wore ;  
 And though I moved with mighty  
 gales at strife,  
 A mast upon the seas, I sang no more,  
 And music was my life.

Yet still that life awakens, brings again  
 Its airy anthems, resonant and long,  
 Till Earth and Sky, transfigured, fill my  
 brain  
 With rhythmic sweeps of song.

Thence am I made a poet : thence are  
 sprung  
 Those shadowy motions of the soul,  
 that reach  
 Beyond all grasp of Art,—for which  
 the tongue  
 Is ignorant of speech.

And if some wild, full-gathered har-  
 mony  
 Roll its unbroken music through my  
 line,  
 There lives and murmurs, faintly  
 though it be,  
 The Spirit of the Pine.

### THE VINEYARD-SAINT.

SHE, pacing down the vineyard walks,  
 Put back the branches, one by one,  
 Stripped the dry foliage from the stalks,  
 And gave their bunches to the sun.

On fairer hillsides, looking south,  
 The vines were brown with cankerous  
 rust,  
 The earth was hot with summer drouth,  
 And all the grapes were dim with  
 dust.

Yet here some blessed influence rained  
 From kinder skies, the season  
 through ;

On every bunch the bloom remained,  
 And every leaf was washed in dew.

I saw her blue eyes, clear and calm ;  
 I saw the aureole of her hair ;  
 I heard her chant some unknown psalm,  
 In triumph half, and half in prayer.

"Hail, maiden of the vines !" I cried :  
 "Hail, Oread of the purple hill !  
 For vineyard fauns too fair a bride,  
 For me thy cup of welcome fill !

"Unlatch the wicket ; let me in,  
 And, sharing, make thy toil more  
 dear :

No riper vintage holds the bin  
 Than that our feet shall trample here.

"Beneath thy beauty's light I glow,  
 As in the sun those grapes of thine :  
 Touch thou my heart with love, and  
 lo !  
 The foaming must is turned to wine ! "

She, pausing, stayed her careful task,  
 And, lifting eyes of steady ray,  
 Blew, as a wind the mountain's mask  
 Of mist, my cloudy words away.

No troubled flush o'erran her cheek ;  
 But when her quiet lips did stir,  
 My heart knelt down to hear her speak  
 And mine the blush I sought in her.

"Oh, not for me," she said, "the vow  
 So lightly breathed, to break ere long  
 The vintage-garland on the brow ;  
 The revels of the dancing throng !

"To maiden love I shut my heart,  
 Yet none the less a stainless bride ;  
 I work alone, I dwell apart,  
 Because my work is sanctified.

"A virgin hand must tend the vine,  
 By virgin feet the vat be trod,  
 Whose consecrated gush of wine  
 Becomes the blessed blood of God !

"No sinful purple here shall stain,  
 Nor juice profane these grapes afford ;  
 But reverent lips their sweetness drain  
 Around the Table of the Lord.

"The cup I fill, of chaster gold,  
 Upon the lighted altar stands ;  
 There, when the gates of heaven unfold,  
 The priest exalts it in his hands.

"The censer yields adoring breath,  
 The awful anthem sinks and dies,  
 While God, who suffered life and death,  
 Renews His ancient sacrifice.

"O sacred garden of the vine !  
 And blessed she, ordained to press  
 God's chosen vintage, for the wine  
 Of pardon and of holiness ! "

### HYLAS.

STORM-WEARIED Argo slept upon the  
 water.

No cloud was seen ; on blue and craggy  
 Ida

The hot noon lay, and on the plain's  
 enamel ;

Cool, in his bed, alone, the swift Sea-  
 mander.

"Why should I haste ? " said young and  
 rosy Hylas :



"The seas were rough, and long the way from Colchis.  
 Beneath the snow-white awning slumbers Jason,  
 Pillowed upon his tame Thessalian panther;  
 The shields are piled, the listless oars suspended  
 On the black thwarts, and all the hairy bondsmen  
 Doze on the benches. They may wait for water,  
 Till I have bathed in mountain-born Scamander."

So said, unfilleting his purple chlamys,  
 And putting down his urn, he stood a moment,  
 Breathing the faint, warm odor of the blossoms  
 That spangled thick the lovely Dardan meadows.  
 Then, stooping lightly, loosened he his buskins,  
 And felt with shrinking feet the crispy verdure,  
 Naked, save one light robe that from his shoulder  
 Hung to his knee, the youthful flush revealing  
 Of warm, white limbs, half-nerved with coming manhood,  
 Yet fair and smooth with tenderness of beauty.  
 Now to the river's sandy marge advancing,  
 He dropped the robe, and raised his head exulting  
 In the clear sunshine, that with beam embracing  
 Held him against Apollo's glowing bosom.  
 For sacred to Latona's son is Beauty,  
 Sacred is Youth, the joy of youthful feeling.  
 A joy indeed, a living joy, was Hylas,  
 Whence Jove-begotten Héracles, the mighty,  
 To men though terrible, to him was gentle,  
 Smoothing his rugged nature into laughter  
 When the boy stole his club, or from his shoulders  
 Dragged the huge paws of the Nemæan lion.

The thick, brown locks, tossed backward from his forehead,  
 Fell soft about his temples; manhood's blossom  
 Not yet had sprouted on his chin, but freshly  
 Curved the fair cheek, and full the red lips, parting,  
 Like a loose bow, that just has launched its arrow.  
 His large blue eyes, with joy dilate and beamy,  
 Were clear as the unshadowed Grecian heaven;  
 Dewy and sleek his dimpled shoulders rounded  
 To the white arms and whiter breast between them.  
 Downward, the supple lines had less of softness:  
 His back was like a god's; his loins were moulded  
 As if some pulse of power began to waken;  
 The springy fulness of his thighs, outswerving,  
 Sloped to his knee, and, lightly dropping downward,  
 Drew the curved lines that breathe, in rest, of motion.

He saw his glorious limbs reversely mirrored  
 In the still wave, and stretched his foot to press it  
 On the smooth sole that answered at the surface:  
 Alas! the shape dissolved in glimmering fragments.  
 Then, timidly at first, he dipped, and catching  
 Quick breath, with tingling shudder, as the waters  
 Swirled round his thighs, and deeper, slowly deeper,  
 Till on his breast the River's cheek was pillowed,  
 And deeper still, till every shoreward ripple  
 Talked in his ear, and like a cygnet's bosom  
 His white, round shoulder shed the dripping crystal.  
 There, as he floated, with a rapturous motion,  
 The lucid coolness folding close around him,

The lily-cradling ripples murmured,  
 "Hylas!"  
 He shook from off his ears the hyacin-  
 thine  
 Curls, that had lain unwet upon the  
 water,  
 And still the ripples murmured, "Hylas!  
 Hylas!"  
 He thought: "The voices are but ear-  
 born music.  
 Pan dwells not here, and Echo still is  
 calling  
 From some high cliff that tops a Thra-  
 cian valley:  
 So long mine ears, on tumbling Helles-  
 pontus,  
 Have heard the sea waves hammer  
 Argo's forehead,  
 That I misdeem the fluting of this cur-  
 rent  
 For some lost nymph — " Again the  
 murmur, "Hylas!"  
 And with the sound a cold, smooth arm  
 around him  
 Slid like a wave, and down the clear,  
 green darkness  
 Glimmered on either side a shining  
 bosom, —  
 Glimmered, uprising slow; and ever  
 closer  
 Wound the cold arms, till, climbing to  
 his shoulders,  
 Their cheeks lay nestled, while the pur-  
 ple tangles  
 Their loose hair made, in silken mesh  
 enwound him.  
 Their eyes of clear, pale emerald then  
 uplifting,  
 They kissed his neck with lips of humid  
 coral,  
 And once again there came a murmur,  
 "Hylas!"  
 Oh, come with us! Oh, follow where  
 we wander  
 Deep down beneath the green, translu-  
 cent ceiling, —  
 Where on the sandy bed of old Sca-  
 mander  
 With cool white buds we braid our  
 purple tresses,  
 Lulled by the bubbling waves around us  
 stealing!  
 Thou fair Greek boy, Oh, come with us!  
 Oh, follow  
 Where thou no more shalt hear Propon-  
 tis riot,  
 But by our arms be lapped in endless  
 quiet,

Within the glimmering caves of Ocean  
 hollow!  
 We have no love; alone, of all the Im-  
 mortals,  
 We have no love. Oh, love us, we who  
 press thee  
 With faithful arms, though cold, —  
 whose lips caress thee, —  
 Who hold thy beauty prisoned! Love  
 us, Hylas!"  
 The boy grew chill to feel their twining  
 pressure  
 Lock round his limbs, and bear him,  
 vainly striving,  
 Down from the noonday brightness.  
 "Leave me, Naiads!  
 Leave me!" he cried; "the day to me  
 is dearer  
 Than all your caves deep-sphered in  
 Ocean's quiet.  
 I am but mortal, seek but mortal pleas-  
 ure:  
 I would not change this flexile, warm  
 existence,  
 Though swept by storms, and shocked  
 by Jove's dread thunder,  
 To be a king beneath the dark-green  
 waters."  
 Still moaned the humid lips, between  
 their kisses,  
 "We have no love. Oh, love us, we  
 who love thee!"  
 And came in answer, thus, the words of  
 Hylas:  
 "My love is mortal. For the Argive  
 maidens  
 I keep the kisses which your lips would  
 ravish.  
 Unlock your cold white arms, — take  
 from my shoulder  
 The tangled swell of your bewildering  
 tresses.  
 Let me return: the wind comes down  
 from Ida,  
 And soon the galley, stirring from her  
 slumber,  
 Will fret to ride where Pelion's twilight  
 shadow  
 Falls o'er the towers of Jason's sea-girt  
 city.  
 I am not yours, — I cannot braid the lilies  
 In your wet hair, nor on your argent  
 bosoms  
 Close my drowsed eyes to hear your  
 rippling voices.  
 Hateful to me your sweet, cold, crystal  
 being, —

Your world of watery quiet. Help,  
 Apollo!  
 For I am thine : thy fire, thy beam, thy  
 music,  
 Dance in my heart and flood my sense  
 with rapture !  
 The joy, the warmth and passion now  
 awaken,  
 Promised by thee, but erewhile calmly  
 sleeping.  
 Oh, leave me, Naiads ! loose your chill  
 embraces,  
 Or I shall die, for mortal maidens pin-  
 ing."  
 But still with unrelenting arms they  
 bound him,  
 And still, accordant, flowed their watery  
 voices :  
 "We have thee now,—we hold thy  
 beauty prisoned ;  
 Oh, come with us beneath the emerald  
 waters !  
 We have no love : we have thee, rosy  
 Hylas.  
 Oh, love us, who shall nevermore release  
 thee :  
 Love us, whose milky arms will be thy  
 cradle  
 Far down on the untroubled sands of  
 ocean,  
 Where now we bear thee, clasped in our  
 embraces."  
 And slowly, slowly sank the amorous  
 Naiads ;  
 The boy's blue eyes, upturned, looked  
 through the water,  
 Pleading for help ; but Heaven's im-  
 mortal Archer  
 Was swathed in cloud. The ripples hid  
 his forehead,  
 And last, the thick, bright curls a mo-  
 ment floated,  
 So warm and silky that the stream up-  
 bore them,  
 Closing reluctant, as he sank forever.  
 The sunset died behind the crags of Im-  
 bros.  
 Argo was tugging at her chain ; for  
 freshly  
 Blew the swift breeze, and leaped the  
 restless billows.  
 The voice of Jason roused the dozing  
 sailors,  
 And up the mast was heaved the snowy  
 canvas.  
 But mighty Héracles, the Jove-begot-  
 ten,

Unmindful stood, beside the cool Sca-  
 mander,  
 Leaning upon his club. A purple chla-  
 mys  
 Tossed o'er an urn was all that lay be-  
 fore him :  
 And when he called, expectant, "Hy-  
 las ! Hylas !"  
 The empty echoes made him answer,—  
 "Hylas !"

## KUBLEH :

## A STORY OF THE ASSYRIAN DESERT.

THE black-eyed children of the Desert  
 drove  
 Their flocks together at the set of  
 sun.  
 The tents were pitched ; the weary cam-  
 els bent  
 Their suppliant necks, and knelt upon  
 the sand ;  
 The hunters quartered by the kindled  
 fires  
 The wild boars of the Tigris they had  
 slain,  
 And all the stir and sound of evening  
 ran  
 Throughout the Shammar camp. The  
 dewy air  
 Bore its full burden of confused delight  
 Across the flowery plain ; and while,  
 afar,  
 The snows of Koordish Mountains in  
 the ray  
 Flashed roseate amber, Nimroud's an-  
 cient mound  
 Rose broad and black against the burn-  
 ing West.  
 The shadows deepened, and the stars  
 came out,  
 Sparkling in violet ether ; one by one  
 Glimmered the ruddy camp-fires on the  
 plain,  
 And shapes of steed and horseman  
 moved among  
 The dusky tents, with shout and jostling  
 cry,  
 And neigh and restless prancing. Chil-  
 dren ran  
 To hold the thongs, while every rider  
 drove  
 His quivering spear in the earth, and by  
 his door  
 Tethered the horse he loved. In midst  
 of all



Stood Shammeriyah, whom they dared  
not touch, —  
The foal of wondrous Kubleh, to the  
Shekh  
A dearer wealth than all his Georgian  
girls.

But when their meal was o'er, — when  
the red fires  
Blazed brighter, and the dogs no longer  
bayed, —  
When Shammar hunters with the boys  
sat down  
To cleanse their bloody knives, came  
Alimâr,  
The poet of the tribe, whose songs of  
love  
Are sweeter than Bassora's nightin-  
gales, —  
Whose songs of war can fire the Arab  
blood  
Like war itself: who knows not Alimâr?  
Then asked the men, "O Poet, sing of  
Kubleh!"  
And boys laid down the burnished  
knives and said,  
"Tell us of Kubleh, whom we never  
saw, —  
Of wondrous Kubleh!" Closer drew  
the group,  
With eager eyes, about the flickering fire,  
While Alimâr, beneath the Assyrian  
stars,  
Sang to the listening Arabs:

"God is great!  
O Arabs! never since Mohammed rode  
The sands of Beder, and by Mecca's  
gate  
That wingèd steed bestrode, whose mane  
of fire  
Blazed up the zenith, when, by Allah  
called,  
He bore the Prophet to the walls of  
Heaven,  
Was like to Kubleh, Sofuk's wondrous  
mare:  
Not all the milk-white barbs, whose hoofs  
dashed flame,  
In Baghdad's stables, from the marble  
floor, —  
Who, swathed in purple housings,  
pranced in state  
The gay bazaars, by great Al-Raschid  
backed:  
Not the wild charger of Mongolian breed  
That went o'er half the world with  
Tamerlane:

Nor yet those flying coursers, long ago  
From Ormuz brought by swarthy In-  
dian grooms  
To Persia's kings, — the foals of sacred  
mares,  
Sired by the fiery stallions of the sea!

"Who ever told, in all the Desert Land,  
The many deeds of Kubleh? Who can  
tell  
Whence came she? whence her like  
shall come again?  
O Arabs! sweet as tales of Scheherazade  
Heard in the camp, when javelin shafts  
are tried  
On the hot eve of battle, are the words  
That tell the marvels of her history.

"Far in the Southern sands, the hunters  
say,  
Did Sofuk find her, by a lonely palm.  
The well had dried; her fierce, impa-  
tient eye  
Glared red and sunken, and her slight  
young limbs  
Were lean with thirst. He checked his  
camel's pace,  
And, while it knelt, untied the water-  
skin,  
And when the wild mare drank, she  
followed him.  
Thence none but Sofuk might the sad-  
dle gird  
Upon her back, or clasp the brazen gear  
About her shining head, that brooked  
no curb  
From even him; for she, alike, was  
royal.

"Her form was lighter, in its shifting  
grace,  
Than some impassioned almeh's, when  
the dance  
Unbinds her scarf, and golden anklets  
gleam,  
Through floating drapery, on the buoy-  
ant air.  
Her light, free head was ever held aloft;  
Between her slender and transparent  
ears  
The silken forelock tossed; her nostril's  
arch,  
Thin-blown, in proud and pliant beauty  
spread  
Snuffing the desert winds. Her glossy  
neck  
Curved to the shoulder like an eagle's  
wing,

And all her matchless lines of flank and  
limb  
Seemed fashioned from the flying shapes  
of air.  
When sounds of warlike preparation  
rang  
From tent to tent, her keen and restless  
eye  
Shone blood-red as a ruby, and her  
neigh  
Rang wild and sharp above the clash  
of spears.

"The tribes of Tigris and the Desert  
knew her:  
Sofuk before the Shammar bands she  
bore  
To meet the dread Jebours, who waited  
not  
To bid her welcome; and the savage  
Koord,  
Chased from his bold irruption on the  
plain,  
Has seen her hoof-prints in his mount-  
ain snow.  
Lithe as the dark-eyed Syrian gazelle,  
O'er ledge, and chasm, and barren steep  
amid  
The Sinjar-hills, she ran the wild ass  
down.  
Through many a battle's thickest brunt  
she stormed,  
Reeking with sweat and dust, and fet-  
lock deep  
In curdling gore. When hot and lurid  
haze  
Stifed the crimson sun, she swept be-  
fore  
The whirling sand-spout, till her gusty  
mane  
Flared in its vortex, while the camels  
lay  
Groaning and helpless on the fiery  
waste.

"The tribes of Taurus and the Caspian  
knew her:  
The Georgian chiefs have heard her  
trumpet neigh  
Before the walls of Tiflis; pines that  
grow  
On ancient Caucasus have harbored  
her,  
Sleeping by Sofuk in their spicy gloom.  
The surf of Trebizond has bathed her  
flanks,  
When from the shore she saw the white-  
sailed bark

That brought him home from Stain-  
boul. Never yet,  
O Arabs! never yet was like to Ku-  
bleh!

"And Sofuk loved her. She was more  
to him  
Than all his snowy-bosomed odalisques.  
For many years she stood beside his  
tent,  
The glory of the tribe.

"At last she died,—  
Died, while the fire was yet in all her  
limbs,—  
Died for the life of Sofuk, whom she  
loved.  
The base Jebours,—on whom be Allah's  
curse!—  
Came on his path, when far from any  
camp,  
And would have slain him, but that  
Kubleh sprang  
Against the javelin points, and bore  
them down,  
And gained the open Desert. Wounded  
sore,  
She urged her light limbs into madden-  
ing speed,  
And made the wind a laggard. On  
and on  
The red sand slid beneath her, and be-  
hind  
Whirled in a swift and cloudy turbu-  
lence,  
As when some star of Eblis, downward  
hurled  
By Allah's bolt, sweeps with its burning  
hair  
The waste of darkness. On and on the  
bleak,  
Bare ridges rose before her, came, and  
passed,  
And every flying leap with fresher blood  
Her nostrils stained, till Sofuk's brow  
and breast  
Were flecked with crimson foam. He  
would have turned  
To save his treasure, though himself  
were lost,  
But Kubleh fiercely snapped the brazen  
rein.  
At last, when through her spent and  
quivering frame  
The sharp throes ran, our clustering  
tents arose,  
And with a neigh, whose shrill access  
of joy

O'ercame its agony, she stopped and  
fell.

The Shammar men came round her as  
she lay,  
And Sofuk raised her head, and held it  
close  
Against his breast. Her dull and glaz-  
ing eye  
Met his, and with a shuddering gasp  
she died.  
Then like a child his bursting grief  
made way  
In passionate tears, and with him all  
the tribe  
Wept for the faithful mare.

“They dug her grave  
Amid El-Hather's marbles, where she  
lies  
Buried with ancient kings; and since  
that time  
Was never seen, and will not be again,  
O Arabs! though the world be doomed  
to live  
As many moons as count the desert  
sands,  
The like of glorious Kubleh. God is  
great!”

### MON-DA-MIN;

OR, THE ROMANCE OF MAIZE.

#### I.

LONG ere the shores of green America  
Were touched by men of Norse and  
Saxon blood,  
What time the Continent in silence lay,  
A solemn realm of forest and of flood,  
Where Nature wantoned wild in zones  
immense,  
Unconscious of her own magnificence;

#### II.

Then to the savage race, who knew no  
world  
Beyond the hunter's lodge, the council-  
fire,  
The clouds of grosser sense were some-  
times furled,  
And spirits came to answer their de-  
sire, —  
The spirits of the race, grotesque and  
shy;  
Exaggerated powers of earth and sky.

#### III.

For Gods resemble whom they govern:  
they,  
The fathers of the soil, may not outgrow  
The children's vision. In that earlier  
day,  
They stooped the race familiarly to  
know;  
From Heaven's blue prairies they de-  
scended then,  
And took the shapes and shared the lives  
of men.

#### IV.

A chief there was, who in the frequent  
stress  
Of want, yet in contentment, lived his  
days;  
His lodge was built within the wilder-  
ness  
Of Huron, clasping those transparent  
bays,  
Those deeps of unimagined crystal,  
where  
The bark canoe seems hung in middle  
air.

#### V.

There, from the lake and from the un-  
certain chase  
With patient heart his sustenance he  
drew;  
And he was glad to see, in that wild  
place,  
The sons and daughters that around  
him grew,  
Although more scant they made his  
scanty store,  
And in the winter moons his need was  
sore.

#### VI.

The eldest was a boy, a silent lad,  
Who wore a look of wisdom from his  
birth;  
Such beauty, both of form and face, he  
had,  
As until then was never known on earth:  
And so he was (his soul so bright and  
far!)  
Osséo named, — Son of the Evening  
Star.

#### VII.

This boy by nature was companionless:  
His soul drew nurture only when it  
sucked



The savage dugs of Fable; he could guess  
 The knowledge other minds but slowly  
     plucked  
 From out the heart of things; to him,  
     as well  
 As to his Gods, all things were possible.

## VIII.

The heroes of that shapeless faith of his  
 Took life from him: when gusts of  
     powdery snow  
 Whirled round the lodge, he saw Paup-  
     puckewiss  
 Floundering amid the drifts, and he  
     would go  
 Climbing the hills, while sunset faded  
     wan,  
 To seek the feathers of the Rosy Swan.

## IX.

He knew the lord of serpent and of  
     beast,  
 The crafty Incarnation of the North;  
 He knew, when airs grew warm and  
     buds increased,  
 The sky was pierced, the Summer is-  
     sued forth,  
 And when a cloud concealed some  
     mountain's crest  
 The Bird of Thunder brooded on his  
     nest.

## X.

Through Huron's mists he saw the en-  
     chanted boat  
 Of old Mishosha to his island go,  
 And oft he watched, if on the waves  
     might float,  
 As once, the Fiery Plume of Wassamo;  
 And when the moonrise flooded coast  
     and bay,  
 He climbed the headland, stretching far  
     away;

## XI.

For there — so ran the legend — nightly  
     came  
 The small Puck-wudjees, ignorant of  
     harm:  
 The friends of Man, in many a sportive  
     game  
 The nimble elves consoled them for the  
     charm  
 Which kept them exiled from their  
     homes afar, —  
 The silver lodges of a twilight star.

## XII.

So grew Osséo, as a lonely pine,  
 That knows the secret of the wander-  
     ing breeze,  
 And ever sings its canticles divine,  
 Uncomprehended by the other trees:  
 And now the time drew nigh, when he  
     began  
 The solemn fast whose issue proves the  
     man.

## XIII.

His father built a lodge the wood within,  
 Where he the appointed space should  
     duly bide,  
 Till such propitious time as he had been  
 By faith prepared, by fasting purified,  
 And in mysterious dreams allowed to  
     see  
 What God the guardian of his life  
     would be.

## XIV.

The anxious crisis of the Spring was  
     past,  
 And warmth was master o'er the linger-  
     ing cold.  
 The alder's catkins dropped; the maple  
     cast  
 His crimson bloom, the willow's downy  
     gold  
 Blew wide, and softer than a squirrel's  
     ear  
 The white oak's foxy leaves began ap-  
     pear.

## XV.

There was a motion in the soil. A sound  
 Lighter than falling seeds, shook out of  
     flowers,  
 Exhaled where dead leaves, sodden on  
     the ground,  
 Repressed the eager grass; and there  
     for hours  
 Osséo lay, and vainly strove to bring  
 Into his mind the miracle of Spring.

## XVI.

The wood-birds knew it, and their voices  
     rang  
 Around his lodge; with many a dart  
     and whirl  
 Of saucy joy, the shrewish catbird sang  
 Full-throated, and he heard the king-  
     fisher,

Who from his God escaped with rum-  
pled crest,  
And the white medal hanging on his  
breast.

## XVII.

The aquilegia sprinkled on the rocks  
A scarlet rain; the yellow violet  
Sat in the chariot of its leaves; the  
phlox  
Held spikes of purple flame in meadows  
wet,  
And all the streams with vernal-scented  
reed  
Were fringed, and streaky bells of mis-  
kodeed.

## XVIII.

The boy went musing: What are these,  
that burst  
The sod and grow, without the aid of  
man?  
What father brought them food? what  
mother nursed  
Them in her earthy lodge, till Spring  
began?  
They cannot speak; they move but with  
the air;  
Yet souls of evil or of good they bear.

## XIX.

How are they made, that some with  
wholesome juice  
Delight the tongue, and some are  
charged with death?  
If spirits them inhabit, they can loose  
Their shape sometimes, and talk with  
human breath:  
Would that in dreams one such would  
come to me,  
And thence my teacher and my guar-  
dian be!

## XX.

So, when more languid with his fast,  
the boy  
Kept to his lodge, he pondered much  
thereon,  
And other memories gave his mind em-  
ploy;  
Memories of winters when the moose  
were gone, —  
When tales of Manabozo failed to melt  
The hunger-pang his pining brothers  
felt.

## XXI.

He thought: The Mighty Spirit knows  
all things,  
Is master over all. Could He not choose  
Design his children food to ease the  
stings  
Of hunger, when the lake and wood re-  
fuse?  
If He will bless me with the knowl-  
edge, I  
Will for my brothers fast until I die.

## XXII.

Four days were sped since he had tasted  
meat;  
Too faint he was to wander any more,  
When from the open sky, that, blue and  
sweet,  
Looked in upon him through the lodge's  
door,  
With quiet gladness he beheld a fair  
Celestial Shape descending through the  
air.

## XXIII.

He fell serenely, as a wingèd seed  
Detached in summer from the maple  
bough;  
His glittering clothes unruffled by the  
speed,  
The tufted plumes unshaken on his  
brow:  
Bright, wonderful, he came without a  
sound,  
And like a burst of sunshine struck the  
ground.

## XXIV.

So light he stood, so tall and straight of  
limb,  
So fair the heavenly freshness of his face,  
With beating heart Osséo looked at him,  
For now a God had visited the place.  
More brave a God his dreams had never  
seen:  
The stranger's garments were a shining  
green.

## XXV.

Sheathing his limbs in many a stately  
fold,  
That, parting on his breast, allowed the  
eye  
To note beneath, his vest of scaly gold.  
Whereon the drops of slaughter, scarcely  
dry,

Disclosed their blushing stain : his  
shoulders fair  
Gave to the wind long tufts of silky hair.

## XXVI.

The plummy crest, that high and beautiful  
Above his head its branching tassels  
hung,  
Shook down a golden dust, while, fixing  
full  
His eyes upon the boy, he loosed his  
tongue.  
Deep in his soul Osséo did rejoice  
To hear the reedy music of his voice :

## XXVII.

"By the Great Spirit I am hither sent,  
He knows the wishes whereupon you  
feed, —  
The soul, that, on your brothers' good  
intent,  
Would sink ambition to relieve their  
need :  
This thing is grateful to the Master's  
eye,  
Nor will His wisdom what you seek  
deny.

## XXVIII.

"But blessings are not free ; they do  
not fall  
In listless hands ; by toil the soul must  
prove  
Its steadfast purpose master over all,  
Before their wings in pomp of coming  
move :  
Here, wrestling with me, must you over-  
come,  
In me, the secret, — else, my lips are  
dumb."

## XXIX.

No match for his, Osséo's limbs ap-  
peared,  
Weak with the fast ; and yet in soul he  
grew  
Composed and resolute, by accents  
cheered,  
That spake in light what he but darkly  
knew.  
He rose, unto the issue nerved ; he  
sent  
unto his arms the hope of the event.

## XXX.

The shining stranger wrestled long and  
hard,  
When, disengaging weary limbs, he  
said :  
"It is enough ; with no unkind regard  
The Master's eye your toil hath vis-  
ited.  
He bids me cease ; to-day let strife re-  
main ;  
But on the morrow I will come again."

## XXXI.

And on the morrow came he as before,  
Dropping serenely down the deep-blue  
air :  
More weak and languid was the boy,  
yet more  
Courageous he, that crowning test to  
bear.  
His soul so wrought in every fainting  
limb,  
It seemed the cruel fast had strength-  
ened him.

## XXXII.

Again they grappled, and their sinews  
wrung  
In desperate emulation ; and again  
Came words of comfort from the stran-  
ger's tongue  
When they had ceased. He scaled the  
heavenly plain,  
His tall, bright stature lessening as he  
rose,  
Till lost amid the infinite repose.

## XXXIII.

On the third day descending as before,  
His raiment's gleam surprised the silent  
sky ;  
And weaker still the poor boy felt, yet  
more  
Courageous he, and resolute to die,  
So he might first the promised good  
embrace,  
And leave a blessing unto all his race.

## XXXIV.

This time with intertwining limbs they  
strove ;  
The God's green mantle shook in every  
fold,



And o'er Osséo's heated forehead drove  
His silky hair, his tassel's dusty gold,  
Till, spent and breathless, he at last  
forbore,  
And sat to rest beside the lodge's door.

## XXXV.

"My friend," he said, "the issue now  
is plain;  
Who wrestles in his soul must victor  
be;  
Who bids his life in payment shall  
attain  
The end he seeks, — and you will van-  
quish me.  
Then, these commands fulfilling, you  
shall win  
What the Great Spirit gives in Mon-da-  
Min.

## XXXVI.

"When I am dead, strip off this green  
array,  
And pluck the tassels from my shrivelled  
hair;  
Then bury me where summer rains shall  
play  
Above my breast, and sunshine linger  
there.  
Remove the matted sod; for I would  
have  
The earth lie lightly, softly on my grave.

## XXXVII.

"And tend the place, lest any noxious  
weed  
Through the sweet soil should strike its  
bitter root;  
Nor let the blossoms of the forest breed,  
Nor the wild grass in green luxuriance  
shoot;  
But when the earth is dry and blistered,  
fold  
Thereon the fresh and dainty-smelling  
mould.

## XXXVIII.

' The clamoring crow, the blackbird  
swarms that make  
The meadow trees their hive, must  
come not near:  
Scare thence all hurtful things; nor  
quite forsake  
Your careful watch until the woods ap-  
pear

With crimson blotches deeply dashed  
and crossed, —  
Sign of the fatal pestilence of Frost.

## XXXIX.

"This done, the secret, into knowledge  
grown,  
Is yours forevermore." With that, he  
took  
The yielding air. Osséo, left alone,  
Followed his flight with hope-enraptured  
look.  
The pains of hunger fled; a happy  
flame  
Danced in his heart until the trial came.

## XL.

It happened so, as Mon-da-Min foretold;  
Osséo's soul, at every wreathing twist  
Of palpitating muscle, grew more bold,  
And from the limbs of his antagonist  
Celestial vigor to his own he drew,  
Till with one mighty heave he over-  
threw.

## XLI.

Then from the body, beautiful and cold,  
He stripped the shining clothes; but on  
his breast  
He left the vest, engrained with blush-  
ing gold,  
And covered him in decent burial-rest.  
At sunset to his father's lodge he passed,  
And soothed with meat the anguish of  
his fast.

## XLII.

Naught did he speak of all that he had  
done  
But day by day in secrecy he sought  
An opening in the forest, where the sun  
Warmed the new grave: so tenderly he  
wrought,  
So lightly heaped the mould, so care-  
fully  
Kept all the place from choking herb-  
age free,

## XLIII.

That in a little while a folded plume  
Pushed timidly the covering soil aside,  
And, fed by fattening rains, took  
broader room,  
Until it grew a stalk, and rustled wide

Its leafy garments, lifting in the air  
Its tasselled top, and knots of silky hair.

## XLIV.

Osséo marvelled to behold his friend  
In this fair plant; the secret of the Spring  
Was his at length; and till the Summer's end  
He guarded him from every harmful thing.  
He scared the cloud of blackbirds,  
wheeling low;  
His arrow pierced the reconnoitring  
crow.

## XLV.

Now came the brilliant mornings, kind-  
ling all  
The woody hills with pinnacles of fire;  
The gum's ensanguined leaves began to  
fall,  
The buckeye blazed in prodigal attire,  
And frosty vapors left the lake at night  
To string the prairie grass with spangles  
white.

## XLVI.

One day, from long and unsuccessful  
chase  
The chief returned. Osséo through the  
wood  
In silence led him to the guarded place,  
Where now the plant in golden ripeness  
stood.  
"Behold, my father!" he exclaimed,  
"our friend,  
Whom the Great Spirit unto me did  
send,

## XLVII.

"Then, when I fasted, and my prayer  
He knew,  
That He would save my brothers from  
their want;  
For this, His messenger I overthrew,  
And from his grave was born this glori-  
ous plant.  
'T is Mon-da-Min: his sheathing husks  
enclose  
Food for my brothers in the time of  
snows.

## XLVIII.

"I leave you now, my father! Here be-  
fits  
Me longer not to dwell. My pathway  
lies

To where the West-wind on the mount-  
ain sits,  
And the Red Swan beyond the sunset  
flies:  
There may superior wisdom be in  
store."  
And so he went, and he returned no  
more.

## XLIX.

But Mon-da-Min remained, and still re-  
mains;  
His children cover all the boundless  
land,  
And the warm sun and frequent mellow  
rains  
Shape the tall stalks and make the  
leaves expand.  
A mighty army they have grown: he  
drills  
Their green battalions on the summer  
hills.

## L.

And when the silky hair hangs crisp  
and dead,  
Then leave their rustling ranks the  
tasselled peers,  
In broad encampment pitch their tents  
instead,  
And garner up the ripe autumnal ears:  
The annual storehouse of a nation's  
need,  
From whose abundance all the world  
may feed.

## THE SOLDIER AND THE PARD.

A SECOND deluge! Well,—no matter:  
here,  
At least, is better shelter than the lean,  
Sharp-elbowed oaks,—a dismal com-  
pany!  
That stood around us in the mountain  
road  
When that cursed axle broke: a roof of  
thatch,  
A fire of withered boughs, and best of  
all,  
This ruddy wine of Languedoc, that  
warms  
One through and through, from heart  
to finger-ends.  
No better quarters for a stormy night  
A soldier, like myself, could ask; and  
since

The rough Cevennes refuse to let us  
 forth,  
 Why, fellow-travellers, if so you will,  
 I'll tell the story cut so rudely short  
 When both fore-wheels broke from the  
 diligence,  
 Stocked in the rut, and pitched us all  
 together :  
 I said, we fought beside the Pyramids ;  
 And somehow, from the glow of this  
 good wine,  
 And from the gloomy rain, that shuts  
 one in  
 With his own self, — a sorry mate  
 sometimes ! —  
 The scene comes back like life. As  
 then, I feel  
 The sun, and breathe the hot Egyptian  
 air,  
 Hear Kleber, see the sabre of Dessaix  
 Flash at the column's front, and in the  
 midst  
 Napoleon, upon his Barbary horse,  
 Calm, swarthy-browed, and wiser than  
 the Sphinx  
 Whose granite lips guard Egypt's mys-  
 tery.  
 Ha ! what a rout ! our cannon bellowed  
 round  
 The Pyramids : the Mamelukes closed  
 in,  
 And hand to hand like devils did we  
 fight,  
 Rolled towards Sakkara in the smoke  
 and sand.

For days we followed up the Nile. We  
 pitched  
 Our tents in Memphis, pitched them on  
 the site  
 Of Antinoë, and beside the cliffs  
 Of Aboufayda. Then we came anon  
 On Kenneh, ere the sorely-frightened  
 Bey  
 Had time to pack his harem : nay, we  
 took  
 His camels, not his wives : and so, from  
 day  
 To day, past wrecks of temples half sub-  
 merged  
 In sandy inundation, till we saw  
 Old noseless Memnon sitting on the  
 plain,  
 Both hands upon his knees, and in the  
 east  
 Karnak's propylon and its pillared court.  
 The sphinxes wondered — such as had a  
 face —

To see us stumbling down their avenues ;  
 But we kept silent. One may whistle  
 round  
 Your Roman temples here at Nismes, or  
 dance  
 Upon the Pont du Gard ; — but, take my  
 word,  
 Egyptian ruins are a serious thing :  
 You would not dare let fly a joke beside  
 The maimed colossi, though your very  
 feet  
 Might catch between some mummied  
 Pharaoh's ribs.  
 Dessaix was bent on chasing Mame-  
 lukes,  
 And so we rummaged tomb and cata-  
 comb,  
 Clambered the hills and watched the  
 Desert's rim  
 For sight of horse. One day my com-  
 pany  
 (I was but ensign then) found far within  
 The sands, a two-days' journey from the  
 Nile,  
 A round oasis, like a jewel set.  
 It was a grove of date-trees, clustering  
 close  
 About a tiny spring, whose overflow  
 Trickled beyond their shade a little  
 space,  
 And the insatiate Desert licked it up.  
 The fiery ride, the glare of afternoon  
 Had burned our faces, so we stopped to  
 feel  
 The coolness and the shadow, like a bath  
 Of pure ambrosial lymph, receive our  
 limbs  
 And sweeten every sense. Drowsed by  
 the soft,  
 Delicious greenness and repose, I crept  
 Into a balmy nest of yielding shrubs,  
 And floated off to slumber on a cloud  
 Of rapturous sensation.

When I woke,  
 So deep had been the oblivion of that  
 sleep,  
 That Adam, when he woke in Paradise,  
 Was not more blank of knowledge ; he  
 had felt  
 As heedlessly, the silence and the shade ;  
 As ignorantly had raised his eyes and  
 seen —  
 As, for a moment, I — what then I saw  
 With terror, freezing limb and voice like  
 death,  
 When the slow sense, supplying one lost  
 link,



Ran with electric fleetness through the  
 chain  
 And showed me what I was, — no mir-  
 acle,  
 But lost and left alone amid the waste,  
 Fronting a deadly Pard, that kept great  
 eyes  
 Fixed steadily on mine. I could not  
 move :  
 My heart beat slow and hard : I sat and  
 gazed,  
 Without a wink, upon those jasper orbs,  
 Noting the while, with horrible detail,  
 Whereto my fascinated sight was bound,  
 Their tawny brilliance, and the spotted  
 fell  
 That wrinkled round them, smoothly  
 sloping back  
 And curving to the short and tufted  
 ears.  
 I felt — and with a sort of fearful joy —  
 The beauty of the creature : 't was a  
 pard,  
 Not such as one of those they show you  
 caged  
 In Paris, — lean and scurvy beasts  
 enough !  
 No : but a desert pard, superb and  
 proud,  
 That would have died behind the cruel  
 bars.  
 I think the creature had not looked on  
 man,  
 For, as my brain grew cooler, I could  
 see  
 Small sign of fierceness in her eyes, but  
 chief,  
 Surprise and wonder. More and more  
 entranced,  
 Her savage beauty warmed away the  
 chill  
 Of deathlike terror at my heart : I  
 stared  
 With kindling admiration, and there  
 came  
 A gradual softness o'er the flinty light  
 Within her eyes ; a shadow crept around  
 Their yellow disks, and something like  
 a dawn  
 Of recognition of superior will,  
 Of brute affection, sympathy enslaved  
 By higher nature, then informed her  
 face.  
 Thrilling in every nerve, I stretched my  
 hand, —  
 She silent, moveless, — touched her vel-  
 vet head,

And with a warm, sweet shiver in my  
 blood,  
 Stroked down the ruffled hairs. She  
 did not start ;  
 But, in a moment's lapse, drew up one  
 paw  
 And moved a step, — another, — till her  
 breath  
 Came hot upon my face. She stopped :  
 she rolled  
 A deep-voiced note of pleasure and of  
 love,  
 And gathering up her spotted length,  
 lay down,  
 Her head upon my lap, and forward  
 thrust  
 One heavy-moulded paw across my  
 knees,  
 The glittering talons sheathing tenderly.  
 Thus we, in that oasis all alone,  
 Sat when the sun went down : the Pard  
 and I,  
 Caressing and caressed : and more of  
 love  
 And more of confidence between us  
 came,  
 I grateful for my safety, she alive  
 With the dumb pleasure of companion-  
 ship,  
 Which touched with instincts of hu-  
 manity  
 Her brutish nature. When I slept, at  
 last,  
 My arm was on her neck.

The morrow brought  
 No rupture of the bond between us twain.  
 The creature loved me ; she would  
 bounding come,  
 Cat-like, to rub her great, smooth, yel-  
 low head  
 Against my knee, or with rough tongue  
 would lick  
 The hand that stroked the velvet of her  
 hide.  
 How beautiful she was ! how lithe and  
 free  
 The undulating motions of her frame !  
 How shone, like isles of tawny gold, her  
 spots,  
 Mapped on the creamy white ! And  
 when she walked,  
 No princess, with the crown about her  
 brows,  
 Looked so superbly royal. Ah, my  
 friends,  
 Smile as you may, but I would give this  
 life

With its fantastic pleasures — aye, even  
 that  
 One leads in Paris — to be back again  
 In the red Desert with my splendid  
 Pard.  
 That grove of date-trees was our home,  
 our world,  
 A star of verdure in a sky of sand.  
 Without the feathery fringes of its shade  
 The naked Desert ran, its burning  
 round  
 Sharp as a sword : the naked sky above,  
 Awful in its immensity, not shone  
 There only, where the sun supremely  
 flamed,  
 But all its deep-blue walls were pene-  
 trant  
 With dazzling light. God reigned in  
 Heaven and Earth,  
 An Everlasting Presence, and his care  
 Fed us, alike his children. From the  
 trees  
 That shook down pulpy dates, and from  
 the spring,  
 The quiet author of that happy grove,  
 My wants were sated ; and when mid-  
 night came,  
 Then would the Pard steal softly from  
 my side,  
 Take the unmeasured sand with flying  
 leaps  
 And vanish in the dusk, returning soon  
 With a gazelle's light carcass in her  
 jaws.  
 So passed the days, and each the other  
 taught  
 Our simple language. She would come  
 at call  
 Of the pet name I gave her, bound and  
 sport  
 When so I bade, and she could read my  
 face  
 Through all its changing moods, with  
 better skill  
 Than many a Christian comrade. Pard  
 and beast,  
 Though you may say she was, she had a  
 soul.  
 But Sin will find the way to Paradise.  
 Erelong the sense of isolation fed  
 My mind with restless fancies. I be-  
 gan  
 To miss the life of camp, the march, the  
 fight,  
 The soldier's emulation : youthful blood  
 Ran in my veins : the silence lost its  
 charm,

And when the morning sunrise lighted  
 up  
 The threshold of the Desert, I would  
 gaze  
 With looks of bitter longing o'er the  
 sand.  
 At last, I filled my soldier's sash with  
 dates,  
 Drank deeply of the spring, and while  
 the Pard  
 Roamed in the starlight for her forage,  
 took  
 A westward course. The grove already  
 lay  
 A dusky speck — no more — when  
 through the night  
 Came the forsaken creature's eager cry.  
 Into a sandy pit I crept, and heard  
 Her bounding — on my track until she  
 rolled  
 Down from the brink upon me. Then  
 with cries  
 Of joy and of distress, the touching  
 proof  
 Of the poor beast's affection, did she  
 strive  
 To lift me — Pardon, friends ! these  
 foolish eyes  
 Must have their will : and had you seen  
 her then,  
 In her mad gambols, as we homeward  
 went,  
 Your hearts had softened too.

But I, possessed  
 By some vile devil of mistrust, became  
 More jealous and impatient. In my  
 heart  
 I cursed the grove, and with suspicions  
 wronged  
 The noble Pard. She keeps me here, I  
 thought,  
 Deceived with false caresses, as a cat  
 Toys with the trembling mouse she  
 straight devours.  
 Will she so gently fawn about my feet,  
 When the gazelles are gone ? Will she  
 crunch dates,  
 And drink the spring, whose only drink  
 is blood ?  
 Am I to ruin flattered, and by whom ? —  
 Not even a man, a wily beast of prey.  
 Thus did the Devil whisper in mine  
 ear,  
 Till those black thoughts were rooted in  
 my heart  
 And made me cruel. So it chanced one  
 day,

That as I watched a flock of birds, that  
wheeled,  
And dipped, and circled in the air, the  
Pard,  
Moved by a freak of fond solicitude  
To win my notice, closed her careful  
fangs  
About my knee. Scarce knowing what  
I did,  
In the blind impulse of suspicious fear,  
I plunged, full home, my dagger in her  
neck.  
God! could I but recall that blow! She  
loosed  
Her hold, as softly as a lover quits  
His mistress' lips, and with a single  
groan,  
Full of reproach and sorrow, sank and  
died.  
What had I done! Sure never on this  
earth  
Did sharper grief so base a deed requite.  
Its murderous fury gone, my heart was  
racked  
With pangs of wild contrition, spent  
itself  
In cries and tears, the while I called on  
God  
To curse me for my sin. There lay the  
Pard,  
Her splendid eyes all film, her blazoned  
fell  
Smirched with her blood; and I, her  
murderer,  
Less than a beast, had thus repaid her  
love.

Ah, friends! with all this guilty mem-  
ory  
My heart is sore: and little now remains  
To tell you, but that afterwards — how  
long,  
I could not know — our soldiers picked  
me up,  
Wandering about the Desert, wild with  
grief  
And sobbing like a child. My nerves  
have grown  
To steel, in many battles; I can step  
Without a shudder through the heaps  
of slain;  
But never, never, till the day I die,  
Prevent a woman's weakness when I  
think  
Upon my desert Pard: and if a man  
Deny this truth she taught me, to his  
face  
I say he lies: a beast may have a soul.

## ARIEL IN THE CLOVEN PINE.

Now the frosty stars are gone:  
I have watched them one by one,  
Fading on the shores of Dawn.  
Round and full the glorious sun  
Walks with level step the spray,  
Through his vestibule of Day,  
While the wolves that late did howl  
Slink to dens and coverts foul,  
Guarded by the demon owl,  
Who, last night, with mocking croon,  
Wheeled athwart the chilly moon,  
And with eyes that blankly glared  
On my direful torment stared.

The lark is flickering in the light;  
Still the nightingale doth sing; —  
All the isle, alive with Spring,  
Lies, a jewel of delight,  
On the blue sea's heaving breast:  
Not a breath from out the West,  
But some balmy smell doth bring  
From the sprouting myrtle buds,  
Or from meadowy vales that lie  
Like a green inverted sky,  
Which the yellow cowslip stars,  
And the bloomy almond woods,  
Cloud-like, cross with roseate bars.  
All is life that I can spy,  
To the farthest sea and sky,  
And my own the only pain  
Within this ring of Tyrrhene main.

In the gnarled and cloven Pine  
Where that hell-born hag did chain me,  
All this orb of cloudless shine,  
All this youth in Nature's veins  
Tingling with the season's wine,  
With a sharper torment pain me.  
Pansies in soft April rains  
Fill their stalks with honeyed sap  
Drawn from Earth's prolific lap;  
But the sluggish blood she brings  
To the tough Pine's hundred rings.  
Closer locks their cruel hold,  
Closer draws the scaly bark  
Round the crevice, damp and cold,  
Where my useless wings I fold, —  
Sealing me in iron dark.  
By this coarse and alien state  
Is my dainty essence wronged;  
Finer senses that belonged  
To my freedom, chafe at Fate,  
Till the happier elves I hate,  
Who in moonlight dances turn  
Underneath the palmy fern,



Or in light and twinkling bands  
Follow on with linkèd hands  
To the Ocean's yellow sands.

Primrose-eyes each morning ope  
In their cool, deep beds of grass ;  
Violets make the airs that pass  
Telltale of their fragrant slope.  
I can see them where they spring  
Never brushed by fairy wing.  
All those corners I can spy  
In the island's solitude,  
Where the dew is never dry,  
Nor the miser bees intrude.  
Cups of rarest hue are there,  
Full of perfumed wine undrained, —  
Mushroom banquets, ne'er profaned,  
Canopied by maiden-hair.  
Pearls I see upon the sands,  
Never touched by other hands,  
And the rainbow bubbles shine  
On the ridged and frothy brine,  
Tenantless of voyager  
Till they burst in vacant air.  
Oh, the songs that sung might be,  
And the mazy dances woven,  
Had that witch ne'er crossed the sea  
And the Pine been never cloven !

Many years my direst pain  
Has made the wave-rocked isle complain.  
Winds, that from the Cyclades  
Came, to blow in wanton riot  
Round its shore's enchanted quiet,  
Bore my wailings on the seas :  
Sorrowing birds in Autumn went  
Through the world with my lament.  
Still the bitter fate is mine,  
All delight unshared to see,  
Smarting in the cloven Pine,  
While I wait the tardy axe  
Which, perchance, shall set me free  
From the damned Witch Sycorax.

### THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"GIVE us a song !" the soldiers cried,  
The outer trenches guarding,  
When the heated guns of the camps  
allied  
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,  
Lay, grim and threatening, under ;  
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff  
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said :  
" We storm the forts to-morrow ;  
Sing while we may, another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,  
Below the smoking cannon :  
Brave hearts, from Severn and from  
Clyde,  
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame ;  
Forgot was Britain's glory :  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang " Annie Lawrie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,  
Until its tender passion  
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong, —  
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,  
But, as the song grew louder,  
Something upon the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
The bloody sunset's embers,  
While the Crimean valleys learned  
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell  
Rained on the Russian quarters,  
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,  
And bellowing of the mortars !

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim  
For a singer, dumb and gory ;  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of " Annie Lawrie."

Sleep, soldiers ! still in honored rest  
Your truth and valor wearing :  
The bravest are the tenderest, —  
The loving are the daring.

### ICARUS.

#### I.

IO TRIUMPHE ! Lo, thy certain art,  
My crafty sire, releases us at length !  
False Minos now may knit his baffled  
brows,  
And in the labyrinth by thee devised  
His brutish horns in angry search may  
toss

The Minotaur, — but thou and I are free!  
 See where it lies, one dark spot on the breast  
 Of plains far-shining in the long-lost day,  
 Thy glory and our prison! Either hand  
 Crete, with her hoary mountains, olive-clad  
 In twinkling silver, 'twixt the vineyard rows,  
 Divides the glimmering seas. On Ida's top  
 The sun, discovering first an earthly throne,  
 Sits down in splendor; lucent vapors rise  
 From folded glens among the awaking hills,  
 Expand their hovering films, and touch, and spread  
 In airy planes beneath us, hearths of air  
 Whereon the Morning burns her hundred fires.

## II.

Take thou thy way between the cloud and wave.  
 O Dædalus, my father, steering forth  
 To friendly Samos, or the Carian shore!  
 But me the spaces of the upper heaven  
 Attract, the height, the freedom, and the joy.  
 For now, from that dark treachery escaped,  
 And tasting power which was the lust of youth,  
 Whene'er the white blades of the sea-gull's wings  
 Flashed round the headland, or the barbed files  
 Of cranes returning clanged across the sky,  
 No half-way flight, no errand incomplete  
 I purpose. Not, as once in dreams, with pain  
 I mount, with fear and huge exertion hold  
 Myself a moment, ere the sickening fall  
 Breaks in the shock of waking.  
 Launched, at last,  
 Uplift on powerful wings, I veer and float  
 Past sunlit isles of cloud, that dot with light  
 The boundless archipelago of sky.  
 I fan the airy silence till it starts

In rustling whispers, swallowed up as soon;  
 I warm the chilly ether with my breath;  
 I with the beating of my heart make glad  
 The desert blue. Have I not raised myself  
 Unto this height, and shall I cease to soar?  
 The curious eagles wheel about my path:  
 With sharp and questioning eyes they stare at me,  
 With harsh, impatient screams they menace me,  
 Who, with these vans of cunning workmanship  
 Broad-spread, adventure on their high domain, —  
 Now mine, as well. Henceforth, ye clamorous birds,  
 I claim the azure empire of the air!  
 Henceforth I breast the current of the morn,  
 Between her crimson shores: a star, henceforth,  
 Upon the crawling dwellers of the earth  
 My forehead shines. The steam of sacred blood,  
 The smoke of burning flesh on altars laid,  
 Fumes of the temple-wine, and sprinkled myrrh,  
 Shall reach my palate ere they reach the Gods.

## III.

Nay, am not I a God? What other wing,  
 If not a God's, could in the rounded sky  
 Hang thus in solitary poise? What need,  
 Ye proud Immortals, that my balanced plumes  
 Should grow, like yonder eagle's from the nest?  
 It may be, ere my crafty father's line  
 Sprang from Erectheus, some artificer,  
 Who found you roaming wingless on the hills,  
 Naked, asserting godship in the dearth  
 Of loftier claimants, fashioned you the same.  
 Thence did you seize Olympus: thence your pride  
 Compelled the race of men, your slaves, to tear

The temple from the mountain's marble  
womb,  
To carve you shapes more beautiful  
than they,  
To sate your idle nostrils with the  
reek  
Of gums and spices, heaped on jewelled  
gold.

## IV.

Lo, where Hyperion, through the glow-  
ing air  
Approaching, drives! Fresh from his  
banquet-meats,  
Flushed with Olympian nectar, angrily  
He guides his fourfold span of furious  
steeds,  
Convoys by that bold Hour whose  
ardent torch  
Burns up the dew, toward the narrow  
beach,  
This long, projecting spit of cloudy  
gold  
Whereon I wait to greet him when he  
comes.  
Think not I fear thine anger: this day,  
thou,  
Lord of the silver bow, shalt bring a  
guest  
To sit in presence of the equal Gods  
In your high hall: wheel but thy  
chariot near,  
That I may mount beside thee!  
— What is this?  
I hear the crackling hiss of singèd  
plumes!  
The stench of burning feathers stifles  
me!  
My loins are stung with drops of molten  
wax! —  
Ai! ai! my ruined vans! — I fall! I  
die!

Ere the blue noon o'erspanned the bluer  
strait  
Which parts Icaria from Samos, fell,  
Amid the silent wonder of the air,  
Fell with a shock that startled the still  
wave,  
A shrivelled wreck of crisp, entangled  
plumes,  
A head whence eagles' beaks had  
plucked the eyes,  
And clots of wax, black limbs by eagles  
torn  
in falling: and a circling eagle screamed  
Around that floating horror of the sea  
Derision, and above Hyperion shone.

## THE BATH

OFF, fetters of the falser life, —  
Weeds, that conceal the statue's form!  
This silent world with truth is rife,  
This wooing air is warm.

Now fall the thin disguises, planned  
For men too weak to walk unblamed:  
Naked beside the sea I stand, —  
Naked and not ashamed.

Where yonder dancing billows dip,  
Far-off, to ocean's misty verge,  
Ploughs Morning, like a full-sailed  
ship,  
The Orient's cloudy surge.

With spray of scarlet fire before  
The ruffled gold that round her dies,  
She sails above the sleeping shore,  
Across the waking skies.

The dewy beach beneath her glows;  
A pencilled beam, the lighthouse  
burns:  
Full-breathed, the fragrant sea-wind  
blows, —  
Life to the world returns!

I stand, a spirit newly-born,  
White-limbed and pure, and strong,  
and fair;  
The first-begotten son of Morn,  
The nursling of the air!

There, in a heap, the masks of Earth,  
The cares, the sins, the griefs, are  
thrown:  
Complete, as through diviner birth,  
I walk the sands alone.

With downy hands the winds caress,  
With frothy lips the amorous sea,  
As welcoming the nakedness  
Of vanished gods, in me.

Along the ridged and sloping sand,  
Where headlands clasp the crescent  
cove,  
A shining spirit of the land,  
A snowy shape, I move:

Or, plunged in hollow-rolling ~~lives~~,  
In emerald cradles rocked and ~~swayed~~,  
The sceptre of the sea is mine,  
And mine his endless song.



For Earth with primal dew is wet,  
Her long-lost child to rebaptize;  
Her fresh, immortal Edens yet  
Their Adam recognize.

Her ancient freedom is his fee;  
Her ancient beauty is his dower:  
She bares her ample breasts, that he  
May suck the milk of power.

Press on, ye hounds of life, that lurk  
So close, to seize your harried prey;  
Ye fiends of Custom, Gold, and Work,—  
I hear your distant bay!

And, like the Arab, when he bears  
To the insulted camel's path  
His garment, which the camel tears,  
And straight forgets his wrath;

So, yonder badges of your sway,  
Life's paltry husks, to you I give:  
Fall on, and in your blindness say:  
We hold the fugitive!

But leave to me this brief escape  
To simple manhood, pure and free, —  
A child of God, in God's own shape,  
Between the land and sea!

### THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVI.

THE Coliseum lifts at night  
Its broken cells more proudly far  
Than in the noonday's naked light,  
For every rent enshrines a star:  
On Cæsar's hill the royal Lar  
Presides within his mansion old:  
Decay and Death no longer mar  
The moon's atoning mist of gold.

Still lingering near the shrines renewed,  
We sadly, fondly, look our last;  
Each trace concealed of spoilage rude  
From old or late iconoclast,  
Till, Trajan's whispering forum passed,  
We hear the waters, showering bright,  
Of Trevi's ancient fountain, cast  
Their woven music on the night.

The Genius of the Tiber nods  
Benign, above his tilted urn;  
Kneel down and drink! the beckoning  
gods  
This last libation will not spurn.  
Drink, and the old enchantment learn  
That hovers yet o'er Trevi's foam, —

The promise of a sure return,  
Fresh footsteps in the dust of Rome!

Kneel down and drink! the golden days  
Here lived and dreamed, shall dawn  
again:  
Albano's hill, through purple haze,  
Again shall crown the Latin plain.  
Whatever stains of Time remain,  
Left by the years that intervene,  
Lo! Trevi's fount shall toss its rain  
To wash the pilgrim's forehead clean.

Drink, and depart! for Life is just:  
She gives to Faith a master-key  
To ope the gate of dreams august,  
And take from joys in memory  
The certainty of joys to be:  
And Trevi's basins shall be bare  
Ere we again shall fail to see  
Their silver in the Roman air.

### PROPOSAL.

THE violet loves a sunny bank,  
The cowslip loves the lea;  
The scarlet creeper loves the elm,  
But I love — thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,  
The stars, they kiss the sea;  
The west winds kiss the clover bloom,  
But I kiss — thee!

The oriole weds his mottled mate.  
The lily's bride o' the bee;  
Heaven's marriage-ring is round the  
earth —  
Shall I wed thee?

### THE PALM AND THE PINE.

WHEN Peter led the First Crusade,  
A Norseman wooed an Arab maid.

He loved her lithe and palmy grace,  
And the dark beauty of her face:

She loved his cheeks, so ruddy fair,  
His sunny eyes and yellow hair.

He called: she left her father's tent;  
She followed wheresoe'er he went.

She left the palms of Palestine  
To sit beneath the Norland pine.

She sang the musky Orient strains  
Where Winter swept the snowy plains.

Their natures met like Night and  
Morn  
What time the morning-star is born.

The child that from their meeting  
grew  
Hung, like that star, between the two.

The glossy night his mother shed  
From her long hair was on his head :

But in its shade they saw arise  
The morning of his father's eyes.

Beneath the Orient's tawny stain  
Wandered the Norseman's crimson vein :

Beneath the Northern force was seen  
The Arab sense, alert and keen.

His were the Viking's sinewy hands,  
The arching foot of Eastern lands.

And in his soul conflicting strove  
Northern indifference, Southern love ;

The chastity of temperate blood,  
Impetuous passion's fiery flood ;

The settled faith that nothing shakes,  
The jealousy a breath awakes ;

The planning Reason's sober gaze,  
And fancy's meteoric blaze.

And stronger, as he grew to man,  
The contradicting natures ran, —

As mingled streams from Etna flow,  
One born of fire, and one of snow.

And one impelled, and one withheld,  
And one obeyed, and one rebelled.

One gave him force, the other fire ;  
This self-control, and that desire.

One filled his heart with fierce unrest ;  
With peace serene the other blessed.

He knew the depth and knew the height,  
The bounds of darkness and of light ;

And who these far extremes has seen  
Must needs know all that lies between.

So, with untaught, instinctive art,  
He read the myriad-natured heart.

He met the men of many a land ;  
They gave their souls into his hand ;

And none of them was long unknown :  
The hardest lesson was his own.

But how he lived, and where, and when,  
It matters not to other men ;

For, as a fountain disappears,  
To gush again in later years,

So hidden blood may find the day,  
When centuries have rolled away ;

And fresher lives betray at last  
The lineage of a far-off Past.

That nature, mixed of sun and snow  
Repeats its ancient ebb and flow :

The children of the Palm and Pine  
Renew their blended lives — in mine.

#### ON LEAVING CALIFORNIA.

O FAIR young land, the youngest, fair-  
est far

Of which our world can boast, —  
Whose guardian planet, Evening's silver  
star

Illumes thy golden coast, —

How art thou conquered, tamed in all  
the pride

Of savage beauty still !

How brought, O panther of the splendid  
hide,

To know thy master's will !

No more thou sittest on thy tawny hills  
In indolent repose ;

Or pour'st the crystal of a thousand rills  
Down from thy house of snows.

But where the wild-oats wrapped thy  
knees in gold,

The ploughman drives his share,  
And where, through cañons deep, thy  
streams are rolled,  
The miner's arm is bare.

Yet in thy lap, thus rudely rent and torn  
A nobler seed shall be :

Mother of mighty men, thou shalt not  
mourn  
Thy lost virginity !

Thy human children shall restore the  
grace  
Gone with thy fallen pines :  
The wild, barbaric beauty of thy face  
Shall round to classic lines.

And Order, Justice, Social Law shall  
curb  
Thy untamed energies ;  
And Art and Science, with their dreams  
superb,  
Replace thine ancient ease.

The marble, sleeping in thy mountains  
now,  
Shall live in sculptures rare ;  
Thy native oak shall crown the sage's  
brow, —  
Thy bay, the poet's hair.

Thy tawny hills shall bleed their purple  
wine,  
Thy valleys yield their oil ;  
And Music, with her eloquence divine,  
Persuade thy sons to toil.

Till Hesper, as he trims his silver beam,  
No happier land shall see,  
And Earth shall find her old Arcadian  
dream  
Restored again in thee !

## EUPHORION.

"I will not longer  
Earth-bound linger :  
Loosen your hold on  
Hand and on ringlet,  
Girdle and garment ;  
Leave them : they're mine !"

"Bethink thee, bethink thee  
To whom thou belongest !  
Say, wouldst thou wound us,  
Rudely destroying  
Threefold the beauty, —  
Mine, his, and thine ?"

FAUST, SECOND PART.

NAY, fold your arms, beloved Friends,  
Above the hearts that vainly beat !  
Or catch the rainbow where it bends,  
And find your darling at its feet ;

Or fix the fountain's varying shape,  
The sunset-cloud's elusive dye,

The speech of winds that round the  
cape  
Make music to the sea and sky :

So may you summon from the air  
The loveliness that vanished hence,  
And Twilight give his beauteous hair,  
And Morning give his countenance,

And Life about his being clasp  
Her rosy girdle once again : —  
But no ! let go your stubborn grasp  
On some wild hope, and take your  
pain !

For, through the crystal of your tears,  
His love and beauty fairer shine ;  
The shadows of advancing years  
Draw back, and leave him all divine.

And Death, that took him, cannot claim  
The smallest vesture of his birth, —  
The little life, a dancing flame  
That hovered o'er the hills of earth, —

The finer soul, that unto ours  
A subtle perfume seemed to be,  
Like incense blown from April flowers  
Beside the scarred and stormy tree, —

The wondering eyes, that ever saw  
Some fleeting mystery in the air,  
And felt the stars of evening draw  
His heart to silence, childhood's  
prayer !

Our suns were all too fierce for him ;  
Our rude winds pierced him through  
and through :  
But Heaven has valleys cool and dim,  
And bosage sweet with starry dew.

There knowledge breathes in balmy air,  
Not wrung, as here, with panting  
breast :

The wisdom born of toil you share ;  
But he, the wisdom born of rest.

For every picture here that slept,  
A living canvas is unrolled ;  
The silent harp he might have swept  
Leans to his touch its strings of  
gold.

Believe, dear Friends, they murmur still  
Some sweet accord to those you play,  
That happier winds of Eden thrill  
With echoes of the earthly lay ;



That he, for every triumph won,  
 Whereto your poet-souls aspire,  
 Sees opening in that perfect sun,  
 Another blossom's bud of fire!

Each song, of Love and Sorrow born,  
 Another flower to crown your boy, —  
 Each shadow here his ray of morn,  
 Till Grief shall clasp the hand of Joy!

## WIND AND SEA.

### I.

THE sea is a jovial comrade,  
 He laughs wherever he goes;  
 His merriment shines in the dimpling  
 lines  
 That wrinkle his hale repose;  
 He lays himself down at the feet of the  
 Sun,  
 And shakes all over with glee,  
 And the broad-backed billows fall faint  
 on the shore,  
 In the mirth of the mighty Sea!

### II.

But the Wind is sad and restless,  
 And cursed with an inward pain;  
 You may hark as you will, by valley or  
 hill,  
 But you hear him still complain.  
 He wails on the barren mountains,  
 And shrieks on the wintry sea;  
 He sobs in the cedar, and moans in the  
 pine,  
 And shudders all over the aspen tree.

### III.

Welcome are both their voices,  
 And I know not which is best, —  
 The laughter that slips from the Ocean's  
 lips,  
 Or the comfortless Wind's unrest.  
 There's a pang in all rejoicing,  
 A joy in the heart of pain,  
 And the Wind that saddens, the Sea  
 that gladdens,  
 Are singing the selfsame strain!

## MY DEAD.

GIVE back the soul of youth once  
 more!  
 The years are fleeting fast away,

And this brown hair will soon be  
 gray,  
 These cheeks be pale and furrowed  
 o'er.

Ah, no, the child is long since dead,  
 Whose light feet spurred the laggard  
 years,  
 Who breathed in future atmospheres,  
 Ere Youth's eternal Present fled.

Dead lies the boy, whose timid eye  
 Shunned every face that spake not  
 love;  
 Whose simple vision looked above,  
 And saw a glory in the sky.

And now the youth has sighed his last;  
 I see him cold upon his bier,  
 But in these eyes there is no tear:  
 He joins his brethren of the Past.

'T was time he died: the gates of Art  
 Had shut him from the temple's  
 shrine,  
 And now I climb her mount divine,  
 But with the sinews, not the heart.

How many more, O Life! shall I  
 In future offer up to thee?  
 And shall they perish utterly,  
 Upon whose graves I clomb so high?

Say, shall I not at last attain  
 Some height, from whence the Past  
 is clear,  
 In whose immortal atmosphere  
 I shall behold my Dead again?

## THE LOST CROWN.

You ask me why I sometimes drop  
 The threads of talk I weave with you,  
 And midway in expression stop  
 As if a sudden trumpet blew.

It is because a trumpet blows  
 From steepes your feet will never  
 climb:  
 It calls my soul from present woes  
 To rule some buried realm of Time.

Wide open swing the guarded gates,  
 That shut from you the vales of  
 dawn;  
 And there my car of triumph waits,  
 By white, immortal horses drawn.

A throne of gold the wheels uphold,  
 Each spoke a ray of jewelled fire:  
 The crimson banners float unrolled,  
 Or falter when the winds expire.

Lo! where the valley's bed expands,  
 Through cloudy censer-smoke, up-  
 curled —  
 The avenue to distant lands —  
 The single landscape of a world!

I mount the throne; I seize the rein;  
 Between the shouting throngs I go,  
 The millions crowding hill and plain,  
 And now a thousand trumpets blow!

The armies of the world are there,  
 The pomp, the beauty, and the power,  
 Far-shining through the dazzled air,  
 To crown the triumph of the hour.

Enthroned aloft, I seem to float  
 On wide, victorious wings upborne,  
 Past the rich vale's expanding throat,  
 To where the palace burns with  
 morn.

My limbs dilate, my breast expands,  
 A starry fire is in my eye;  
 I ride above the subject lands,  
 A god beneath the hollow sky.

Peal out, ye clarions! shout, ye throngs,  
 Beneath your banners' reeling folds!  
 This pageantry to me belongs, —  
 My hand its proper sceptre holds.

Surge on, in still augmenting lines,  
 Till the great plain be overrun,  
 And my procession far outshines  
 The bended pathway of the sun!

But when my triumph overtops  
 This language, which from vassals  
 grew,  
 The crown from off my forehead drops,  
 And I again am serf with you.

## STUDIES FOR PICTURES.

## I.

## AT HOME.

THE rain is sobbing on the wold;  
 The house is dark, the hearth is cold;

And, stretching drear and ashy gray  
 Beyond the cedars, lies the bay.

The winds are moaning, as they pass  
 Through tangled knots of autumn  
 grass, —  
 A weary, dreary sound of woe,  
 As if all joy were dead below.

I sit alone, I wait in vain  
 Some voice to lull this nameless pain;  
 But from my neighbor's cottage near  
 Come sounds of happy household cheer.

My neighbor at his window stands,  
 His youngest baby in his hands;  
 The others seek his tender kiss,  
 And one sweet woman crowns his bliss.

I look upon the rainy wild:  
 I have no wife, I have no child:  
 There is no fire upon my hearth,  
 And none to love me on the earth.

## II.

## THE NEIGHBOR.

How cool and wet the lowlands lie  
 Beneath the cloaked and hooded sky!  
 How softly beats the welcome rain  
 Against the plashy window-pane!

There is no sail upon the bay:  
 We cannot go abroad to-day,  
 But, darlings, come and take my hand,  
 And hear a tale of Fairy-land.

The baby's little head shall rest  
 In quiet on his father's breast,  
 And mother, if he chance to stir,  
 Shall sing him songs once sung to her.

Ah, little ones, ye do not fret  
 Because the garden grass is wet;  
 Ye love the rains, whene'er they come  
 That all day keep your father home.

No fish to-day the net shall yield;  
 The happy oxen graze afield;  
 The thirsty corn will drink its fill,  
 And louder sing the woodland rill.

Then, darlings, nestle round the hearth;  
 Ye are the sunshine of the earth:  
 Your tender eyes so fondly shine,  
 They bring a welcome rain to mine.

## III

## UNDER THE STARS.

How the hot revel's fever dies,  
 Beneath the stillness of the skies !  
 How suddenly the whirl and glare  
 Shoot far away, and this cold air  
 Its icy beverage brings, to chase  
 The burning wine-flush from my face !  
 The window's gleam still faintly falls,  
 And music sounds at intervals,  
 Jarring the pulses of the night  
 With whispers of profane delight ;  
 But on the midnight's awful strand,  
 Like some wrecked swimmer flung to  
     land,  
 I lie, and hear those breakers roar :  
 And smile—they cannot harm me more !

Keep, keep your lamps ; they do not mar  
 The silver of a single star.  
 The painted roses you display  
 Drop from your cheeks, and fade away ;  
 The snowy warmth you bid me see  
 Is hollowness and mockery ;  
 The words that make your sin so fair  
 Grow silent in this vestal air ;  
 The loosened madness of your hair,  
 That wrapped me in its snaky coils,  
 No more shall mesh me in your toils ;  
 Your very kisses on my brow  
 Burn like the lips of devils now.  
 O sacred night ! O virgin calm !  
 Teach me the immemorial psalm  
 Of your eternal watch sublime  
 Above the grovelling lusts of Time !  
 Within, the orgie shouts and reels ;  
 Without, the planets' golden wheels  
 Spin, circling through the utmost space ;  
 Within, each flushed and reckless face  
 Is masked to cheat a haunting care ;  
 Without, the silence and the prayer.  
 Within, the beast of flesh controls ;  
 Without, the God that speaks in souls !

## IV.

## IN THE MORNING.

THE lamps were thick ; the air was hot ;  
 The heavy curtains hushed the room ;  
 The sultry midnight seemed to blot  
     All life but ours in vacant gloom.

You spoke : my blood in every vein  
     Throbbled, as by sudden fever stirred,

And some strange whirling in my brain  
     Subdued my judgment, as I heard.

Ah, yes ! when men are dead asleep,  
 When all the tongues of day are still,  
 The heart must sometimes fail to keep  
     Its natural poise 'twixt good and ill.

You knew too well its blind desires,  
     Its savage instincts, scarce confessed ;  
 I could not see you touch the wires,  
     But felt your lightning in my breast

For you, Life's web displayed its flaws,  
     The wrong which Time transforms to  
     right :

The iron mesh of social laws  
     Was but a cobweb in your sight.

You showed that tempting freedom,  
     where  
 The passions bear their perfect fruit,  
 The cheats of conscience cannot scare,  
 And Self is monarch absolute.

And something in me seemed to rise,  
     And trample old obedience down :  
 The serf sprang up, with furious eyes,  
     And clutched at the imperial crown.

That fierce rebellion overbore  
 The arbiter that watched within,  
 Till Sin so changed an aspect wore,  
     It was no longer that of Sin.

You gloried in the fevered flush  
     That spread, defiant, o'er my face,  
 Nor thought how soon this morning's  
     blush  
     Would chronicle the night's disgrace.

I wash my eyes ; I bathe my brow ;  
 I see the sun on hill and plain :  
 The old allegiance claims me now,  
     The old content returns again.

Ah, seek to stop the sober glow  
 And healthy airs that come with day,  
 For when the cocks at dawning crow  
     Your evil spirits flee away.

## SUNKEN TREASURES.

WHEN the uneasy waves of life sub-  
     side,  
 And the soothed ocean sleeps in glassy  
     rest,



I see, submerged beyond or storm or tide,  
The treasures gathered in its greedy breast.

There still they shine, through the translucent Past,  
Far down on that forever quiet floor;  
No fierce upheaval of the deep shall cast  
Them back,—no wave shall wash  
them to the shore.

I see them gleaming, beautiful as when  
Erewhile they floated, convoys of my fate;  
The barks of lovely women, noble men,  
Full-sailed with hope, and stored with  
Love's own freight.

The sunken ventures of my heart as well,  
Look up to me, as perfect as at dawn;  
My golden palace heaves beneath the swell  
To meet my touch, and is again withdrawn.

There sleep the early triumphs, cheaply won,  
That led Ambition to his utmost verge,  
And still his visions, like a drowning sun,  
Send up receding splendors through the surge.

There wait the recognitions, the quick ties,  
Whence the heart knows its kin,  
wherever cast;  
And there the partings, when the wistful eyes  
Caress each other as they look their last.

There lie the summer eves, delicious eves,  
The soft green valleys drenched with light divine,  
The lisp'ing murmurs of the chestnut leaves,  
The hand that lay, the eyes that looked in mine.

There lives the hour of fear and rapture yet,  
The perilled climax of the passionate years;

There still the rains of wan December wet  
A naked mound,—I cannot see for tears!

There are they all: they do not fade or waste,  
Lapped in the arms of the embalming brine;  
More fair than when their beings mine embraced,—  
Of nobler aspect, beauty more divine.

I see them all, but stretch my hands in vain;  
No deep-sea plummet reaches where they rest;  
No cunning diver shall descend the main,  
And bring a single jewel from its breast.

## THE VOYAGERS.

No longer spread the sail!  
No longer strain the oar!  
For never yet has blown the gale  
Will bring us nearer shore.

The swaying keel slides on,  
The helm obeys the hand;  
Fast we have sailed from dawn to dawn,  
Yet never reach the land.

Each morn we see its peaks,  
Made beautiful with snow;  
Each eve its vales and winding creeks,  
That sleep in mist below.

At noon we mark the gleam  
Of temples tall and fair;  
At midnight watch its bonfires stream  
In the auroral air.

And still the keel is swift,  
And still the wind is free,  
And still as far its mountains lift  
Beyond the enchanted sea.

Yet vain is all return,  
Though false the goal before;  
The gale is ever dead astern,  
The current sets to shore.

O shipmates, leave the ropes,—  
And what though no one steers,

We sail no faster for our hopes,  
No slower for our fears.

Howe'er the bark is blown,  
Lie down and sleep awhile :  
What profits toil, when chance alone  
Can bring us to the isle ?

### SONG.

Now the days are brief and drear :  
Naked lies the new-born Year  
In his cradle of the snow,  
And the winds unbridled blow,  
And the skies hang dark and low, —  
For the Summers come and go.

Leave the clashing cymbals mute !  
Pipe no more the happy flute !  
Sing no more that dancing rhyme  
Of the rose's harvest-time ; —  
Sing a requiem, sad and low :  
For the Summers come and go.

Where is Youth ? He strayed away  
Through the meadow-flowers of May.  
Where is Love ? The leaves that fell  
From his trysting-bower, can tell.  
Wisdom stays, sedate and slow,  
And the Summers come and go.

Yet a few more years to run,  
Wheeling round in gloom and sun :  
Other raptures, other woes, —  
Toil alternate with Repose :  
Then to sleep where daisies grow,  
While the Summers come and go.

### THE MYSTERY

THOU art not dead ; thou art not gone  
to dust ;  
No line of all thy loveliness shall  
fall  
To formless ruin, smote by Time, and  
thrust  
Into the solemn gulf that covers  
all.

Thou canst not wholly perish, though  
the sod  
Sink with its violets closer to thy  
breast ;  
Though by the feet of generations trod,  
The headstone crumbles from thy  
place of rest.

The marvel of thy beauty cannot die ;  
The sweetness of thy presence shall  
not fade ;  
Earth gave not all the glory of thine  
eye, —  
Death may not keep what Death has  
never made.

It was not thine, that forehead strange  
and cold,  
Nor those dumb lips, they hid beneath  
the snow ;  
Thy heart would throb beneath that  
passive fold,  
Thy hands for me that stony clasp  
forego.

But thou hadst gone, — gone from the  
dreary land,  
Gone from the storms let loose on  
every hill,  
Lured by the sweet persuasion of a  
hand  
Which leads thee somewhere in the  
distance still.

Where'er thou art, I know thou wearest  
yet  
The same bewildering beauty, sancti-  
fied  
By calmer joy, and touched with soft  
regret  
For him who seeks, but cannot reach  
thy side.

I keep for thee the living love of old,  
And seek thy place in Nature, as a  
child  
Whose hand is parted from his play-  
mate's hold,  
Wanders and cries along a lonesome  
wild.

When, in the watches of my heart, I  
hear  
The messages of purer life, and know  
The footsteps of thy spirit lingering  
near,  
The darkness hides the way that I  
should go.

Canst thou not bid the empty realms  
restore  
That form, the symbol of thy heavenly  
part ?  
Or on the fields of barren silence pour  
That voice, the perfect music of thy  
heart ?

Oh once, once bending to these widowed  
lips,  
Take back the tender warmth of life  
from me,  
Or let thy kisses cloud with swift  
eclipse  
The light of mine, and give me death  
with thee ?

## A PICTURE.

SOMETIMES, in sleeping dreams of night,  
Or waking dreams of day,  
The selfsame picture seeks my sight  
And will not fade away.

I see a valley, cold and still,  
Beneath a leaden sky :  
The woods are leafless on the hill,  
The fields deserted lie.

The gray November eve benumbs  
The damp and cheerless air ;  
A wailing from the forest comes,  
As of the world's despair.

But on the verge of night and storm,  
Far down the valley's line,  
I see the lustre, red and warm,  
Of cottage windows shine.

And men are housed, and in their  
place  
In snug and happy rest,  
Save one, who walks with weary pace  
The highway's frozen breast.

His limbs, that tremble with the cold,  
Shrink from the coming storm ;  
But underneath his mantle's fold  
His heart beats quick and warm.

He hears the laugh of those who sit  
In Home's contented air ;  
He sees the busy shadows flit  
Across the window's glare.

His heart is full of love unspent,  
His eyes are wet and dim ;  
For in those circles of content  
There is no room for him.

He clasps his hands and looks above ;  
He makes the bitter cry :  
'All, all are happy in their love, —  
All are beloved but I !'

Across no threshold streams the light,  
Expectant, o'er his track ;  
No door is opened on the night,  
To bid him welcome back.

There is no other man abroad  
In all the wintry vale,  
And lower upon his lonely road  
The darkness and the gale.

I see him through the doleful shades  
Press onward, sad and slow,  
Till from my dream the picture fades,  
And from my heart the woe.

## IN THE MEADOWS.

I LIE in the summer meadows,  
In the meadows all alone,  
With the infinite sky above me,  
And the sun on his midday throne.

The smell of the flowering grasses  
Is sweeter than any rose,  
And a million happy insects  
Sing in the warm repose.

The mother lark that is brooding  
Feels the sun on her wings,  
And the deeps of the noonday glitter  
With swarms of fairy things.

From the billowy green beneath me  
To the fathomless blue above,  
The creatures of God are happy  
In the warmth of their summer love.

The infinite bliss of Nature  
I feel in every vein ;  
The light and the life of Summer  
Blossom in heart and brain.

But darker than any shadow  
By thunder-clouds unfurled,  
The awful truth arises,  
That Death is in the world !

And the sky may beam as ever,  
And never a cloud be curled ;  
And the airs be living odors,  
But Death is in the world !

Out of the deeps of sunshine  
The invisible bolt is hurled :  
There's life in the summer meadows,  
But Death is in the world !



"DOWN IN THE DELL I WANDERED."

Down in the dell I wandered,  
The loneliest of our dells,  
Where grow the lowland lilies,  
Dropping their foam-white bells,  
And the brook among the grasses  
Toys with its sand and shells.

Fair were the meads and thickets  
And sumptuous grew the trees,  
And the folding hills of harvest  
Were thrilled with the rippling breeze,  
But I heard beyond the valley,  
The hum of the plunging seas.

The birds and the vernal grasses,  
They wooed me sweetly and long,  
But the magic of ocean called me,  
Murmuring free and strong,  
And the voice of the peaceful valley  
Mixed with the billow's song!

"Stay in the wood's embraces!  
Stay in the dell's repose!"  
"Float on the limitless azure,  
Flecked with its foamy snows!"  
These were the flattering voices,  
Mingled in musical close.

Bliss in the soft, green shelter,  
Fame on the boundless blue;  
Free with the winds of the ages,  
Nestled in shade and dew:  
Which shall I yield forever?  
Which shall I clasp and woo?

SONG.

THEY call thee false as thou art fair,  
They call thee fair and free, —  
A creature pliant as the air  
And changeful as the sea:  
But I, who gaze with other eyes, —  
Who stand and watch afar, —  
Behold thee pure as yonder skies  
And steadfast as a star!

Thine is a rarer nature, born  
To rule the common crowd,  
And thou dost lightly laugh to scorn  
The hearts before thee bowed.  
Thou dreamest of a different love  
Than comes to such as these;  
That soars as high as heaven above  
Their shallow sympathies.

A star that shines with flickering spark,  
Thou dost not wane away,  
But shed'st adown the purple dark  
The fulness of thy ray:  
A rose, whose odors freely part  
At every zephyr's will,  
Thou keep'st within thy folded heart  
Its virgin sweetness still!

THE PHANTOM.

AGAIN I sit within the mansion,  
In the old, familiar seat;  
And shade and sunshine chase each  
other  
O'er the carpet at my feet.

But the sweet-brier's arms have wrestled  
upwards  
In the summers that are past,  
And the willow trails its branches lower  
Than when I saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine wholly  
From out the haunted room;  
To fill the house, that once was joyful,  
With silence and with gloom.

And many kind, remembered faces  
Within the doorway come, —  
Voices, that wake the sweeter music  
Of one that now is dumb.

They sing, in tones as glad as ever,  
The songs she loved to hear;  
They braid the rose in summer garlands,  
Whose flowers to her were dear.

And still, her footsteps in the passage,  
Her blushes at the door,  
Her timid words of maiden welcome,  
Come back to me once more.

And, all forgetful of my sorrow,  
Unmindful of my pain,  
I think she has but newly left me,  
And soon will come again.

She stays without, perchance, a moment  
To dress her dark-brown hair;  
I hear the rustle of her garments, —  
Her light step on the stair!

O fluttering heart! control thy tumult,  
Lest eyes profane should see  
My cheeks betray the rush of rapture  
Her coming brings to me!

She tarries long : but lo ! a whisper  
Beyond the open door,  
And, gliding through the quiet sunshine,  
A shadow on the floor !

Ah ! 't is the whispering pine that calls  
me,  
The vine, whose shadow strays ;  
And my patient heart must still await  
her,  
Nor chide her long delays.

But my heart grows sick with weary  
waiting,  
As many a time before :  
Her foot is ever at the threshold,  
Yet never passes o'er.

### SOLDIER'S SONG.

FROM "FAUST."

CASTLES with lofty  
Ramparts and towers, —  
Maidens disdainful  
In Beauty's array, —  
All shall be ours !  
Bold is the venture,  
Splendid the pay !

Lads, let the trumpets  
For us be suing,  
Calling to pleasure,  
Calling to ruin !  
Stormy our life is ;  
Such is its boon :  
Maidens and castles  
Capitulate soon.  
Bold is the venture,  
Splendid the pay !  
And the soldiers go marching,  
Marching away.

### THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENT.

FROM GOETHE.

UP yonder on the mountain  
A thousand times I stand,  
Leant on my crook, and gazing  
Down on the valley-land.

Follow the flock to the pasture ;  
My little dog watches them still .  
I have come below, but I know not  
How I descended the hill.

The beautiful meadow is covered  
With blossoms of every hue ;  
I pluck them, alas ! without knowing  
Whom I shall give them to.

I seek, in the rain and the tempest,  
A refuge under the tree :  
Yonder the doors are fastened,  
And all is a dream to me.

Right over the roof of the dwelling  
I see a rainbow stand ;  
But she has departed forever,  
And gone far out in the land.

Far out in the land, and farther, —  
Perhaps to an alien shore :  
Go forward, ye sheep ! go forward, —  
The heart of the shepherd is sore.

### THE GARDEN OF ROSES.

FROM UHLAND.

OF the beautiful Garden of Roses  
I will sing, with your gracious leave :  
There the dames walked forth at morn-  
ing,  
And the heroes fought at eve.

"My Lord is King of the country,  
But I am the Garden's Queen ;  
His crown with the red gold sparkles,  
And mine with the rose's sheen.

"So hear me, ye youthful gallants,  
My favorite guardsmen three ;  
The garden is free to the maidens,  
To the knights it must not be.

"They would trample my beautiful roses,  
And bring me trouble enow," —  
Said the Queen, as she walked in the  
morning,  
With the garland on her brow.

Then went the three young gallants  
And guarded the gate about ;  
And peacefully blossomed the roses  
And sent their odors out.

Now came three fair young maidens,  
Virgins that knew not sin :  
"Ye guardsmen, ye gallant three guards-  
men,  
Open, and let us in !"

And when they had gathered the roses,  
 They spake, with looks forlorn:  
 "What makes our hands so bloody  
 Is it the prick of the thorn?"

And still the three young gallants  
 Guarded the gate about,  
 And peacefully blossomed the roses,  
 And sent their odors out.

Now came upon prancing stallions  
 Three lawless knights, and cried:  
 "Ye guardsmen, ye surly three guards-  
 men,  
 Open the portal wide!"

"The portal is shut and bolted:  
 Our naked swords will teach  
 That the price of the roses is costly;  
 Ye must pay a wound for each!"

Then fought the knights and the gal-  
 lants,  
 But the knights had the victory,  
 And the roses were torn and trampled,  
 And died with the guardsmen three.

And when the evening darkened,  
 The Queen came by with her train:  
 "Now that my roses are trampled  
 And my faithful guardsmen slain,

"I will lay them on leaves of roses,  
 And bury them solemnly:  
 And where was the Garden of Roses,  
 The Garden of Lilies shall be.

"But who will watch my lilies,  
 When their blossoms open white?  
 By day the sun shall be sentry,  
 And the moon and the stars by  
 night!"

### THE THREE SONGS.

FROM UHLAND.

KING Siegfried sat in his lofty hall:  
 "Ye harpers! who sings the best song  
 of all?"

Then a youth stepped forth with a scorn-  
 ful lip,  
 The harp in his hand, and the sword at  
 his hip.

'Three songs I know; but this first song  
 Thou, O King! hast forgotten long:

Thou hast stabbed my brother with mur-  
 derous hand,—  
 Hast stabbed my brother with murder-  
 ous hand!

"The second song I learned aright  
 In the midst of a dark and stormy night  
 Thou must fight with me for life or  
 death,—  
 Must fight with me for life or death!"

On the banquet-table he laid his harp,  
 And they both drew out their swords so  
 sharp;  
 And they fought in the sight of the  
 harpers all,  
 Till the King sank dead in the lofty hall.

"And now for the third, the proudest,  
 best!  
 I shall sing it, sing it, and never rest:  
 King Siegfried lies in his red, red  
 blood,—  
 Siegfried lies in his red, red blood!"

### THE SONG OF MIGNON.

FROM GOETHE.

KNOWS'T thou the land where citron-  
 flowers unfold?  
 Through dusky foliage gleams the  
 orange-gold;  
 Soft breezes float beneath the dark-blue  
 sky;  
 The myrtle sleeps, the laurel shoots on  
 high?  
 Thither—that land dost thou not  
 know?

Would I with thee, O my Belovèd, go!

Know'st thou the house, its roof on pil-  
 lars fair?

The long hall shines, the chambers  
 glimmer there;

And marble statues stand and gaze on  
 me:

Poor child, they say, what ill was done  
 to thee?

Thither—that house dost thou not  
 know?

Would I with thee, O my Protector, go!

Know'st thou the mountain? Through  
 the cloud it soars;

In rolling mist the mule his path ex-  
 plores;



The ancient dragons haunt its caverns  
 deep,  
 And o'er the crashing rock the torrents  
 leap?  
 Thither — the hills dost thou not  
 know?  
 Our pathway leads: O Father, let us  
 go!

## HARTZ—JOURNEY IN WINTER.

FROM GOETHE.

THE vulture like —  
 Who, on heavy clouds of morning  
 With quiet pinion poising,  
 Keeps watch for prey —  
 Hover, my song!

For a God hath  
 Unto each his path  
 Fixed beforehand,  
 Which the fortunate  
 Tread till the happy  
 Goal is reached:  
 But he, the wretched,  
 Whose heart is pinched with pain,  
 He struggles vainly  
 Against the restrictions  
 Of Fate's thread of iron,  
 Which the shears still unwelcome  
 But once shall slit.

In dusk of thickets  
 Crowd the rough-coated deer,  
 And with the sparrows  
 Have the rich already  
 Buried themselves in muck and mire.

Easy the chariot to follow  
 Driven by Fortune's hand,  
 Easy as unto the troop  
 Following the Prince's entry  
 Is the convenient highway.  
 But, who fares on by-paths?

In the copse he loses his way,  
 After him rustle  
 The branches together,  
 The grass springs up again,  
 The wilderness hides him.

Ah, his pangs who shall solace —  
 His, whose balm becomes poison?  
 Who but hate of man

Drank from very abundance of love!  
 First despised, and now the despiser,  
 Thus in secret he  
 His own worth consumes  
 In unsatisfying self-love.

Is there in Thy psalter,  
 Father of Love, but a tone  
 Unto his ear accessible,  
 Then refresh Thou his heart,  
 To his clouded sight reveal  
 Where are the thousand fountains  
 Near to the thirsty one  
 In the Desert.

Thou, the Creator of joys,  
 Giving the fullest cup to each,  
 Favor the sons of the chase,  
 Tracking signs of their game  
 With reckless ardor of youth,  
 Murderous, joyous,  
 Late avengers of losses,  
 Which the peasant so vainly  
 Fought for years with his bludgeon,

But the Solitary fold  
 In clouds that are golden!  
 Entwine with winter-green,  
 Till the rose again is in blossom,  
 The moistened tresses,  
 O Love, of thy Poet!

With thy glimmering flambeau  
 Lightest thou him  
 Through the waters by night,  
 Over fathomless courses  
 On desolate lowlands;  
 With the thousand hues of the morning  
 Mak'st thou his heart glad;  
 With the sting of the storm  
 Bear'st thou him high aloft:  
 Winter-torrents plunge from the granite,  
 In psalms he singeth,  
 An altar of gratitude sweet  
 Is for him the perilous summit's  
 Snow-enshrined forehead,  
 Which with circling phantoms  
 Crowned the faith of the races.

Thou with inscrutable bosom standest  
 Mysterious in revelation  
 Above the astonished world,  
 From clouds down-looking  
 On all its kingdoms and splendid shows  
 Which thou from the veins dost water  
 Of brothers beside thee.



CALIFORNIAN BALLADS AND  
POEMS.





## CALIFORNIAN BALLADS AND POEMS.

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### MANUELA.

FROM the doorway, Manuela, in the  
sunny April morn,  
Southward looks, along the valley, over  
leagues of gleaming corn;  
Where the mountain's misty rampart  
like the wall of Eden towers,  
And the isles of oak are sleeping on a  
painted sea of flowers.

All the air is full of music, for the win-  
ter rains are o'er,  
And the noisy magpies chatter from the  
budding sycamore;  
Blithely frisk unnumbered squirrels,  
over all the grassy slope;  
Where the airy summits brighten, nim-  
bly leaps the antelope.

Gentle eyes of Manuela! tell me where-  
fore do ye rest  
On the oak's enchanted islands and the  
flowery ocean's breast?  
Tell me wherefore, down the valley, ye  
have traced the highway's mark  
Far beyond the belts of timber, to the  
mountain-shadows dark?

Ah, the fragrant bay may blossom and  
the sprouting verdure shine  
With the tears of amber dropping from  
the tassels of the pine,  
And the morning's breath of balsam  
lightly brush her sunny cheek,—  
Little recketh Manuela of the tales of  
Spring they speak.

When the Summer's burning solstice  
on the mountain-harvests glowed,  
She had watched a gallant horseman  
riding down the valley road;

Many times she saw him turning, look-  
ing back with parting thrills,  
Till amid her tears she lost him, in the  
shadow of the hills.

Ere the cloudless moons were over, he  
had passed the Desert's sand,  
Crossed the rushing Colorado and the  
wild Apachè Land,  
And his laden mules were driven, when  
the time of rains began,  
With the traders of Chihuahua, to the  
Fair of San Juan.

Therefore watches Manuela,—therefore  
lightly doth she start,  
When the sound of distant footsteps  
seems the beating of her heart;  
Not a wind the green oak rustles or the  
redwood branches stirs,  
But she hears the silver jingle of his  
ringing bit and spurs.

Often, out the hazy distance, come the  
horsemen, day by day,  
But they come not as Bernardo,—she  
can see it, far away;  
Well she knows the airy gallop of his  
mettled alazàn,  
Light as any antelope upon the Hills of  
Gavilan.

She would know him 'mid a thousand,  
by his free and gallant air;  
By the featly-knit sarápè, such as wealthy  
traders wear;  
By his broidered calzoneros and his sad-  
dle, gayly spread,  
With its cantle rimmed with silver, and  
its horn a lion's head.

None like him the light riata on the  
maddened bull can throw ;  
None amid the mountain-cañons track  
like him the stealthy doe ;  
And at all the Mission festals, few in-  
deed the revellers are  
Who can dance with him the jota, touch  
with him the gay guitar.

He has said to Manuela, and the echoes  
linger still  
In the cloisters of her bosom, with a se-  
cret, tender thrill,  
When the bay again has blossomed, and  
the valley stands in corn,  
Shall the bells of Santa Clara usher in  
the wedding morn.

He has pictured the procession, all in  
holiday attire,  
And the laugh of bridal gladness, when  
they see the distant spire ;  
Then their love shall kindle newly, and  
the world be doubly fair  
In the cool, delicious crystal of the sum-  
mer morning air.

Tender eyes of Manuela ! what has  
dimmed your lustrous beam ?  
'T is a tear that falls to glitter on the  
casket of her dream.  
Ah, the eye of Love must brighten, if  
its watches would be true,  
For the star is falsely mirrored in the  
rose's drop of dew !

But her eager eyes rekindle, and her  
breathless bosom thrills,  
As she sees a horseman moving in the  
shadow of the hills :  
Now in love and fond thanksgiving they  
may loose their pearly tides, —  
'T is the alazàn that gallops, 't is Ber-  
nardo's self that rides !

#### THE FIGHT OF PASO DEL MAR.

GUSTY and raw was the morning,  
A fog hung over the seas,  
And its gray skirts, rolling inland,  
Were torn by the mountain trees ;  
No sound was heard but the dashing  
Of waves on the sandy bar,  
When Pablo of San Diego  
Rode down to the Paso del Mar.

The pescadòr, out in his shallop,  
Gathering his harvest so wide,  
Sees the dim bulk of the headland  
Loom over the waste of the tide ;  
He sees, like a white thread, the pathway  
Wind round on the terrible wall,  
Where the faint, moving speck of the  
rider  
Seems hovering close to its fall.

Stout Pablo of San Diego  
Rode down from the hills behind ;  
With the bells on his gray mule tinkling  
He sang through the fog and wind.  
Under his thick, misted eyebrows  
Twinkled his eye like a star,  
And fiercer he sang as the sea-winds  
Drove cold on the Paso del Mar.

Now Bernal, the herdsman of Chino,  
Had travelled the shore since dawn,  
Leaving the ranches behind him —  
Good reason had he to be gone !  
The blood was still red on his dagger,  
The fury was hot in his brain,  
And the chill, driving scud of the break-  
ers  
Beat thick on his forehead in vain.

With his poncho wrapped gloomily  
round him,  
He mounted the dizzying road,  
And the chasms and steeps of the head-  
land  
Were slippery and wet, as he trod :  
Wild swept the wind of the ocean,  
Rolling the fog from afar,  
When near him a mule-bell came tink-  
ling,  
Midway on the Paso del Mar.

" Back ! " shouted Bernal, full fiercely,  
And " Back ! " shouted Pablo, in  
wrath,  
As his mule halted, startled and shrink-  
ing,  
On the perilous line of the path.  
The roar of devouring surges  
Came up from the breakers' hoarse  
war ;  
And " Back, or you perish ! " cried  
Bernal,  
" I turn not on Paso del Mar ! "

The gray mule stood firm as the head-  
land :  
He clutched at the jingling rein,



When Pablo rose up in his saddle  
 And smote till he dropped it again.  
 A wild oath of passion swore Bernal,  
 And brandished his dagger, still red,  
 While fiercely stout Pablo leaned forward,  
 And fought o'er his trusty mule's head.

They fought till the black wall below them  
 Shone red through the misty blast;  
 Stout Pablo then struck, leaning farther,  
 The broad breast of Bernal at last.  
 And, frenzied with pain, the swart herdsman  
 Closed on him with terrible strength,  
 And jerked him, despite of his struggles,  
 Down from the saddle at length.

They grappled with desperate madness,  
 On the slippery edge of the wall;  
 They swayed on the brink, and together  
 Reeled out to the rush of the fall.  
 A cry of the wildest death-anguish  
 Rang faint through the mist afar,  
 And the riderless mule went homeward  
 From the fight of the Paso del Mar.

#### THE PINE FOREST OF MONTEREY.

WHAT point of Time, unchronicled, and dim  
 As yon gray mist that canopies your heads,  
 Took from the greedy wave and gave the sun  
 Your dwelling-place, ye gaunt and hoary Pines?  
 When, from the barren bosoms of the hills,  
 With scanty nurture, did ye slowly climb,  
 Of these remote and latest-fashioned shores  
 The first-born forest? Titans gnarled and rough,  
 Such as from out subsiding Chaos grew  
 To clothe the cold loins of the savage earth,  
 What fresh commixture of the elements,  
 What earliest thrill of life, the stubborn soil  
 Slow-mastering, engendered ye to give  
 The hills a mantle and the wind a voice?

Along the shore ye lift your rugged arms,  
 Blackened with many fires, and with hoarse chant,—  
 Unlike the fibrous lute your co-mates touch  
 In elder regions,—fill the awful stops  
 Between the crashing cataracts of the surf.  
 Have ye no tongue, in all your sea of sound,  
 To syllable the secret,—no still voice  
 To give your airy myths a shadowy form,  
 And make us of lost centuries of lore  
 The rich inheritors?

The sea-winds pluck  
 Your mossy beards, and gathering as they sweep,  
 Vex your high heads, and with your sinewy arms  
 Grapple and toil in vain. A deeper roar,  
 Sullen and cold, and rousing into spells  
 Of stormy volume, is your sole reply.  
 Anchored in firm-set rock, ye ride the blast,  
 And from the promontory's utmost verge  
 Make signal o'er the waters. So ye stood,  
 When, like a star, behind the lonely sea,  
 Far shone the white speck of Grijalva's sail;  
 And when, through driving fog, the breaker's sound  
 Frighted Otondo's men, your spicy breath  
 Played as in welcome round their rusty helms,  
 And backward from its staff shook out the folds  
 Of Spain's emblazoned banner.

Ancient Pines,  
 Ye bear no record of the years of man.  
 Spring is your sole historian,—Spring,  
 that paints  
 These savage shores with hues of Paradise;  
 That decks your branches with a fresher green,  
 And through your lonely, far cañadas pours  
 Her floods of bloom, rivers of opal dye  
 That wander down to lakes and widening seas

Of blossom and of fragrance, — laugh-  
 ing Spring,  
 That with her wanton blood refills your  
 veins,  
 And weds ye to your juicy youth again  
 With a new ring, the while your rifted  
 bark  
 Drops odorous tears. Your knotty fibres  
 yield  
 To the light touch of her unfailing pen,  
 As freely as the lupin's violet cup.  
 Ye keep, close-locked, the memories of  
 her stay,  
 As in their shells the avelonès keep  
 Morn's rosy flush and moonlight's pearly  
 glow.  
 The wild northwest, that from Alaska  
 sweeps,  
 To drown Point Lobos with the icy scud  
 And white sea-foam, may rend your  
 boughs and leave  
 Their blasted antlers tossing in the gale ;  
 Your steadfast hearts are mailed against  
 the shock,  
 And on their annual tablets naught in-  
 scribe  
 Of such rude visitation. Ye are still  
 The simple children of a guiltless soil,  
 And in your natures show the sturdy  
 grain  
 That passion cannot jar, nor force re-  
 lax,  
 Nor aught but sweet and kindly airs  
 compel  
 To gentler mood. No disappointed heart  
 Has sighed its bitterness beneath your  
 shade ;  
 No angry spirit ever came to make  
 Your silence its confessional ; no voice,  
 Grown harsh in Crime's great market-  
 place, the world,  
 Tainted with blasphemy your evening  
 hush  
 And aromatic air. The deer alone, —  
 The ambushed hunter that brings down  
 the deer, —  
 The fisher wandering on the misty shore  
 To watch sea-lions wallow in the  
 flood, —  
 The shout, the sound of hoofs that chase  
 and fly,  
 When swift vaqueros, dashing through  
 the herds,  
 Ride down the angry bull, — perchance,  
 the song  
 Some Indian heired of long-forgotten  
 sires, —  
 Disturb your solemn chorus.

Stately Pines,  
 But few more years around the promon-  
 tory  
 Your chant will meet the thunders of  
 the sea.  
 No more, a barrier to the encroaching  
 sand,  
 Against the surf ye'll stretch defiant  
 arm,  
 Though with its onset and besieging  
 shock  
 Your firm knees tremble. Never more  
 the wind  
 Shall pipe shrill music through your  
 mossy beards,  
 Nor sunset's yellow blaze athwart your  
 heads  
 Crown all the hills with gold. Your  
 race is past :  
 The mystic cycle, whose unnoted birth  
 Coeval was with yours, has run its sands,  
 And other footsteps from these changing  
 shores  
 Frighten its haunting Spirit. Men will  
 come  
 To vex your quiet with the din of toil ;  
 The smoky volumes of the forge will  
 stain  
 This pure, sweet air ; loud keels will  
 ride the sea,  
 Dashing its glittering sapphire into  
 foam ;  
 Through all her green cañadas Spring  
 will seek  
 Her lavish blooms in vain, and clasping  
 ye,  
 O mournful Pines, within her glowing  
 arms,  
 Will weep soft rains to find ye fallen low.  
 Fall, therefore, yielding to the fiat !  
 Fall,  
 Ere the maturing soil, whose first dull  
 life  
 Fed your belated germs, be rent and  
 seamed !  
 Fall, like the chiefs ye sheltered, stern,  
 unbent,  
 Your gray beards hiding memorable  
 scars !  
 The winds will mourn ye, and the bar-  
 ren hills  
 Whose breast ye clothed ; and when the  
 pauses come  
 Between the crashing cataracts of the  
 surf,  
 A funeral silence, terrible, profound,  
 Will make sad answer to the listening  
 sea.

## EL CANELO.

## I.

Now saddle EL CANELO! — the freshen-  
ing wind of morn,  
Down in the flowery vega, is stirring  
through the corn;  
The thin smoke of the ranches grows  
red with coming day,  
And the steed is fiercely stamping, in  
haste to be away.

## II.

My glossy-limbed Canelo, thy neck is  
curved in pride,  
Thy slender ears pricked forward, thy  
nostril straining wide;  
And as thy quick neigh greets me, and  
I catch thee by the mane,  
'm off with the winds of morning, —  
the chieftain of the plain!

## III.

I feel the swift air whirring, and see  
along our track,  
From the flinty-paved sierra, the sparks  
go streaming back;  
And I clutch my rifle closer, as we sweep  
the dark defile,  
Where the red guerillas ambush for  
many a lonely mile.

## IV.

They reach not El Canelo; with the  
swiftness of a dream  
We've passed the bleak Nevada, and  
San Fernando's stream;  
But where, on sweeping gallop, my bul-  
let backward sped,  
The keen-eyed mountain vultures will  
wheel above the dead.

## V.

On! on, my brave Canelo! we've dashed  
the sand and snow  
From peaks upholding heaven, from des-  
erts far below, —  
We've thundered through the forest,  
while the crackling branches rang,  
And trooping elks, affrighted, from lair  
and covert sprang.

## VI.

We've swum the swollen torrent, —  
we've distanced in the race  
The baying wolves of Pinos, that panted  
with the chase;  
And still thy mane streams backward, at  
every thrilling bound,  
And still thy measured hoof-stroke beats  
with its morning sound!

## VII.

The seaward winds are wailing through  
Santa Barbara's pines,  
And like a sheathless sabre, the far Pa-  
cific shines;  
Hold to thy speed, my arrow! at night-  
fall thou shalt lave  
Thy hot and smoking haunches beneath  
his silver wave!

## VIII.

My head upon thy shoulder, along the  
sloping sand  
We'll sleep as trusty brothers, from out  
the mountain land;  
The pines will sound in answer to the  
surges on the shore,  
And in our dreams, Canelo, we'll make  
the journey o'er.

## THE SUMMER CAMP.

HERE slacken rein; here let the dusty  
mules  
Unsaddled graze! The shadows of the  
oaks  
Are on our brows, and through their  
knotted boles  
We see the blue round of the boundless  
plain  
Vanish in glimmering heat: these aged  
oaks,  
The island speck that beckoned us afar  
Over the burning level, — as we came,  
Spreading to shore and cape, and bays  
that ran  
To leafy headlands, balanced on the  
haze,  
Faint and receding as a cloud in air.  
The mules may roam unsaddled: we  
will lie  
Beneath the mighty trees, whose shade  
like dew



Poured from the urns of Twilight, dries  
 the sweat  
 Of sunburnt brows, and on the heavy  
 lid  
 And heated eyeball sheds a balm, than  
 sleep  
 Far sweeter. We have done with  
 travel, — we  
 Are weary now, who never dreamed of  
 Rest,  
 For until now did never Rest unbar  
 Her palace-doors, nor until now our ears  
 The silence drink, beyond all melodies  
 Of all imagined sound, that wraps her  
 realm.  
 Here, where the desolating centuries  
 Have left no mark; where noises never  
 came  
 From the far world of battle and of toil;  
 Where God looks down and sends no  
 thunderbolt  
 To smite a human wrong, for all is good,  
 She finds a refuge. We will dwell with  
 her.

No more of travel, where the flaming  
 sword  
 Of the great sun divides the heavens;  
 no more  
 Of climbing over jutting steepes that swim  
 In driving sea-mist, where the stunted  
 tree  
 Slants inland, mimicking the stress of  
 winds  
 When wind is none; of plain and steam-  
 ing marsh  
 Where the dry bulrush crackles in the  
 heat;  
 Of camps by starlight in the columned  
 vault  
 Of sycamores, and the red, dancing fires  
 That build a leafy arch, efface and build,  
 And sink at last, to let the stars peep  
 through;  
 Of cañons grown with pine and folded  
 deep  
 In golden mountain-sides; of airy  
 sweeps  
 Of mighty landscape, lying all alone  
 Like some deserted world. They tempt  
 no more.  
 It is enough that such things were: too  
 blest,  
 O comrades mine, to lie in Summer's  
 arms,  
 Lodged in her Camp of Rest, we will  
 not dream  
 That they may vex us more.

The sun goes down:  
 The dun mules wander idly: motionless  
 Beneath the stars, the heavy foliage  
 lifts  
 Its rich, round masses, silent as a cloud  
 That sleeps at midday on a mountain  
 peak.  
 All through the long, delicious night no  
 stir  
 Is in the leaves; spangled with broken  
 gleams,  
 Before the pining Moon, — that fain  
 would drop  
 Into the lap of this deep quiet, — swerve  
 Eastward the shadows: Day comes on  
 again.  
 Where is the life we led? Whither  
 hath fled  
 The turbulent stream that brought us  
 hither? How,  
 So full of sound, so lately dancing down  
 The mountains, turbid, fretted into  
 foam, —  
 How has it slipped, with scarce a gurg-  
 ling coil,  
 Into this calm transparence, noise or  
 wind  
 Hath ruffled never? Ages past, per-  
 chance,  
 Such wild turmoil was ours, or did  
 some Dream  
 Malign, that last night nestled in the oak,  
 Whisper our ears, when not a star could  
 see?  
 Give o'er the fruitless doubt: we will  
 not waste  
 One thought of rest, nor spill one radi-  
 ant drop  
 From the full goblet of this summer  
 balm.

Day after day the mellow sun slides o'er,  
 Night after night the mellow moon.  
 The clouds  
 Are laid, enchanted: soft and bare, the  
 heavens  
 Fold to their breast the dozing Earth,  
 that lies  
 In languor of deep bliss. At times, a  
 breath,  
 Remnant of gales far off, forgotten now,  
 Rustles the never-fading leaves, then  
 drops  
 Affrighted into silence. Near a slough  
 Of dark, still water, in the early morn  
 The shy coyotas prowl, or trooping elk  
 From the close covert of the bulrush-  
 fields

Their dewy antlers toss : nor other  
     sight,  
 Save when the falcon, poised on wheel-  
     ing wings,  
 His bright eye on the burrowing coney,  
     cuts  
 His arrowy plunge. Along the distant  
     trail,  
 Dim with the heat, sometimes the  
     miners go,  
 Bearded and rough, the swart Sonorians  
     drive  
 Their laden asses, or vaqueros whirl  
 The lasso's coil and carol many a  
     song,  
 Native to Spanish hills. As when we  
     lie  
 On the soft brink of Sleep, not pillowed  
     quite  
 To blest forgetfulness, some dim ar-  
     ray  
 Of masking forms in long procession  
     comes,  
 A sweet disturbance to the popped  
     sense,  
 That will not cease, but gently holds it  
     back  
 From slumber's haven, so their figures  
     pass,  
 With such disturbance cloud the blessed  
     calm,  
 And hold our beings, ready to slip forth  
 O'er unmolested seas, still rocking near  
 The coasts of Action.

                Other dreams are ours,  
 Of shocks that were, or seemed ; whereof  
     our souls  
 Feel the subsiding lapse, as feels the  
     sand  
 Of tropic island-shores the dying pulse  
 Of storms that racked the Northern sea.  
     My Soul,  
 I do believe that thou hast toiled and  
     striven,  
 And hoped and suffered wrong. I do  
     believe  
 Great aims were thine, deep loves and  
     fiery hates,  
 And though I may have lain a thousand  
     years  
 Beneath these Oaks, the baffled trust of  
     Youth,  
 Thy first keen sorrow, brings a gentle  
     pang  
 To temper joy. Nor will the joy I  
     drank  
 To wild intoxication, quit my heart :

It was no dream that still has power to  
     droop  
 The soft-suffusing lid, and lift desire  
 Beyond this rapt repose. No dream,  
     dear love !  
 For thou art with me in our Camp of  
     Peace.

O Friend, whose history is writ in deeds  
 That make your life a marvel, come no  
     gleams  
 Of past adventure, echoes of old storms,  
 And Battle's tingling hum of flying  
     shot,  
 To touch your easy blood and tempt  
     you o'er  
 The round of yon blue plain ? Or have  
     they lost,  
 Heroic days, the virtue which the heart  
 That did their hest rejoicing, proved so  
     high ?  
 Back through the long, long cycles of  
     our rest  
 Your memory travels : through this  
     hush you hear  
 The Gila's dashing, feel the yawning  
     jaws  
 Of black volcanic gorges close you in  
 On waste and awful tracts of wilder-  
     ness,  
 Which other than the eagle's cry, or  
     bleat  
 Of mountain-goat, hear not : the scorch-  
     ing sand  
 Eddies around the tracks your fainting  
     mules  
 Leave in the desert : thorn and cactus  
     pierce  
 Your bleeding limbs, and stiff with rag-  
     ing thirst  
 Your tongue forgets its office. Leave  
     untried  
 That cruel trail, and leave the wintry  
     hills  
 And leave the tossing sea ! The Sum-  
     mer here  
 Builds us a tent of everlasting calm.

How shall we wholly sink our lives in  
     thee,  
 Thrice-blessed Deep ? O many-natured  
     Soul,  
 Chameleon-like, that, steeped in every  
     phase  
 Of wide existence, tak'st the hue of  
     each,  
 Here with the silent Oaks and azure  
     Air

Incorporate grow! Here loosen one by  
 one  
 Thy vexing memories, burdens of the  
 Past,  
 Till all unrest be laid, and strong De-  
 sire  
 Sleeps on his nerveless arm. Content to  
 find  
 In liberal Peace thy being's high result  
 And crown of aspiration, gather all  
 The dreams of sense, the reachings of  
 the mind  
 For ampler issues and dominion vain,  
 To fold them on her bosom, happier  
 there  
 Than in exultant action: as a child  
 Forgets his meadow butterflies and  
 flowers,  
 Upon his mother's breast.

It may not be.

Not in this Camp, in these enchanted  
 Trees,  
 But in ourselves, must lodge the calm  
 we seek,  
 Ere we can fix it here. We cannot  
 take  
 From outward nature power to snap the  
 curse  
 Which clothed our birth; and though  
 't were easier  
 This hour to die than yield the blessed  
 cup  
 Wherefrom our hearts divinest comfort  
 draw,  
 It clothes us yet, and yet shall drive us  
 forth  
 To breast the world. Then come: we  
 will not bide  
 To tempt a ruin to this paradise,  
 Fulfilling Destiny. A mighty wind  
 Would gather on the plain, a cloud  
 arise  
 To blot the sky, with thunder in its  
 heart,  
 And the black column of the whirlwind  
 spin  
 Out of the cloud, straight downward to  
 this grove,  
 Take by their heads the shuddering  
 trees, and wrench  
 With fearful clamor, limb from limb,  
 till Rest  
 Should flee forever. Rather set at  
 once  
 Our faces towards the noisy world again,  
 And gird our loins for action. Let us  
 go!

## THE BISON TRACK.

### I.

STRIKE the tent! the sun has risen; not  
 a vapor streaks the dawn,  
 And the frosted prairie brightens to the  
 westward, far and wan:  
 Prime afresh the trusty rifle,—sharpen  
 well the hunting spear—  
 For the frozen sod is trembling, and a  
 noise of hoofs I hear!

### II.

Fiercely stamp the tethered horses, as  
 they snuff the morning's fire;  
 Their impatient heads are tossing, and  
 they neigh with keen desire.  
 Strike the tent! the saddles wait us,—  
 let the bridle-reins be slack,  
 For the prairie's distant thunder has be-  
 trayed the bison's track.

### III.

See! a dusky line approaches: hark,  
 the onward-surging roar,  
 Like the din of wintry breakers on a  
 sounding wall of shore!  
 Dust and sand behind them whirling,  
 snort the foremost of the van,  
 And their stubborn horns are clashing  
 through the crowded caravan.

### IV.

Now the storm is down upon us: let the  
 maddened horses go!  
 We shall ride the living whirlwind,  
 though a hundred leagues it blow!  
 Though the cloudy manes should thick-  
 en, and the red eyes' angry glare  
 Lighten round us as we gallop through  
 the sand and rushing air!

### V.

Myriad hoofs will scar the prairie, in our  
 wild, resistless race,  
 And a sound, like mighty waters, thun-  
 der down the desert space:  
 Yet the rein may not be tightened, nor  
 the rider's eye look back—  
 Death to him whose speed should slack  
 en, on the maddened bison's  
 track!



## VI.

Now the trampling herds are threaded,  
and the chase is close and warm  
For the giant bull that gallops in the  
edges of the storm:  
Swiftly hurl the whizzing lasso, — swing  
your rifles as we run:  
See! the dust is red behind him, —  
shout, my comrades, he is won!

## VII.

Look not on him as he staggers, — 't is  
the last shot he will need!  
More shall fall, among his fellows, ere  
we run the mad stampede, —  
Ere we stem the brindled breakers, while  
the wolves, a hungry pack,  
Howl around each grim-eyed carcass, on  
the bloody Bison Track!



EARLIER POEMS.





## EARLIER POEMS.

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### THE HARP : AN ODE.

#### I.

WHEN bleak winds through the Northern pines were sweeping,  
Some hero-skald, reclining on the sand,  
Attuned it first, the chords harmonious keeping  
With murmuring forest and with moaning strand:  
And when, at night, the horns of mead foamed over,  
And torches flared around the wassail board,  
It breathed no song of maid, nor sigh of lover,  
It rang aloud the triumphs of the sword!  
It mocked the thunders of the ice-ribbed ocean,  
With clenched hands beating back the dragon's prow;  
It gave Berserker arms their battle motion,  
And swelled the red veins on the Viking's brow!

#### II.

No myrtle, plucked in dalliance, ever sheathed it,  
To melt the savage ardor of its flow;  
The only gauds wherewith its lord enwreathed it,  
The lusty fir and Druid mistletoe.  
Thus bound, it kept the old, accustomed cadence,  
Whether it pealed through slumberous ilex bowers  
In stormy wooing of Byzantine maidens,  
Or shook Trinacria's languid lap of flowers;

Whether Genserich's conquering march it chanted,  
Till cloudy Atlas rang with Gothic staves,  
Or where gray Calpè's pillared feet are planted,  
Died grandly out upon the unknown waves!

#### III.

Not unto Scania's bards alone belonging,  
The craft that loosed its tongues of changing sound,  
For Ossian played, and ghosts of heroes, thronging,  
Leaned on their spears above the misty mound.  
The Cambrian eagle, round his eyrie winging,  
Heard the wild chant through mountain-passes rolled,  
When bearded throats chimed in with mighty singing,  
And monarchs listened, in their torques of gold:  
Its dreary wail, blent with the sea-mews' clangor,  
Surged round the lonely keep of Penmaen-Mawr;  
It pealed aloud, in battle's glorious anger,  
Behind the banner of the Blazing Star!

#### IV.

The strings are silent; who shall dare to wake them,  
Though later deeds demand their living powers?  
Silent in other lands, what hand shall make them  
Leap as of old, to shape the songs of ours?

Here, while the sapless bulk of Europe  
moulders,  
Springs the rich blood to hero-veins  
unsealed, —  
Source of that Will, that on its fearless  
shoulders  
Would bear the world's fate lightly  
as a shield:  
Here moves a larger life, to grander  
measures  
Beneath our sky and through our for-  
ests rung;  
Why sleeps the harp, forgetful of its  
treasures, —  
Buried in songs that never yet were  
sung?

## v.

Great, solemn songs, that with majestic  
sounding  
Should swell the Nation's heart from  
sea to sea;  
Informed with power, with earnest hope  
abounding  
And prophecies of triumph yet to be!  
Songs, by the wild wind for a thousand  
ages  
Hummed o'er our central prairies,  
vast and lone;  
Glassed by the Northern lakes in crystal  
pages,  
And carved by hills on pinnacles of  
stone;  
Songs chanted now, where undiscovered  
fountains  
Make in the wilderness their babbling  
home,  
And through the deep-hewn cañons of  
the mountains  
Plunge the cold rivers in perpetual  
foam!

## vi.

Sung but by these: our forests have no  
voices;  
Rapt with no loftier strain our rivers  
roll;  
Far in the sky, no song-crowned peak  
rejoices  
In words that give the silent air a soul.  
Wake, mighty Harp! and thrill the  
shores that hearken  
For the first peal of thine immortal  
rhyme:  
Call from the shadows that begin to  
darken  
The beaming forms of our heroic  
time:

Sing us of deeds, that on thy strings  
outsoaring  
The ancient soul they glorified so  
long,  
Shall win the world to hear thy grand  
restoring,  
And own thy latest thy sublimest  
song!

## SERAPION.

COME hither, Child! thou silent, shy  
Young creature of the glorious eye!  
Though never yet by ruder air  
Than father's kiss or mother's prayer  
Were stirred the tendrils of thy hair,  
The sadness of a soul that stands  
Withdrawn from Childhood's frolic  
bands,  
A stranger in the land, I trace  
Upon thy brow's cherubic grace  
The tender pleadings of thy face,  
Where other stars than Joy and Hope  
Have cast thy being's horoscope.

For thee, the threshold of the world  
Is yet with morning dews impearled;  
The nameless radiance of Birth  
Imbathes thy atmosphere of Earth,  
And, like a finer sunshine, swims  
Round every motion of thy limbs:  
The sweet, sad wonder and surprise  
Of waking glimmers in thine eyes,  
And wiser instinct, purer sense,  
And gleams of rare intelligence  
Betray the converse held by thee  
With the angelic family.

Come hither, Boy! For while I press  
Thy lips' confiding tenderness,  
Less broad and dark the spaces be  
Which Life has set 'twixt thee and me  
Thy soul's white feet shall soon depart  
On paths I walked with eager heart;  
God give thee, in His kindly grace,  
A brighter road, a loftier place!  
I see thy generous nature flow  
In boundless trust to friend and foe,  
And leap, despite of shocks and harms  
To clasp the world in loving arms.  
I see that glorious circle shrink  
Back to thy feet, at Manhood's brink,  
Narrowed to one, one image fair,  
And all its splendor gathered there.  
The shackles of experience then  
Sit lightly as on meaner men:  
In flinty paths thy feet may bleed,



Thorns pierce thy flesh, thou shalt not heed,  
 Till when, all panting from the task,  
 Thine arms outspread their right shall ask,  
 Thine arms outspread that right shall fly,  
 The star shall burst, the splendor die!  
 Go, with thy happier brothers play,  
 As heedless and as wild as they;  
 Seek not so soon thy separate way,  
 Thou lamb in Childhood's field astray!

Whence camest thou? what angel bore  
 Thee past so many a fairer shore  
 Of guarding love, and guidance mild,  
 To drop thee on this barren wild?  
 Thy soul is lonely as a star,  
 When all its fellows muffled are, —  
 A single star, whose light appears  
 To glimmer through subduing tears.  
 The father who begat thee sees  
 In thee no deeper mysteries  
 Than load his heavy ledger's page,  
 And swell for him thy heritage.  
 A hard, cold man, of punctual face,  
 Renowned in Credit's holy-place,  
 Whose very wrinkles seem arrayed  
 In cunning hieroglyphs of trade, —  
 Whose gravest thought but just unlocks  
 The problems of uncertain stocks, —  
 Whose farthest flights of hope extend  
 From dividend to dividend.  
 Thy mother, — but a mother's name  
 Too sacred is, too sweet for blame.  
 No doubt she loves thee, — loves the shy,

Strange beauty of thy glorious eye;  
 Loves the soft mouth, whose drooping line

Is silent music; loves to twine  
 Thy silky hair in ringlets trim;  
 To watch thy lightsome play of limb;  
 But, God forgive me! I, who find  
 The soul within that beauty shrined,  
 I love thee more, I know thy worth  
 Better, than she who gave thee birth.

Are they thy keepers? They would thrust

The priceless jewel in the dust;  
 Would tarnish in their careless hold  
 The vessel of celestial gold.  
 Who gave them thee? What fortune lent

Their hands the delicate instrument,  
 Which finer hands might teach to hymn  
 The harmonies of Seraphim,

Which they shall make discordant soon,  
 The sweet bells jangled, out of tune?  
 Mine eyes are dim: I cannot see  
 The purposes of Destiny,  
 But than my love Heaven could not shine

More lovingly, if thou wert mine!  
 Rest then securely on my heart:  
 Give me thy trust: *my* child thou art,  
 And I shall lead thee through the years  
 To Hopes and Passions, Loves and Fears,

Till, following up Life's endless plan  
 A strong and self-dependent Man,  
 I see thee stand and strive with men:  
 Thy Father now, thy Brother then.

### “MOAN, YE WILD WINDS!”

MOAN, ye wild winds! around the pane,  
 And fall, thou drear December rain!  
 Fill with your gusts the sullen day,  
 Tear the last clinging leaves away!  
 Reckless as yonder naked tree,  
 No blast of yours can trouble me.

Give me your chill and stern embrace,  
 And pour your baptism on my face  
 Sound in mine ears the airy moan  
 That sweeps in desolate monotone,  
 Where on the unsheltered hill-top beat  
 The marches of your homeless feet.

Moan on, ye winds! and pour, thou rain!

Your stormy sobs and tears are vain,  
 If shed for her whose fading eyes  
 Will open soon on Paradise:  
 The eye of Heaven shall blinded be,  
 Or ere ye cease, if shed for me.

### TAURUS.

#### I.

THE Scorpion's stars crawl down behind  
 the sun,  
 And when he drops below the verge  
 of day,  
 The glittering fangs, their fervid courses  
 run,

Cling to his skirts and follow him  
 away.

Then, ere the heels of flying Capricorn  
 Have touched the western mountain's  
 darkening rim,

I mark, stern Taurus, through the twilight gray  
 The glinting of thy horn,  
 And sullen front, uprising large and dim,  
 Bent to the starry hunter's sword, at bay.

## II.

Thy hoofs, unwilling, climb the sphery vault;  
 Thy red eye trembles with an angry glare,  
 When the hounds follow, and in fierce assault  
 Bay through the fringes of the lion's hair.  
 The stars that once were mortal in their love,  
 And by their love are made immortal now,  
 Cluster like golden bees upon thy mane,  
 When thou, possessed with Jove,  
 Bore sweet Europa's garlands on thy brow,  
 And stole her from the green Sicilian plain.

## III.

Type of the stubborn force that will not bend  
 To loftier art, — soul of defiant breath  
 That blindly stands and battles to the end,  
 Nerving resistance with the throes of death, —  
 Majestic Taurus! when thy wrathful eye  
 Flamed brightest, and thy hoofs a moment stayed  
 Their march at Night's meridian, I was born:  
 But in the western sky,  
 Like sweet Europa, Love's fair star delayed,  
 To hang her garland on thy silver horn.

## IV.

Thou giv'st that temper of enduring mould,  
 That slights the wayward bent of Destiny, —  
 Such as sent forth the shaggy Jarls of old  
 To launch their dragons in the unknown sea:

Such as keep strong the sinews of the sword,  
 The proud, hot blood of battle, — welcome made  
 The headsman's axe, the rack, the martyr-fire,  
 The ignominious cord,  
 When but to yield, had pomps and honors laid  
 On heads that moulder in ignoble mire.

## V.

Night is the summer when the soul grows ripe  
 With Life's full harvest: of her myriad suns,  
 Thou dost not gild the quiet herdsman's pipe,  
 Nor royal state, that royal actions shuns.  
 But in the noontide of thy ruddy stars  
 Thrive strength, and daring, and the blood whence springs  
 The Heraclidean seed of heroes; then  
 Were sundered Gaza's bars;  
 Then, 'mid the smitten Hydra's loosened rings,  
 His slayer rested, in the Lernean fen.

## VI.

Thine is the subtle element that turns  
 To fearless act the impulse of the hour, —  
 The secret fire, whose flash electric burns  
 To every source of passion and of power.  
 Therefore I hail thee, on thy glittering track:  
 Therefore I watch thee, when the night grows dark,  
 Slow-rising, front Orion's sword along  
 The starry zodiac,  
 And from thy mystic beam demand a spark  
 To warm my soul with more heroic song.

## AUTUMNAL VESPER.

THE clarion Wind, that blew so loud at morn,  
 Whirling a thousand leaves from every bough

Of the purple woods, has not a whisper now;  
 Hushed on the uplands is the huntsman's horn,  
 And huskers whistling round the tented corn:  
 The snug warm cricket lets his clock run down,  
 Scared by the chill, sad hour that makes forlorn  
 The Autumn's gold and brown.

The light is dying out on field and wold;  
 The life is dying in the leaves and grass.  
 The World's last breath no longer dims the glass  
 Of waning sunset, yellow, pale, and cold.  
 His genial pulse, which Summer made so bold,  
 Has ceased. Haste, Night, and spread thy decent pall!  
 The silent, stiffening Frost makes havoc: fold  
 The darkness over all!

The light is dying out o'er all the land,  
 And in my heart the light is dying. She,  
 My life's best life, is fading silently  
 From Earth, from me, and from the dreams we planned,  
 Since first Love led us with his beaming hand  
 From hope to hope, yet kept his crown in store.  
 The light is dying out o'er all the land:  
 To me it comes no more.

The blossom of my heart, she shrinks away,  
 Stricken with deadly blight: more wan and weak  
 Her love replies in blanching lip and cheek,  
 And gentler in her dear eyes, day by day.  
 God, in Thy mercy, bid the arm delay,  
 Which through her being smites to dust my own!  
 Thou gav'st the seed thy sun and showers; why slay  
 The blossoms yet unblown?

In vain, — i vain! God will not bid the Spring  
 Replace with sudden green the Autumn's gold;  
 And as the night-mists, gathering damp and cold,  
 Strike up the vales where watercourses sing,  
 Death's mists shall strike along her veins, and cling  
 Thenceforth forever round her glorious frame:  
 For all her radiant presence, May shall bring  
 A memory and a name.

What know the woods, that soon shall be so stark?  
 What know the barren fields, the songless air,  
 Locked in benumbing cold, of blooms more fair  
 In mornings ushered by the April lark?  
 Weak solace this, which grief will never hark;  
 Blind as a bud in stiff December's mail,  
 To lift her look beyond the frozen dark  
 No memory can avail.

I never knew the autumnal eves could wear,  
 With all their pomp, so drear a hue of Death;  
 I never knew their still and solemn breath  
 Could rob the breaking heart of strength to bear,  
 Feeding the blank submission of despair.  
 Yet, peace, sad soul! reproach and pity shine  
 Suffused through starry tears: bend thou in prayer,  
 Rebuked by Love divine.

Our life is scarce the twinkle of a star  
 In God's eternal day. Obscure and dim  
 With mortal clouds, it yet may beam for Him,  
 And darkened here, shine fair to spheres afar.  
 I will be patient, lest my sorrow bar  
 His grace and blessing, and I fall supine:  
 In my own hands my want and weakness are, —  
 My strength, O God! in Thine.



## ODE TO SHELLEY.

## I.

WHY art thou dead? Upon the hills  
 once more  
 The golden mist of waning Autumn  
 lies;  
 The slow-pulsed billows wash along the  
 shore,  
 And phantom isles are floating in the  
 skies.  
 They wait for thee: a spirit in the sand  
 Hushes, expectant for thy coming  
 tread;  
 The light wind pants to lift thy trem-  
 bling hair;  
 Inward, the silent land  
 Lies with its mournful woods; — why  
 art thou dead,  
 When Earth demands that thou shalt  
 call her fair?

## II.

Why art thou dead? I too demand thy  
 song,  
 To speak the language yet denied to  
 mine,  
 Twin-doomed with thee, to feel the scorn  
 of Wrong,  
 To worship Beauty as a thing divine!  
 Thou art afar: wilt thou not soon re-  
 turn  
 To tell me that which thou hast never  
 told?  
 To clasp my throbbing hand, and, by  
 the shore  
 Or dewy mountain-fern,  
 Pour out thy heart as to a friend of  
 old,  
 Touched with a twilight sadness? Nev-  
 ermore.

## III.

I could have told thee all the sylvan  
 joy  
 Of trackless woods; the meadows far  
 apart,  
 Within whose fragrant grass, a lonely  
 boy,  
 I thought of God; the trumpet at my  
 heart,  
 When on bleak mountains roared the  
 midnight storm,  
 And I was bathed in lightning, broad  
 and grand:

Oh, more than all, with soft and rever-  
 ent breath

And forehead flushing warm,  
 I would have led thee through the  
 summer land  
 Of early Love, and past my dreams of  
 Death!

## IV.

In thee, Immortal Brother! had I found  
 That Voice of Earth, that fails my  
 feebler lines:  
 The awful speech of Rome's sepulchral  
 ground;  
 The dusky hymn of Vallombrosa's  
 pines!  
 From thee the noise of Ocean would  
 have taken  
 A grand deiance round the moveless  
 shores  
 And vocal grown the Mountain's silent  
 head

Canst thou not yet awaken  
 Beneath the funeral cypress? Earth  
 implores  
 Thy presence for her son; — why art  
 thou dead?

## V.

I do but rave: for it is better thus.  
 Were once thy starry nature given to  
 pine,  
 In the one life which would encircle  
 us  
 My voice would melt, my soul be lost  
 in thine.  
 Better to bear the far sublimer pain  
 Of thought that has not ripened into  
 speech,  
 To hear in silence Truth and Beauty  
 sing  
 Divinely to the brain;  
 For thus the Poet at the last shall  
 reach  
 His own soul's voice, nor crave a broth-  
 er's string.

## SICILIAN WINE.

I've drunk Sicilia's crimson wine!  
 The blazing vintage pressed  
 From grapes on Etna's breast,  
 What time the mellowing autumn sun  
 did shine:  
 I've drunk the wine!

I feel its blood divine  
 Poured on the sluggish tide of mine,  
 Till, kindling slow, .  
 Its fountains glow  
 With the light that swims  
 On their trembling brims,  
 And a molten sunrise floods my limbs !  
 What do I here ?  
 I've drunk the wine,  
 And lo ! the bright blue heaven is clear  
 Above the ocean's bluer sphere,  
 Seen through the long arcades of pine,  
 Inwoven and arched with vine !  
 The glades are green below ;  
 The temple shines afar ;  
 Above, old Etna's snow  
 Sparkles with many an icy star :  
 I see the mountain and its marble wall,  
 Where gleaming waters fall  
 And voices call,  
 Singing and calling  
 Like chorals falling  
 Through pearly doors of some Olym-  
     pian hall,  
 Where Love holds bacchanal.

Sicilian wine ! Sicilian wine !  
 Summer, and Music, and Song divine  
 Are thine, — all thine !  
 A sweet wind over the roses plays ;  
 The wild bee hums at my languid ear ;  
 The mute-winged moth serenely strays  
 On the downy atmosphere,  
 Like hovering Sleep, that overweighs  
 My lids with his shadow, yet comes not  
     near.  
 Who 'll share with me this languor ?  
 With me the juice of Etna sip ?  
 Who press the goblet's lip,  
 Refusing mine the while with love's en-  
     chanting anger ?  
 Would I were young Adonis now !  
 With what an ardor bold  
 Within my arms I'd fold  
 Fair Aphrodite of Idalian mould,  
 And let the locks that hide her gleam-  
     ing brow  
 Fall o'er my shoulder as she lay  
 With the fair swell of her immortal  
     breast  
 Upon my bosom pressed,  
 Giving Olympian thrills to its enamored  
     clay !

Bacchus and Pan have fled :  
 No heavy Satyr crushes with his tread  
 The verdure of the meadow ground,  
 But in their stead

The Nymphs are leading a bewildering  
     round,  
 Vivid and light, as o'er some flowering  
     rise  
 A dance of butterflies,  
 Their tossing hair with slender lilies  
     crowned,  
 And greener ivy than o'erran  
 The brows of Bacchus and the reed of  
     Pan !

I faint, I die :  
 The flames expire,  
 That made my blood a lurid fire :  
 Steeped in delicious weariness I lie.  
 Oh lay me in some pearlèd shell,  
 Soft-balanced on the rippling sea,  
 Where sweet, cheek-kissing airs may  
     wave  
 Their fresh wings over me ;  
 Let me be wafted with the swell  
 Of Nereid voices : let no billow rave  
 To break the cool green crystal of the  
     sea.  
 For I will wander free  
 Past the blue islands and the fading  
     shores,  
 To Calpè and the far Azores,  
 And still beyond, and wide away,  
 Beneath the dazzling wings of tropic  
     day,  
 Where, on unruffled seas,  
 Sleep the green isles of the Hesperides.

The Triton's trumpet calls :  
 I hear, I wake, I rise :  
 The sound peals up the skies,  
 And mellowed Echo falls  
 In answer back from Heaven's cerulean  
     walls.  
 Give me the lyre that Orpheus played  
     upon,  
 Or bright Hyperion, —  
 Nay, rather come, thou of the mighty  
     bow,  
 Come thou below,  
 Leaving thy steeds unharnessed go !  
 Sing as thou wilt, my voice shall dare  
     to follow,  
 And I will sun me in thine awful  
     glow,  
 Divine Apollo !  
 Then thou thy lute shalt twine  
 With Bacchic tendrils of the glorious  
     vine  
 That gave Sicilian wine :  
 And henceforth when the breezes run  
 Over its clusters, ripening in the sun,

The leaves shall still be playing,  
 Unto thy lute its melody repaying,  
 And I, that quaff, shall evermore be free  
 To mount thy car and ride the heavens  
 with thee !

### STORM-LINES.

WHEN the rains of November are dark  
 on the hills, and the pine-trees  
 incessantly roar

To the sound of the wind-beaten crags,  
 and the floods that in foam  
 through their black channels  
 pour :

When the breaker-lined coast stretches  
 dimly afar through the desolate  
 waste of the gale,

And the clang of the sea-gull at night-  
 fall is heard from the deep, like a  
 mariner's wail :

When the gray sky drops low, and the  
 forest is bare, and the laborer is  
 housed from the storm,

And the world is a blank, save the light  
 of his home through the gust  
 shining redly and warm : —

Go thou forth, if the brim of thy heart  
 with its tropical fulness of life  
 overflow, —

If the sun of thy bliss in the zenith is  
 hung, nor a shadow reminds thee  
 of woe !

Leave the home of thy love ; leave thy  
 labors of fame ; in the rain and  
 the darkness go forth,

When the cold winds unpausingly wail  
 as they drive from the cheerless  
 expanse of the North.

Thou shalt turn from the cup that was  
 mantling before ; thou shalt hear  
 the eternal despair

Of the hearts that endured and were  
 broken at last, from the hills and  
 the sea and the air !

Thou shalt hear how the Earth, the ma-  
 ternal, laments for the children  
 she nurtured with tears, —

How the forest but deepens its wail and  
 the breakers their roar, with the  
 march of the years !

Then the gleam of thy hearth-fire shall  
 dwindle away, and the lips of thy  
 loved ones be still ;

And thy soul shall lament in the moan  
 of the storm, sounding wide on  
 the shelterless hill.

All the woes of existence shall stand at  
 thy heart, and the sad eyes of  
 myriads implore,

In the darkness and storm of their  
 being, the ray, streaming out  
 through thy radiant door.

Look again : how that star of thy Para-  
 dise dims, through the warm  
 tears, unwittingly shed ; —

Thou art man, and a sorrow so bitterly  
 wrung never fell on the dust of  
 the Dead !

Let the rain of the midnight beat cold  
 on thy cheek, and the proud  
 pulses chill in thy frame,

Till the love of thy bosom is grateful  
 and sad, and thou turn'st from  
 the mockery of Fame !

Take with humble acceptance the gifts  
 of thy life ; let thy joy touch the  
 fountain of tears ;

For the soul of the Earth, in endurance  
 and pain, gathers promise of hap-  
 pier years !

### THE TWO VISIONS.

THROUGH days of toil, through nightly  
 fears,

A vision blessed my heart for years ;  
 And so secure its features grew,  
 My heart believed the blessing true.

I saw her there, a household dove,  
 In consummated peace of love,  
 And sweeter joy and saintlier grace  
 Breathed o'er the beauty of her face :

The joy and grace of love at rest,  
 The fireside music of the breast,  
 When vain desires and restless schemes  
 Sleep, pillowed on our early dreams.

Nor her alone : beside her stood,  
 In gentler types, our love renewed ;  
 Our separate beings one, in Birth, —  
 The darling miracles of Earth.



The mother's smile, the children's kiss,  
And home's serene, abounding bliss;  
The fruitage of a life that bore  
But idle summer blooms before;

Such was the vision, far and sweet,  
That, still beyond Time's lagging feet,  
Lay glimmering in my heart for years,  
Dim with the mist of happy tears.

That vision died, in drops of woe,  
In blotting drops, dissolving slow:  
Now, toiling day and sorrowing night,  
Another vision fills my sight.

A cold mound in the winter snow;  
A colder heart at rest below;  
A life in utter loneliness hurled,  
And darkness over all the world.

## STORM SONG.

THE clouds are scudding across the  
moon,  
A misty light is on the sea;  
The wind in the shrouds has a wintry  
tune,  
And the foam is flying free.

Brothers, a night of terror and gloom  
Speaks in the cloud and gathering  
roar,  
Thank God, He has given us broad sea-  
room,  
A thousand miles from shore.

Down with the hatches on those who  
sleep!  
The wild and whistling deck have  
we;  
Good watch, my brothers, to-night we'll  
keep,  
While the tempest is on the sea!

Though the rigging shriek in his terrible  
grip,  
And the naked spars be snapped  
away,  
Lashed to the helm, we'll drive our  
ship  
In the teeth of the whelming spray!

Hark! how the surges o'erleap the deck!  
Hark! how the pitiless tempest raves!  
Ah, daylight will look upon many a  
wreck  
Drifting over the desert waves.

Yet, courage, brothers! we trust the  
wave,  
With God above us, our guiding  
chart:  
So, whether to harbor or ocean-grave,  
Be it still with a cheery heart!

## SONG.

I PLUCKED for thee the wilding rose  
And wore it on my breast,  
And there, till daylight's dusky close,  
Its silken cheek was pressed;  
Its desert breath was sweeter far  
Than palace-rose could be,  
Sweeter than all Earth's blossoms are,  
But that thou gav'st to me.

I kissed its leaves, in fond despite  
Of lips that failed my own,  
And Love recalled that sacred night  
His blushing flower was blown.  
I vowed, no rose should rival mine,  
Though withered now, and pale,  
Till those are plucked, whose white  
buds twine  
Above thy bridal veil.

## THE WAVES.

## I.

CHILDREN are we  
Of the restless sea,  
Swelling in anger or sparkling in glee,  
We follow our race,  
In shifting chase,  
Over the boundless ocean-space!  
Who hath beheld where the race begun?  
Who shall behold it run?  
Who shall behold it run?

## II.

When the smooth airs keep  
Their noontide sleep,  
We dimple the cheek of the dreaming  
deep;  
When the rough winds come,  
From their cloudy home,  
At the tap of the hurricane's thunder-  
drum,  
Deep are the furrows of wrath we  
plough,  
Ridging his darkened brow!  
Ridging his darkened brow!

## III.

Over us born,  
 The unclouded Morn  
 Trumpets her joy with the Triton's  
 horn,  
 And sun and star  
 By the thousand are  
 Orbed in our glittering, near and far:  
 And the splendor of Heaven, the pomp  
 of Day,  
 Shine in our laughing spray!  
 Shine in our laughing spray!

## IV.

We murmur our spell  
 Over sand and shell;  
 We girdle the reef with a combing swell;  
 And bound in the vice  
 Of the Arctic ice,  
 We build us a palace of grand de-  
 vice, —  
 Walls of crystal and splintered spires,  
 Flashing with diamond fires!  
 Flashing with diamond fires!

## V.

In the endless round  
 Of our motion and sound,  
 The fairest dwelling of Beauty is found,  
 And with voice of strange  
 And solemn change,  
 The elements speak in our world-wide  
 range,  
 Harping the terror, the might, the mirth,  
 Sorrows and hopes of Earth!  
 Sorrows and hopes of Earth!

## SONG.

FROM the bosom of ocean I seek thee,  
 Thou lamp of my spirit afar,  
 As the seaman, adrift in the darkness,  
 Looks up for the beam of his star;  
 And when on the moon-lighted water  
 The spirits of solitude sleep,  
 My soul, in the light of thy beauty,  
 Lies hushed as the waves of the deep.

As the shafts of the sunrise are broken  
 Far over the glittering sea,  
 Thou hast dawned on the waves of my  
 dreaming,  
 And each thought has a sparkle of  
 thee.

And though, with the white sail dis-  
 tended,  
 I speed from the vanishing shore,  
 Thou wilt give to the silence of ocean  
 The spell of thy beauty the more.

## SONNET.

TO G. H. B.

You comfort me as one that, knowing  
 Fate,  
 Would paint her visage kinder than you  
 deem;  
 You say, my only bliss that is no dream  
 She clouds, but makes not wholly deso-  
 late.  
 Ah, Friend! your heart speaks words of  
 little weight  
 To veil that sadder knowledge, learned  
 in song,  
 And 'gainst your solace Grief has made  
 me strong:  
 The Gods are jealous of our low estate;  
 They give not Fame to Love, nor Love  
 to Fame;  
 Power cannot taste the joy the humbler  
 share,  
 Nor holy Beauty breathe in Luxury's  
 air,  
 And all in darkness Genius feeds his  
 flame.  
 We build and build, poor fools! and all  
 the while  
 Some Demon works unseen, and saps  
 the pile.

## THE WAYSIDE DREAM.

THE deep and lordly Danube  
 Goes winding far below;  
 I see the white-walled hamlets  
 Amid his vineyards glow,  
 And southward, through the ether, shine  
 The Styrian hills of snow.

O'er many a league of landscape  
 Sleeps the warm haze of noon;  
 The wooing winds come freighted  
 With messages of June,  
 And down among the corn and flowers  
 I hear the water's tune.

The meadow-lark is singing,  
 As if it still were morn;

Within the dark pine-forest  
 The hunter winds his horn,  
 And the cuckoo's shy, complaining  
 note  
 Mocks the maidens in the corn.

I watch the cloud-armada  
 Go sailing up the sky,  
 Lulled by the murmuring mountain  
 grass  
 Upon whose bed I lie,  
 And the faint sound of noonday chimes  
 That in the distance die.

A warm and drowsy sweetness  
 Is stealing o'er my brain ;  
 I see no more the Danube  
 Sweep through his royal plain ;  
 I hear no more the peasant girls  
 Singing amid the grain.

Soft, silvery wings, a moment  
 Have swept across my brow :  
 Again I hear the water,  
 But its voice is sweeter now,  
 And the mocking-bird and oriole  
 Are singing on the bough ;

The elm and linden branches  
 Droop close and dark o'erhead,  
 And the foaming forest brooklet -  
 Leaps down its rocky bed :  
 Be still, my heart ! the seas are passed,—  
 The paths of home I tread !

The showers of creamy blossoms  
 Are on the linden spray,  
 And down the clover meadow  
 They heap the scented hay,  
 And glad winds toss the forest leaves,  
 All the bright summer day.

Old playmates ! bid me welcome  
 Amid your brother-band ;  
 Give me the old affection, —  
 The glowing grasp of hand !  
 I seek no more the realms of old, —  
 Here is my Fatherland !

Come hither, gentle maiden,  
 Who weep'st in tender joy !  
 The rapture of thy presence  
 Repays the world's annoy,  
 And calms the wild and ardent heart  
 Which warms the wandering boy.

In many a mountain fastness,  
 By many a river's foam,

And through the gorgeous cities,  
 'T was loneliness to roam ;  
 For the sweetest music in my heart  
 Was the olden songs of home.

Ah, glen and grove are vanished,  
 And friends have faded now !  
 The balmy Styrian breezes  
 Are blowing on my brow,  
 And sounds again the cuckoo's call  
 From the forest's inmost bough.

Fled is that happy vision, —  
 The gates of slumber fold ;  
 I rise and journey onward  
 Through valleys green and old,  
 Where the far, white Alps announce  
 the morn,  
 And keep the sunset's gold.

UPPER AUSTRIA, 1845.

### STEYERMARK

IN Steyermark. — green Steyermark,  
 The fields are bright and the forests  
 dark, —  
 Bright with the maids that bind the  
 sheaves.  
 Dark with the arches of whispering  
 leaves !  
 Voices and streams and sweet bells  
 chime  
 Over the land, in the harvest-time,  
 And the blithest songs of the finch and  
 lark  
 Are heard in the orchards of Steyer-  
 mark.

In Steyermark, — old Steyermark,  
 The mountain summits are white and  
 stark ;  
 The rough winds furrow their trackless  
 snow,  
 But the mirrors of crystal are smooth  
 below ;  
 The stormy Danube clasps the wave  
 That downward sweeps with the Drave  
 and Save,  
 And the Euxine is whitened with many  
 a bark,  
 Freight with ores of Steyermark !

In Steyermark, — rough Steyermark,  
 The anvils ring from dawn till dark ;  
 The molten streams of the furnace  
 glare,



Blurring with crimson the midnight  
air;  
The lusty voices of forgermen chord,  
Chanting the ballad of Siegfried's  
Sword,  
While the hammers swung by their  
arms so stark  
Strike to the music of Steyermark!

In Steyermark, — dear Steyermark,  
Each heart is light as the morning  
lark;  
There men are framed in the manly  
mould  
Of their stalwart sires, of the times of  
old,  
And the sunny blue of the Styrian sky  
Grows soft in the timid maiden's eye,  
When love descends with the twilight  
dark,  
In the beechen groves of Steyermark.

#### TO A BAVARIAN GIRL.

THOU, Bavaria's brown-eyed daughter,  
Art a shape of joy,  
Standing by the Isar's water  
With thy brother-boy;  
In thy dream, with idle fingers  
Threading through his curls,  
On thy cheek the sun's kiss lingers,  
Rosiest of girls!

Woods of glossy oak are ringing  
With the echoes bland,  
While thy generous voice is singing  
Songs of Fatherland, —  
Songs, that by the Danube's river  
Sound on hills of vine,  
And where waves in green light quiver,  
Down the rushing Rhine.

Life, with all its hues and changes,  
To thy heart doth lie  
Like those dreamy Alpine ranges  
In the southern sky;  
Where in haze the clefts are hidden,  
Which the foot should fear,  
And the crags that fall unbidden  
Startle not the ear.

Where the village maidens gather  
At the fountain's brim,  
Or in sunny harvest weather,  
With the reapers trim;  
Where the autumn fires are burning  
On the vintage-hills;

Where the mossy wheels are turning  
In the ancient mills;

Where from ruined robber-towers  
Hangs the ivy's hair,  
And the crimson foxbell flowers  
On the crumbling stair: —  
Everywhere, without thy presence,  
Would the sunshine fail,  
Fairest of the maiden peasants!  
Flower of Isar's vale!

MUNICH, 1845.

#### IN ITALY.

DEAR Lillian, all I wished is won!  
I sit beneath Italia's sun,  
Where olive-orchards gleam and quiver  
Along the banks of Arno's river.

Through laurel leaves, the dim green  
light  
Falls on my forehead as I write,  
And the sweet chimes of vesper, ring-  
ing,  
Blend with the contadina's singing.

Rich is the soil with Fancy's gold;  
The stirring memories of old  
Rise thronging in my haunted vision,  
And wake my spirit's young ambition.

But as the radiant sunsets close  
Above Val d'Arno's bowers of rose,  
My soul forgets the olden glory,  
And deems our love a dearer story.

Thy words, in Memory's ear, outchime  
The music of the Tuscan rhyme;  
Thou standest here — the gentle-  
hearted —  
Amid the shades of bards departed.

I see before thee fade away  
Their garlands of immortal bay,  
And turn from Petrarch's passion  
glances  
To my own dearer heart-romances.

Sad is the opal glow that fires  
The midnight of the cypress spires,  
And cold the scented wind that closes  
The heart of bright Etruscan roses.

A single thought of thee effaced  
The fair Italian dream I chased;

For the true clime of song and sun  
Lies in the heart which mine hath won !  
FLORENCE, 1845.

## A BACCHIC ODE.

WINE, — bring wine !  
Let the crystal beaker flame and shine,  
Brimming o'er with the draught divine !

The crimson glow  
Of the lifted cup on my forehead throw,  
Like the sunset's flush on a field of snow.

I love to lave  
My thirsty lip in the ruddy wave ;  
Freedom bringeth the wine so brave !

The world is cold :  
Sorrow and pain have gloomy hold,  
Chilling the bosom warm and bold.

Doubts and fears  
Veil the shine of my morning years, —  
My life's lone rainbow springs from tears.

But Eden-gleams  
Visit my soul in immortal dreams,  
When the wave of the goblet burns and  
beams.

Not from the Rhine,  
Not from fields of Burgundian vine,  
Bring me the bright Olympian wine !

Not with a ray  
Born where the winds of Shiraz play,  
Or the fiery blood of the bright Tokay.

Not where the glee  
Of Falernian vintage echoes free,  
Or the Chian gardens gem the sea.

But wine, — bring wine,  
Royally flushed with its growth divine,  
In the crystal depth of my soul to  
shine !

Whose glow was caught  
From the warmth which Fancy's sum-  
mer brought  
To the vintage-fields in the Land of  
Thought.

Rich and free  
To my thirsting soul will the goblet be,  
Poured by the Hebe, Poesy.

## A FUNERAL THOUGHT.

## I.

WHEN the stern Genius, to whose hol-  
low tramp  
Echo the startled chambers of the soul,  
Waves his inverted torch o'er that pale  
camp  
Where the archangel's final trumpets  
roll,  
I would not meet him in the chamber  
dim,  
Hushed, and pervaded with a name-  
less fear,  
When the breath flutters and the senses  
swim,  
And the dread hour is near.

## II.

Though Love's dear arms might clasp  
me fondly then  
As if to keep the Summoner at bay,  
And woman's woe and the calm grief  
of men  
Hallow at last the chill, unbreathing  
clay —  
These are Earth's fetters, and the soul  
would shrink,  
Thus bound, from Darkness and the  
dread Unknown,  
Stretching its arms from Death's eternal-  
brink,  
Which it must dare alone.

## III.

But in the awful silence of the sky,  
Upon some mountain summit, yet  
untrod,  
Through the blue ether would I climb,  
to die  
Afar from mortals and alone with  
God !  
To the pure keeping of the stainless air  
Would I resign my faint and flutter-  
ing breath,  
And with the rapture of an answered  
prayer  
Receive the kiss of Death.

## IV.

Then to the elements my frame would  
turn ;  
No worms should riot on my coffined  
clay,

But the cold limbs, from that sepulchral  
urn,  
In the slow storms of ages waste  
away.  
Loud winds and thunder's diapason high  
Should be my requiem through the  
coming time,  
And the white summit, fading in the  
sky,  
My monument sublime.

### THE NORSEMAN'S RIDE.

THE frosty fires of Northern starlight  
Gleamed on the glittering snow,  
And through the forest's frozen branches  
The shrieking winds did blow ;  
A floor of blue, translucent marble  
Kept ocean's pulses still,  
When, in the depth of dreary midnight,  
Opened the burial hill.

Then while a low and creeping snud-  
der  
Thrilled upward through the ground,  
The Norseman came, as armed for bat-  
tle,  
In silence from his mound :  
He, who was mourned in solemn sor-  
row  
By many a swordsman bold,  
And harps that wailed along the ocean,  
Struck by the Skalds of old.

Sudden, a swift and silver shadow  
Rushed up from out the gloom, —  
A horse that stamped with hoof impa-  
tient,  
Yet noiseless, on the tomb.  
"Ha, Surtur! let me hear thy tramp-  
ing,  
Thou noblest Northern steed,  
Whose neigh along the stormy head-  
lands  
Bade the bold Viking heed!"

He mounted: like a north-light streak-  
ing  
The sky with flaming bars,  
They, on the winds so wildly shrieking,  
Shot up before the stars.  
"Is this thy mane, my fearless Surtur,  
That streams against my breast?  
Is this thy neck, that curve of moon-  
light,  
Which Helva's hand caressed?"

"No misty breathing strains thy nos-  
tril,  
Thine eye shines blue and cold,  
Yet, mounting up our airy pathway,  
I see thy hoofs of gold!  
Not lighter o'er the springing rain-  
bow  
Walhalla's gods repair,  
Than we, in sweeping journey over  
The bending bridge of air.

"Far, far around, star-gleams are spark-  
ling  
Amid the twilight space:  
And Earth, that lay so cold and dark  
ling,  
Has veiled her dusky face.  
Are those the Nornes that beckon on  
ward  
To seats at Odin's board,  
Where nightly by the hands of heroes  
The foaming mead is poured?"

"Tis Skuld! her star-eye speaks the  
glory  
That waits the warrior's soul,  
When on its hinge of music opens  
The gateway of the Pole, —  
When Odin's warder leads the hero  
To banquets never done,  
And Freya's eyes outshine in summer  
The ever-risen sun.

"On! on! the Northern lights are  
streaming  
In brightness like the morn,  
And pealing far amid the vastness,  
I hear the Gjallarhorn:  
The heart of starry space is throb-  
bing  
With songs of minstrels old,  
And now, on high Walhalla's portal,  
Gleam Surtur's hoofs of gold!"

### THE CONTINENTS.

I HAD a vision in that solemn hour,  
Last of the year sublime,  
Whose wave sweeps downward, with its  
dying power  
Rippling the shores of Time.  
On the bleak margin of that hoary sea  
My spirit stood alone,  
Watching the gleams of phantom His-  
tory,  
Which through the darkness shone



Then, when the bell of midnight ghostly  
hands  
Tolled for the dead year's doom,  
I saw the spirits of Earth's ancient lands  
Stand up amid the gloom !  
The crownèd deities, whose reign be-  
gan  
In the forgotten Past,  
When first the fresh world gave to sov-  
ereign Man  
Her empires green and vast.

First queenly ASIA, from the fallen  
thrones  
Of twice three thousand years,  
Came with the woe a grieving goddess  
owns,  
Who longs for mortal tears.  
The dust of ruin to her mantle clung  
And dimmed her crown of gold,  
While the majestic sorrows of her tongue  
From Tyre to Indus rolled :

"Mourn with me, sisters, in my realm  
of woe,  
Whose only glory streams  
From its lost childhood, like the arctic  
glow  
Which sunless Winter dreams !  
In the red desert moulders Babylon,  
And the wild serpent's hiss  
Echoes in Petra's palaces of stone,  
And waste Persepolis.

"Gone are the deities that ruled en-  
shrined  
In Elephanta's caves,  
And Brahma's wailings fill the fragrant  
wind  
That ripples Ganges' waves :  
The ancient gods amid their temples  
fall,  
And shapes of some near doom,  
Trembling and waving on the Future's  
wall,  
More fearful make my gloom !"

Then, from her seat, amid the palms em-  
bowered  
That shade the lion-land,  
Swart AFRICA in dusky aspect towered,  
The fetters on her hand !  
Backward she saw, from out her drear  
eclipse,  
The mighty Theban years,  
And the deep anguish of her mournful  
lips  
Interpreted her tears

"Woe for my children, whom your  
gyves have bound  
Through centuries of toil ;  
The bitter wailings of whose bondage  
sound  
From many an alien soil !  
Leave me but free, though the eternal  
sand  
Be all my kingdom now, —  
Though the rude splendors of barbaric  
land  
But mock my crownless brow !"

There was a sound, like sudden trumpets  
blown,  
A ringing, as of arms,  
When EUROPE rose, a stately amazon,  
Stern in her mailed charms.  
She brooded long beneath the weary  
bars  
That chafed her soul of flame,  
And like a seer, who reads the awful  
stars,  
Her words prophetic came :

"I hear new sounds along the ancient  
shore,  
Whose dull old monotone  
Of tides, that broke on many a system  
hoar,  
Moaned through the ages lone :  
I see a gleaming, like the crimson morn  
Beneath a stormy sky,  
And warning throes, which long my  
breast has borne,  
Proclaim the struggle nigh."

O radiant-browed, the latest born of  
Time !  
How waned thy sisters old,  
Before the splendors of thine eye sub-  
lime,  
And mien erect and bold !  
Free, as the winds of thine own forests  
are,  
Thy brow beamed lofty cheer,  
And Day's bright oriflamme, the Morn-  
ing Star,  
Flashed on thy lifted spear.

"I bear no weight" — rang thine exult-  
ing tones —  
"Of memories weird and vast ;  
No crushing heritage of iron thrones,  
Bequeathed by some dead Past ;  
But hopes, that give my children power  
Above the old-world fears —

Whose prophecies forerun the latest  
time,  
And lead the crowning years!

"Like spectral lamps, that burn before  
a tomb,  
The ancient lights expire;  
I hold a torch, that floods the fading  
gloom  
With everlasting fire:  
Crowned with my constellated stars, I  
stand  
Beside the foaming sea,  
And from the Future, with a victor's  
hand,  
Claim empire for the Free!"  
*January, 1848.*

## L'ENVOL.

I've passed the grim and threatening  
warders  
That guard the vestibule of Song,  
And traced the print of bolder foot-  
steps  
The lengthened corridors along;  
Where every thought I strove to blazon  
Beside the bannered lays of old,  
Was dim below some bright escutcheon,  
Or shaded by some grander fold.

I saw, in veiled and shadowy glimpses,  
The solemn halls expand afar,  
And through the twilight, half despair  
ing,  
Looked trembling up to find a star;  
Till, in the rush of wings, awakened  
My soul to utterance free and strong,  
And with impassioned exultation,  
I revelled in the rage of Song!

Then, though the world beside, unheed-  
ing,  
Heard other voices than my own,  
Thou, thou didst mark the broken  
music,  
And cheer its proud, aspiring tone:  
Thou cam'st in many a lovely vision  
To lead my ardent spirit on,  
Thine eye my morning-star of promise,  
The sweet anticipant of dawn.

And if I look to holier altars,  
Thou still art near me, as of old,  
And thou wilt give the living laurel,  
When the shrined Presence I behold.  
Take, then, these echoes of thy being,  
My lips have weakly striven to  
frame;  
For when I speak what thou inspir-  
est,  
I know my songs are nearest fame.

SINCE 1861.





## SINCE 1861.

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### THROUGH BALTIMORE.

#### I.

It was Friday morn: the train drew  
near  
The city and the shore.  
Far through the sunshine, soft and clear,  
We saw the dear old flag appear,  
And in our hearts arose a cheer  
For Baltimore.

#### II.

Across the broad Patapsco's wave,  
Old Fort McHenry bore  
The starry banner of the brave,  
As when our fathers went to save,  
Or in the trenches find a grave  
At Baltimore.

#### III.

Before us, pillared in the sky,  
We saw the statue soar  
Of Washington, serene and high: —  
Could traitors view that form, nor fly?  
Could patriots see, nor gladly die  
For Baltimore?

#### IV.

"O city of our country's song!  
By that swift aid we bore  
When sorely pressed, receive the throng  
Who go to shield our flag from wrong,  
And give us welcome, warm and strong,  
In Baltimore!"

#### V.

We had no arms; as friends we came,  
As brothers evermore,  
To rally round one sacred name, —  
The charter of our power and fame:  
We never dreamed of guilt and shame  
In Baltimore.

#### VI.

The coward mob upon us fell:  
McHenry's flag they tore:  
Surprised, borne backward by the swell,  
Beat down with mad, inhuman yell,  
Before us yawned a traitorous hell  
In Baltimore!

#### VII.

The streets our soldier-fathers trod  
Blushed with their children's gore  
We saw the craven rulers nod,  
And dip in blood the civic rod —  
Shall such things be, O righteous God,  
In Baltimore?

#### VIII.

No, never! By that outrage black,  
A solemn oath we swore,  
To bring the Keystone's thousands  
back,  
Strike down the dastards who attack,  
And leave a red and fiery track  
Through Baltimore!

#### IX.

Bow down, in haste, thy guilty head!  
God's wrath is swift and sore:  
The sky with gathering bolts is red, —  
Cleanse from thy skirts the slaughter  
shed,  
Or make thyself an ashen bed,  
O Baltimore!

### TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

That late, in half-despair, I said:  
"The Nation's ancient life is dead;  
Her arm is weak, her blood is cold;  
She hugs the peace that gives her gold, —

The shameful peace, that sees expire  
Each beacon-light of patriot fire,  
And makes her court a traitors' den," —  
Forgive me this, my countrymen !

Oh, in your long forbearance grand,  
Slow to suspect the treason planned,  
Enduring wrong, yet hoping good  
For sake of olden brotherhood,  
How grander, how sublimer far  
At the roused Eagle's call ye are,  
Leaping from slumber to the fight,  
For Freedom and for Chartered Right !

Throughout the land there goes a cry ;  
A sudden splendor fills the sky :  
From every hill the banners burst,  
Like buds by April breezes nurst ;  
In every hamlet, home, and mart,  
The fire-beat of a single heart  
Keeps time to strains whose pulses mix  
Our blood with that of Seventy-Six !

The shot whereby the old flag fell  
From Sumter's battered citadel  
Struck down the lines of party creed  
And made ye One in soul and deed, —  
One mighty People, stern and strong  
To crush the consummated wrong ;  
Indignant with the wrath whose rod  
Smites as the awful sword of God !

The cup is full ! They thought ye  
blind :  
The props of state they undermined ;  
Abused your trust, your strength de-  
fied,  
And stained the Nation's name of pride.  
Now lift to Heaven your loyal brows,  
Swear once again your fathers' vows,  
And cut through traitor hearts a track  
To nobler fame and freedom back !

Draw forth your million blades as one ;  
Complete the battle then begun !  
God fights with ye, and overhead  
Floats the dear banner of your dead.  
They, and the glories of the Past,  
The Future, dawning dim and vast,  
And all the holiest hopes of Man,  
Are beaming triumph in your van !

Slow to resolve, be swift to do !  
Teach ye the False how fight the True !  
How bucklered Perfidy shall feel  
In her black heart the Patriot's steel ;  
How sure the bolt that Justice wings ;  
How weak the arm a traitor brings ;

How mighty they, who steadfast stand  
For Freedom's Flag and Freedom's  
Land !

*April 30, 1861.*

## SCOTT AND THE VETERAN.

### I.

An old and crippled veteran to the War  
Department came ;  
He sought the Chief who led him on  
many a field of fame, —  
The Chief who shouted "Forward !" —  
where'er his banner rose,  
And bore its stars in triumph behind  
the flying foes.

### II.

"Have you forgotten, General," the bat-  
tered soldier cried,  
"The days of Eighteen Hundred Twelve,  
when I was at your side ?  
Have you forgotten Johnson, that fought  
at Lundy's Lane ?  
'T is true, I'm old and pensioned, but I  
want to fight again."

### III.

"Have I forgotten?" said the Chief ;  
"my brave old soldier, No !  
And here's the hand I gave you then,  
and let it tell you so :  
But you have done your share, my friend ;  
you're crippled, old, and gray,  
And we have need of younger arms and  
fresher blood to-day."

### IV.

"But, General," cried the veteran, a  
flush upon his brow,  
"The very men who fought with us,  
they say, are traitors now ;  
They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane,  
— our old red, white, and blue ;  
And while a drop of blood is left, I'll  
show that drop is true.

### V.

"I'm not so weak but I can strike, and  
I've a good old gun  
To get the range of traitors' hearts, and  
pick them, one by one.



Your Minié rifles, and such arms, it  
a'n't worth while to try :  
I could n't get the hang o' them, but I'll  
keep my powder dry !”

VI.

“God bless you, comrade !” said the  
Chief ; “God bless your loyal  
heart !  
But younger men are in the field, and  
claim to have their part :  
They 'll plant our sacred banner in each  
rebellious town,  
And woe, henceforth, to any hand that  
dares to pull it down !”

VII.

“But, General,” — still persisting, the  
weeping veteran cried,  
“I'm young enough to follow, so long  
as *you* 're my guide ;  
And some, you know, must bite the dust,  
and that, at least, can I, —  
So, give the young ones place to fight,  
but me a place to die !

VIII.

“If they should fire on Pickens, let the  
Colonel in command  
Put me upon the rampart, with the flag-  
staff in my hand :  
No odds how hot the cannon-smoke, or  
how the shells may fly ;  
I'll hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and  
hold them till I die !

IX.

“I'm ready, General, so you let a post  
to me be given,  
Where Washington can see me, as he  
looks from highest heaven,  
And say to Putnam at his side, or, may  
be, General Wayne ;  
There stands old Billy Johnson, that  
fought at Lundy's Lane !”

X.

“And when the fight is hottest, before  
the traitors fly,  
When shell and ball are screeching and  
bursting in the sky,  
If any shot should hit me, and lay me  
on my face,

My soul would go to Washington's, and  
not to Arnold's place !”

*May, 1861.*

MARCH.

With rushing winds and gloomy skies  
The dark and stubborn Winter dies :  
Far-off, unseen, Spring faintly cries,  
Bidding her earliest child arise :

March

By streams still held in icy snare,  
On southern hillsides, melting bare,  
O'er fields that motley colors wear,  
That summons fills the changeful air :

March

What though conflicting seasons make  
Thy days their field, they woo or shake  
The sleeping lids of Life awake,  
And hope is stronger for thy sake,

March !

Then from thy mountains, ribbed with  
snow,

Once more thy rousing bugle blow,  
And East and West, and to and fro,  
Announce thy coming to the foe,

March !

Say to the picket, chilled and numb ;  
Say to the camp's impatient hum ;  
Say to the trumpet and the drum :  
“Lift up your hearts, I come ! I come !”

March !

Cry to the waiting hosts that stray  
On sandy seashores, far away,  
By marshy isle and gleaming bay,  
Where Southern March is Northern

May :

March !

Announce thyself with welcome noise,  
Where Glory's victor-eagles poise  
Above the proud, heroic boys  
Of Iowa and Illinois :

March .

Then down the long Potomac's line  
Shout like a storm on hills of pine,  
Till ramrods ring and bayonets shine .  
“Advance ! The Chieftain's call is  
mine, —

MARCH !”

*March 1, 1862.*

## A THOUSAND YEARS.

[NOVGOROD, RUSSIA, SEPT. 20, 1862.]

A THOUSAND years! Through storm  
and fire,  
With varying fate, the work has  
grown,  
Till Alexander crowns the spire,  
Where Rurik laid the corner-stone.

The chieftain's sword, that could not  
rust,  
But bright in constant battle grew,  
Raised to the world a throne august, —  
A nation grander than he knew.

Nor he, alone; but those who have,  
Through faith or deed, an equal part:  
The subtle brain of Yaroslav,  
Vladimir's arm and Nikon's heart:

The later hands, that built so well  
The work sublime which these began,  
And up from base to pinnacle  
Wrought out the Empire's mighty  
plan.

All these, to-day, are crowned anew,  
And rule in splendor where they trod,  
While Russia's children throng to view  
Her holy cradle, Novgorod.

From Volga's banks; from Dwina's  
side;  
From pine-clad Ural, dark and long;  
Or where the foaming Terek's tide  
Leaps down from Kasbek, bright with  
song:

From Altaï's chain of mountain-cones;  
Mongolian deserts, far and free;  
And lands that bind, through changing  
zones,  
The Eastern and the Western sea!

To every race she gives a home,  
And creeds and laws enjoy her shade,  
Till, far beyond the dreams of Rome,  
Her Cæsar's mandate is obeyed.

She blends the virtues they impart,  
And holds, within her life combined,  
The patient faith of Asia's heart, —  
The force of Europe's restless mind.

She bids the nomad's wanderings cease;  
She binds the wild marauder fast;

Her ploughshares turn to homes of  
peace  
The battle-fields of ages past.

And, nobler yet, she dares to know  
Her future's task, nor knows in vain;  
But strikes at once the generous blow  
That makes her millions men again!

So, firmer-based, her power expands,  
Nor yet has seen its crowning hour, —  
Still teaching to the struggling lands  
That Peace the offspring is of Power

Build, then, the storied bronze, to tell  
The steps whereby this height she  
trod, —  
The thousand years that chronicle  
The toil of Man, the help of God!

And may the thousand years to come, —  
The future ages, wise and free, —  
Still see her flag, and hear her drum  
Across the world, from sea to sea! —

Still find, a symbol stern and grand,  
Her ancient eagle's wings unshorn:  
One head to watch the Western land,  
And one to guard the land of morn!

## A DAY IN MARCH.

Look forth, Beloved, from thy mansion  
high,  
By soft airs fanned,  
And see the summer from her bluest sky  
Surprise the land!

See how the bare hills bask in purple  
bliss  
Along the south:  
On the brown death of winter falls a kiss  
From summer's mouth!

From pines that weave, among the  
ravished trees,  
Their phantom bowers,  
A murmur comes, as sought the ghosts  
of bees  
The ghosts of flowers.

Though yet no blood may swell the wil-  
low rind,  
No grass-blade start,  
A dream of blossoms fills the yearning  
wind,  
Of love, my heart.

Look forth, Beloved, through the tender  
air,

And let thine eyes  
The violets be, it finds not anywhere,  
And scentless dies.

Look, and thy trembling locks of plen-  
teous gold

The day shall see,  
And search no more where first, on yon-  
der wold,  
The cowslips be.

Look, and the wandering summer not  
forlorn

Shall turn aside,  
Content to leave her million flowers un-  
born,  
Her songs untried.

Drowsy with life and not with sleep or  
death

I dream of thee :  
Breathe forth thy being in one answer-  
ing breath,  
And come to me !

Come forth, Beloved ! Love's exultant  
sign

Is in the sky :  
And let me lay my panting heart to  
thine  
And die !

### THE TEST.

"FAREWELL awhile, my bonnie dar-  
ling !

One long, close kiss, and I depart :  
I hear the angry trumpet snarling,  
The drum-beat tingles at my heart."

Behind him, softest flutes were breath-  
ing,

Across the vale their sweet recall ;  
Before him burst the battle, seething  
In flame beneath its thunder-pall.

All sights and sounds to stay invited ;  
The meadows tossed their foam of  
flowers ;

The lingering Day beheld, delighted,  
The dances of his amorous Hours.

He paused : again the foul temptation  
Assailed his heart, so firm before,

And tender dreams, of Love's crea-  
tion,

Persuaded from the peaceful shore.

"But no !" he sternly cried ; "I fol-  
low

The trumpet, not the shepherd's reed  
Let idlers pipe in pastoral hollow, —  
Be mine the sword, and mine the deed !

"Farewell to Love !" he murmured  
sighing :

"Perchance I lose what most is dear :  
But better there, struck down and dy-  
ing,

Than be a man and wanton here !"

He went where battle's voice was loud-  
est ;

He pressed where danger nearest  
came ;

His hand advanced, among the proud-  
est,

Their banner through the lines of  
flame.

And there, when wearied Carnage fal-  
tered

He, foremost of the fallen, lay,  
While Night looked down with brow un-  
altered,

And breathed the battle's dust away.

There lying, sore from wounds untended,  
A vision crossed the starry gleam :

The girl he loved beside him bended,  
And kissed him in his fever-dream.

"O love !" she cried, "you fled, to find  
me ;

I left with you the daisied vale ;  
I turned from flutes that wailed behind  
me,

To hear your trumpet's distant hail.

"Your tender vows, your peaceful kisses,  
They scarce outlived the moment's  
breath ;

But now we clasp immortal blisses  
Of Passion proved on brinks of Death !

"No fate henceforward shall estrange  
her

Who finds a heart more brave than  
fond ;

For Love, forsook this side of dan-  
ger,

Waits for the man who goes beyond !"



## THE NEVA.

I WALK, as in a dream,  
Beside the sweeping stream,  
Wrapped in the summer midnight's  
    amber haze :  
Serene the temples stand,  
And sleep, on either hand,  
The palace-fronts along the granite  
    quays.

Where golden domes, remote,  
Above the sea-mist float,  
The river-arms, dividing, hurry forth ;  
And Peter's fortress-spire,  
A slender lance of fire,  
Still sparkles back the splendor of the  
    North.

The pillared angel soars  
Above the silent shores ;  
Dark from his rock the horseman hangs  
    in air ;  
And down the watery line  
The exiled Sphinxes pine  
For Karnak's morning in the mellow  
    glare.

I hear, amid the hush,  
The restless current's rush,  
The Neva murmuring through his crystal  
    zone :  
A voice portentous, deep,  
To charm a monarch's sleep  
With dreams of power resistless as his  
    own.

Strong from the stormy Lake,  
Pure from the springs that break  
In Valdaï vales the forest's mossy floor,  
Greener than beryl-stone  
From fir-woods vast and lone,  
In one full stream the braided currents  
    pour.

"Build up your granite piles  
Around my trembling isles,"  
I hear the River's scornful Genius  
    say :  
"Raise for eternal time  
Your palaces sublime,  
And flash your golden turrets in the  
    day !

"But in my waters cold  
A mystery I hold, —  
Of empires and of dynasties the fate :

I bend my haughty will,  
Unchanged, unconquered still,  
And smile to note your triumph : mine  
    can wait.

"Your fetters I allow,  
As a strong man may bow  
His sportive neck to meet a child's com-  
    mand,  
And curb the conscious power  
That in one awful hour  
Could whelm your halls and temples  
    where they stand.

"When infant Rurik first  
His Norseland mother nursed,  
My willing flood the future chieftain  
    bore :  
To Alexander's fame  
I lent my ancient name,  
What time my waves ran red with Pa-  
    gan gore.

"Then Peter came. I laughed  
To feel his little craft  
Borne on my bosom round the marshy  
    isles :  
His daring dream to aid,  
My chafing floods I laid,  
And saw my shores transfixed with ar-  
    rowy piles.

"I wait the far-off day  
When other dreams shall sway  
The House of Empire built by my  
    side, —  
Dreams that already soar  
From yonder palace-door,  
And cast their wavering colors on my  
    tide, —

"Dreams where white temples rise  
Below the purple skies,  
By waters blue, which winter never  
    frets, —  
Where trees of dusky green  
From terraced gardens lean,  
And shoot on high the reedy min-  
    arets.

"Shadows of mountain-peaks  
Vex my unshadowed creeks ;  
Dark woods o'erhang my silvery birchen  
    bowers ;  
And islands, bald and high,  
Break my clear round of sky,  
And ghostly odors blow from distant  
    flowers.

"Then, ere the cold winds chase  
 These visions from my face,  
 I see the starry phantom of a crown,  
 Beside whose blazing gold  
 This cheating pomp is cold,  
 A moment hover, as the veil drops down.

"Build on! That day shall see  
 My streams forever free.  
 Swift as the wind, and silent as the  
 snow,  
 The frost shall split each wall:  
 Your domes shall crack and fall:  
 My bolts of ice shall strike your barriers  
 low!"

On palace, temple, spire,  
 The morn's descending fire  
 In thousand sparkles o'er the city fell:  
 Life's rising murmur drowned  
 The Neva where he wound  
 Between his isles: he keeps his secret  
 well.

## A STORY FOR A CHILD.

### I.

LITTLE one, come to my knee!  
 Hark how the rain is pouring  
 Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,  
 And the wind in the woods a-roar-  
 ing!

### II.

Hush, my darling, and listen,  
 Then pay for the story with kisses:  
 Father was lost in the pitch-black night,  
 In just such a storm as this is!

### III.

High up on the lonely mountains,  
 Where the wild men watched and  
 waited;  
 Wolves in the forest, and bears in the  
 bush,  
 And I on my path belated.

### IV.

The rain and the night together  
 Came down, and the wind came after,  
 Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,  
 And snapping many a rafter.

### V.

I crept along in the darkness,  
 Stunned, and bruised, and blinded —  
 Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,  
 And a sheltering rock behind it.

### VI.

There, from the blowing and raining  
 Crouching, I sought to hide me:  
 Something rustled, two green eyes  
 shone,  
 And a wolf lay down beside me.

### VII.

Little one, be not frightened;  
 I and the wolf together,  
 Side by side, through the long, long  
 night,  
 Hid from the awful weather.

### VIII.

His wet fur pressed against me;  
 Each of us warmed the other:  
 Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,  
 That beast and man was brother.

### IX.

And when the falling forest  
 No longer crashed in warning,  
 Each of us went from our hiding-place  
 Forth in the wild, wet morning.

### X.

Darling, kiss me payment!  
 Hark how the wind is roaring:  
 Father's house is a better place  
 When the stormy rain is pouring!





# HOME PASTORALS.

## AD AMICOS.

MOUNT CUBA, OCTOBER 10, 1874

SOMETIMES an hour of Fate's serenest weather  
Strikes through our changeful sky its coming beams;  
Somewhere above us, in elusive ether,  
Waits the fulfilment of our dearest dreams.

So, when the wayward time and gift have blended,  
When hope beholds relinquished visions won,  
The heavens are broken and a blue more splendid  
Holds in its bosom an enchanted sun.

Then words unguessed, in faith's own shyness guarded,  
To ears unused their welcome music bear :  
Then hands help on that doubtingly retarded,  
And love is liberal as the Summer air.

The thorny chaplet of a slow probation  
Becomes the laurel Fate so long denied ;  
The form achieved smiles on the aspiration,  
And dream is deed and Art is justified !

Ah, nevermore the dull neglect, that smothers  
The bard's dependent being, shall return ;  
Forgotten lines are on the lips of others,  
Extinguished thoughts in other spirits burn !

Still hoarded lives what seemed so spent and wasted,  
And echoes come from dark or empty years ;  
Here brims the golden cup, no more untasted,  
But fame is dim through mists of grateful tears.

I sang but as the living spirit taught me,  
Beat towards the light, perchance with wayward wing ;  
And still must answer, for the cheer you've brought me :  
I sang because I could not choose but sing.

From that wide air, whose greedy silence swallows  
So many voices, even as mine seemed lost,  
I hear you speak, and sudden glory follows,  
As from a falling tongue of Pentecost.

So heard and hailed by you, that, standing nearest,  
Blend love with faith in one far-shining flame,  
I hold anew the earliest gift and dearest, —  
The happy Song that cares not for its fame !

B. T.

## HOME PASTORALS.

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### PROËM.

#### I.

Now, when the mocking-bird, returned from his Florida winter,  
Sings where the sprays of the elm first touch the plumes of the cypress;  
When on the southern porch the stars of the jessamine sparkle  
Faint in the dusk of leaves; and the thirsty ear of the Poet  
Calls for the cup of song himself must mix ere it gladden,—  
Careful vintager first, though latest guest at the banquet,—  
Where shall he turn? What foreign Muse invites to her vineyard?  
Out of what bloom of the Past the wine of remoter romances?  
Foxy our grapes, of earthy tang and a wildwood astringence  
Unto fastidious tongues; but later, it may be, their juices,  
Mellowed by time, shall grow to be sweet on the palates of others.  
So will I paint in my verse the forms of the life I am born to,  
Not mediæval, or ancient! For whatso hath palpable colors,  
Drawn from being and blood, nor thrown by the spectrum of Fancy,  
Charms in the Future even as truth of the Past in the Present.

#### II.

Not for this, nor for nearer voices of intimate counsel,—  
When were ever they heeded?—but since I am sated with visions,  
Sated with all the siren Past and its rhythmical phantoms,  
Here will I seek my songs in the quiet fields of my boyhood,  
Here, where the peaceful tent of home is pitched for a season.  
High is the house and sunny the lawn: the capes of the woodlands,  
Bluff, and buttressed with many boughs, are gates to the distance  
Blue with hill over hill, that sink as the pausing of music.  
Here the hawthorn blossoms, the breeze is blithe in the orchards,  
Winds from the Chcsapeake dull the sharper edge of the winters,  
Letting the cypress live, and the mounded box, and the holly;  
Here the chestnuts fall and the cheeks of peaches are crimson,  
Ivy clings to the wall and sheltered fattens the fig-tree.  
North and South are as one in the blended growth of the region,  
One in the temper of man, and ancient, inherited habits.

#### III.

Yet, though fair as the loveliest landscapes of pastoral England,  
Who hath touched them with song? and whence my music, and whither?



Life still bears the stamp of its early struggle and labor,  
 Still is shorn of its color by pious Quaker repression,  
 Still is turbid with calm, or only swift in the shallows.  
 Gone are the olden cheer, the tavern-dance and the fox-hunt,  
 Muster at trainings, buxom lasses that rode upon pillions,  
 Husking-parties and jovial home-comings after the wedding,  
 Gone, as they never had been! — and now, the serious people  
 Solemnly gather to hear some wordy itinerant speaker  
 Talking of Temperance, Peace, or the Right of Suffrage for Women  
 Sport, that once like a boy was equally awkward and restless,  
 Sits with thumb in his mouth, while a petulant ethical bantling  
 Struts with his rod, and threatens our careless natural joyance.  
 Weary am I with all this preaching the force of example,  
 Painful duty to self, and painfuller still to one's neighbor,  
 Moral shibboleths, dinned in one's ears with slaverling unction,  
 Till, for the sake of a change, profanity loses its terrors.

## IV.

Clearly, if song is here to be found, I must seek it within me :  
 Song, the darling spirit that ever asserted her freedom,  
 Soaring on sunlit wing above the clash of opinions,  
 Poised at the height of Good with a sweeter and lovelier instinct !  
 Call thee I will not, my life's one dear and beautiful Angel,  
 Wayward, faithful and fond ; but, like the Friends in the Meeting,  
 Waiting, will so dispose my soul in the pastoral stillness,  
 That, denied to Desire, Obedience yet may invite thee !

## MAY-TIME.

## I.

YES, it is May ! though not that the young leaf pushes its velvet  
 Out of the sheath, that the stubbornest sprays are beginning to burgeon,  
 Larks responding aloft to the mellow flute of the bluebird,  
 Nor that song and sunshine and odors of life are immingled  
 Even as wines in a cup ; but that May, with her delicate philtres  
 Drenches the veins and the valves of the heart, — a double possession,  
 Touching the sleepy sense with sweet, irresistible languor,  
 Piercing, in turn, the languor with flame : as the spirit, requickened  
 Stirred in the womb of the world, foreboding a birth and a being !

## II.

Who can hide from her magic, break her insensible thraldom,  
 Clothing the wings of eager delight as with plumage of trouble ?  
 Sweeter, perchance, the embryo Spring, forerunner of April,  
 When on banks that slope to the south the saxifrage wakens,  
 When, beside the dentils of frost that cornice the road-side,  
 Weeds are a promise, and woods betray the trailing arbutus.  
 Once is the sudden miracle seen, the truth and its rapture  
 Felt, and the pulse of the possible May is throbbing already.  
 Thus unto me, a boy, the clod that was warm in the sunshine,  
 Murmurs of thaw, and imagined hurry of growth in the herbage,  
 Aurs from over the southern hills, — and something within me  
 Catching a deeper sign from these than ever the senses, —  
 Came as a call : I awoke, and heard, and endeavored to answer.

Whence should fall in my lap the sweet, impossible marvel?  
 When would the silver fay appear from the willowy thicket?  
 When from the yielding rock the gnome with his basket of jewels?  
 "When, ah when?" I cried, on the steepest perch of the hillside  
 Standing with arms outspread, and waiting a wind that should bear me  
 Over the apple-tree tops and over the farms of the valley.

## III.

He, that will, let him backward set the stream of his fancy,  
 So to evoke a dream from the ruined world of his boyhood!  
 Lo, it is easy! Yonder, lapped in the folds of the uplands,  
 Bickers the brook, to warmer hollows southerly creeping,  
 Where the veronica's eyes are blue, the buttercup brightens,  
 Where the anemones blush, the coils of fern are unrolling  
 Hour by hour, and over them flutter the sprinkles of shadow.  
 There shall I lie and dangle my naked feet in the water,  
 Watching the sleeping buds as one after one they awaken,  
 Seeking a lesson in each, a brookside primrose of Wordsworth? —  
 Lie in the lap of May, as a babe that loveth the cradle,  
 I, whom her eye inspires, whom the breath of her passion arouses?  
 Say, shall I stray with bended head to look for her posies,  
 When with other wings than the coveted lift of the breezes  
 Far I am borne, at her call: and the pearly abysses are parted  
 Under my flight: the glimmering edge of the planet, receding,  
 Rounds to the splendor sun and ripens to glory of color.  
 Veering at will, I view from a crest of the jungled Antilles  
 Sparkling, limitless billows of greenness, falling and flowing  
 Into fringes of palm and the foam of the blossoming coffee, —  
 Cratered isles in the offing, milky blurs of the coral  
 Keys, and vast, beyond, the purple arc of the ocean:  
 Or, in the fanning furnace-winds of the tenantless Pampas,  
 Hear the great leaves clash, the shiver and hiss of the reed-bed.  
 Thus for the crowded fulness of life I leave its beginnings,  
 Not content to feel the sting of an exquisite promise  
 Ever renewed and accepted, and ever freshly forgotten.

## IV.

Wherefore, now, recall the pictures of memory? Wherefore  
 Yearn for a fairer seat of life than this I have chosen?  
 Ah, while my quiver of wandering years was yet unexhausted,  
 Treading the lands, a truant that wasted the gifts of his freedom,  
 Sweet was the sight of a home — or tent, or cottage, or castle, —  
 Sweet unto pain; and never beheld I a Highlander's shieling,  
 Never a Flemish hut by a lazy canal and its pollards,  
 Never the snowy gleam of a porch through Apennine orchards,  
 Never a nest of life on the hoary hills of Judæa,  
 Dropped on the steppes of the Don, or hidden in valleys of Norway  
 But, with the fond and foolish trick of a heart that was homeless,  
 Each was mine, as I passed: I entered in and possessed it,  
 Looked, in fancy, forth, and adjusted my life to the landscape.  
 Easy it seemed, to shift the habit of blood as a mantle,  
 Fable a Past, and lightly take the form of the Future,  
 So that a rest were won, a hold for the filaments, floating  
 Loose in the winds of Life. Here, now, behold it accomplished!  
 Nay, but the restless Fate, the certain Nemesis follows,  
 As to the bird the voice that bids him prepare for his passage,

Saying : " Not this is the whole, not these, nor any, the borders  
Set for thy being ; this measured, slow repetition of Nature,  
Painting, effacing, in turn, with hardly a variant outline,  
Cannot replace for thee the Earth's magnificent frescos !  
Art thou content to inhabit a simple pastoral chamber,  
Leaving the endless halls of her grandeur and glory untrodden ? "

## V.

Man, I answer, is more : I am gluttoned with physical beauty  
Born of the suns and rains and the plastic throes of the ages.  
Man is more ; but neither dwarfed like a tree of the Arctic  
Vales, nor clipped into shape as a yew in the gardens of princes.  
Give me to know him, here, where inherited laws and disguises  
Hide him at times from himself, — where his thought is chiefly collective,  
Where, with numberless others fettered like slaves in a coffer,  
Each insists he is free, inasmuch as his bondage is willing.  
Who hath rent from the babe the primitive rights of his nature ?  
Who hath fashioned his yoke ? who patterned beforehand his manhood ?  
Say, shall never a soul be moved to challenge its portion,  
Seek for a wider heritage lost, a new disenfranchisement,  
Sending a root to be fed from the deep original sources,  
So that the fibres wax till they split the centuried granite ?  
Surely, starting alike at birth from the ignorant Adam,  
Every type of the race were here indistinctly repeated,  
Hinted in hopes and desires, and harmless divergence of habit,  
Save that the law of the common mind is invisibly written  
Even on our germs, and Life but warms into color the letters.

## VI.

Thence, it may be, accustomed to dwell in a moving horizon,  
Here, alas ! the steadfast circle of things is a weary  
Round of monotonous forms : I am haunted by livelier visions.  
Linking men and their homes, endowing both with the language,  
Sweeter than speech, the soul detects in a natural picture,  
I to my varying moods the fair remembrances summon,  
Glad that once and somewhere each was a perfect possession.  
Two will I paint, the forms of the double passion of May-time, —  
Rest and activity, indolent calm and the sweep of the senses.  
One, the soft green lap of a deep Dalecarlian valley,  
Sheltered by piny hills and the distant porphyry mountains ;  
Low and red the house, and the meadow spotted with cattle ;  
All things fair and clear in the light of the midsummer Sabbath,  
Touching, beyond the steel-blue lake and the twinkle of birch-trees,  
Houses that nestle like chicks around the motherly church-roof.  
There, I know, there is innocence, ancient duty and honor,  
Love that looks from the eye and truth that sits on the forehead,  
Pure, sweet blood of health, and the harmless freedom of nature,  
Witless of blame ; for the heart is safe in inviolate childhood.  
Dear is the scene, but it fades : I see, with a leap of the pulses,  
Tawny under the lidless sun the sand of the Desert,  
Fiery solemn hills, and the burning green of the date-trees  
Belting the Nile : the tramp of the curvetting stallions is muffled ;  
Brilliantly stamped on the blue are the white and scarlet of turbans ;  
Lances prick the sky with a starry glitter ; the fulness,  
Joy, and delight of life are sure of the day and the morrow,  
Certain the gifts of sense, and the simplest order suffices.



Breathing again, as once, the perfect air of the Desert,  
 Good it seems to escape from the endless menace of duty,  
 There, where the will is free, and wilfully plays with its freedom,  
 And the lack of will for the evil thing is a virtue.

## VII.

Man is more, I have said : but the subject mood is a fashion  
 Wrought of his lighter mind and dyed with the hues of his senses.  
 Then to be truly more, to be verily free, to be master  
 As beseems to the haughty soul that is lifted by knowledge  
 Over the multitude's law, enforcing their own acquiescence, —  
 Lifted to longing and will, in its satisfied loneliness centred, —  
 This prohibits the cry of the nerves, the weak lamentation  
 Shaming my song: for I know whence cometh its languishing burden.  
 Impotent all I have dreamed, — and the calmer vision assures me  
 Such were barren, and vapid the taste of joy that is skin-deep.  
 Better the nest than the wandering wing, the loving possession,  
 Intimate, ever-renewed, than the circle of shallower changes.

## AUGUST.

## I.

DEAD is the air, and still ! the leaves of the locust and walnut  
 Lazily hang from the boughs, inlaying their intricate outlines  
 Rather on space than the sky, — on a tideless expansion of slumber.  
 Faintly afar in the depths of the duskily withering grasses  
 Katydids chirp, and I hear the monotonous rattle of crickets.  
 Dead is the air, and ah ! the breath that was wont to refresh me  
 Out of the volumes I love, the heartfelt, whispering pages,  
 Dies on the type, and I see but wearisome characters only.  
 Therefore be still, thou yearning voice from the garden in Jena, —  
 Still, thou answering voice from the park-side cottage in Weimar, —  
 Still, sentimental echo from chambers of office in Dresden, —  
 Ye, and the feebler and farther voices that sound in the pauses !  
 Each and all to the shelves I return : for vain is your commerce  
 Now, when the world and the brain are numb in the torpor of August.

## II.

Over the tasselled corn, and fields of the twice-blossomed clover,  
 Dimly the hills recede in the reek of the colorless hazes :  
 Dull and lustreless, now, the burnished green of the woodlands ;  
 Leaves of blackberry briars are bronzed and besprinkled with copper ;  
 Weeds in the unmown meadows are blossoming purple and yellow,  
 Roughly entwined, a wreath for the tan and wrinkles of Summer.  
 Where shall I turn ? What path attracts the indifferent footstep,  
 Eager no more as in June, nor lifted with wings as in May-time ?  
 Whitherward look for a goal, when buds have exhausted their promise  
 Harvests are reaped, and grapes and berries are waiting for Autumn ?  
 Wander, my feet, as ye list ! I am careless, to-day, to direct you.  
 Take, here, the path by the pines, the russet carpet of needles  
 Stretching from wood to wood, and hidden from sight by the orchard !  
 Here, in the sedge of the slope, the centuary, pink as a sea-shell,  
 Opens her stars all at once, and with finer than tropical spices  
 Sweetens the season's drouth, the censer of fields that are sterile.

Now, from the height of the grove, between the irregular tree-trunks,  
Over the falling fields and the meadowy curves of the valley,  
Glimmer the peaceful farms, the mossy roofs of the houses,  
Gables gray of the neighboring barns, and gleams of the highway  
Climbing the ridges beyond to dip in the dream of a forest.

## III.

Ah, forsaking the shade, and slowly crushing the stubble,  
Parting the viscous roseate stems and the keen pennyroyal,  
Rises a different scene, suggestion of heat and of stillness, —  
Heat as intense and stillness as dumb, the immaculate ether's  
Hush when it vaults the waveless Mediterranean sea-floor;  
Golden the hills of Cos, with pencilled cerulean shadows;  
Phantoms of Carian shores that are painted and fade in the distance;  
Patmos behind, and westward the flushed Ariadnean Naxos, —  
Once as I saw them sleeping, drugged by the poppy of Summer.  
There, indeed, was the air, as with floating stars of the thistle  
Filled with impalpable forms, regrets, possibilities, longings,  
Beauty that was and was not, and Life that was rhythmic and joyous,  
So that the sun-baked clay the peasant took for his wine-jars  
Brighter than gold I thought, and the red acidity nectar.  
Here, at my feet, the clay is clay and a nuisance the stubble,  
Flaring St. John's-wort, milk-weed, and coarse, unpoetical mullein; —  
Yet, were it not for the poets, say, is the asphodel fairer?  
Were not the mullein as dear, had Theocritus sung it, or Bion?  
Yea, but they did not; and we, whose fancy's tenderest tendrils  
Shoot unsupported, and wither, for want of a Past we can cling to,  
We, so starved in the Present, so weary of singing the Future, —  
What is 't to us, if, haply, a score of centuries later,  
Milk-weed inspires Patagonian tourists, and mulleins are classic?

## IV.

Idly balancing fortunes, feeling the spite of them, maybe, —  
For the little withheld outweighs the much that is given, —  
Feeling the pang of the brain, the endless, unquenchable yearning  
Born of the knowledge of Beauty, not to be shared or imparted,  
Slowly I stray, and drop by degrees to the thickets of alder  
Fringing a couch of the stream, a basin of watery slumber.  
Broken, it seems; for the splash and the drip and the bubbles betoken  
What? — the bath of a nymph, the bashful strife of a Hylas?  
Broad is the back, and bent from an un-Olympian stooping,  
Narrow the loins and firm, the white of the thighs and the shoulders  
Changing to reddest and toughest of tan at the knees and the elbows.  
Is it a faun? He sees me, nor cares to hide in the thickets.  
Faun of the bog is he, a sylvan creature of Galway  
Come from the ditch below, to cleanse him of sweat and of muck-stain.  
Willing to give me speech, as, naked, he stands in the shallows.  
Something of coarse, uncouth, barbaric, he leaves on the bank there;  
Something of primitive human fairness cometh to clothe him.  
Were he not bent with the pick, but straightened from reaching the bunches  
Hung from the mulberry branches, — heard he the bacchanal cymbals,  
Took from the sun an even gold on the web of his muscles,  
Knew the bloom of his stunted bud of delight of the senses, —  
Then as faun or shepherd he might have been welcome in marble.  
Yea, but he is not; and I, requiring the beautiful balance,  
Music of life in the body, and limbs too fair to be hidden,

Find, indeed, some delicate colors and possible graces, —  
 Moral hints of the man beneath the unsavory garments, —  
 Find them, and sigh, lamenting the law reversed of the races  
 Starting the world afresh on the basis unlovely of Labor.

## V.

Was it a spite of fate that blew me hither, an exile,  
 Still unweaned, and not to be weaned, from the milk I was born to ?  
 Bitter the stranger's bread to the homesick, hungering palate ;  
 Bitterer still to the soul the taste of the food that is foreign !  
 Yet must I take it, yet live, and somehow seem to be healthy,  
 Lest my neighbors, perchance, be shocked by an uncomprehended  
 Violent clamor for that which I crave and they cannot supply me, —  
 Hunger unmeet for the times, anachronistical passions, —  
 Beauty seeming distorted because the rule is distortion.  
 Here is a tangle which, now, too idle am I to unravel,  
 Snared, moreover, by bitter-sweet, moon-seed, and riotous fox-grape,  
 Meshing the thickets : *procul, O procul*, unpractical fancies !  
 Verily, thus bewildering myself in the maze of æsthetic,  
 Solveless problems, the feet were wellnigh heedlessly fettered.  
 Thoughtless, 't is true, I relinquished my books ; but *crescit eundo*  
 Wisely was said, — for desperate vacancy prompted the ramble,  
 Memories prolonged, and a phantom of logic urges it onward.

## VI.

Here are the fields again ! The soldierly maize in tassel  
 Stands on review, and carries the scabbarded ears in its arm-pits.  
 Rustling I part the ranks, — the close, engulfing battalions  
 Shaking their plumes overhead, — and, wholly bewildered and heated,  
 Gain the top of the ridge, where stands, colossal, the pin-oak.  
 Yonder, a mile away, I see the roofs of the village, —  
 See the crouching front of the meeting-house of the Quakers,  
 Oddly conjoined with the whittled Presbyterian steeple.  
 Right and left are the homes of the slow, conservative farmers,  
 Loyal people and true, but, now that the battles are over,  
 Zealous for Temperance, Peace, and the Right of Suffrage for Women.  
 Orderly, moral, are they, — at least, in the sense of suppression ;  
 Given to preaching of rules, inflexible outlines of duty ;  
 Seeing the sternness of life, but, alas ! overlooking its graces.  
 Let me be juster : the scattered seeds of the graces are planted  
 Widely apart ; but the trumpet-vine on the porch is a token ;  
 Yea, and awake and alive are the forces of love and affection,  
 Plastic forces that work from the tenderer models of beauty.  
 Who shall dare to speak of the possible ? Who shall encounter  
 Pity and wrath and reproach, recalling the record immortal  
 Left by the races when Beauty was law and Joy was religion ?  
 Who to the Duty in drab shall bring the garlanded Pleasure ? —  
 Break with the chant of the gods, the gladsome timbrels of morning,  
 Nasal, monotonous chorals, sung by the sad congregation ?  
 Better it were to sleep with the owl, to house with the hornet,  
 Than to conflict with the satisfied moral sense of the people.

## VII.

Nay, but let me be just ; nor speak with the alien language  
 Born of my blood ; for, cradled among them, I know them and love them.



Was it my fault, if a strain of the distant and dead generations  
 Rose in my being, renewed, and made me other than these are ?  
 Purer, perhaps, their habit of law than the freedom they shrink from ;  
 So, restricted by will, a little indulgence is riot.  
 They, content with the glow of a carefully tempered twilight,  
 Measured pulses of joy, and colorless growth of the senses,  
 Stand aghast at my dream of the sun, and the sound, and the splendor .  
 Mine it is, and remains, resenting the threat of suppression,  
 Stubbornly shaping my life, and feeding with fragments its hunger.  
 Drifted from Attican hills to stray on a Scythian level,  
 So unto me it appears, — unto them a perversion and scandal.

## VIII.

Lo ! in the vapors, the sun, colossal and crimson and beamless,  
 Touches the woodland ; fingers of air prepare for the dew-fall.  
 Life is fresher and sweeter, insensibly toning to softness  
 Needs and desires that are but the brodered hem of its mantle,  
 Not the texture of daily use ; and the soul of the landscape,  
 Breathing of justified rest, of peace developed by patience,  
 Lures me to feel the exquisite senses that come from denial,  
 Sharper passion of Beauty never fulfilled in external  
 Forms or conditions, but always a fugitive has-been or may-be.  
 Bright and alive as a want, incarnate it dozes and fattens.  
 Thus, in aspiring, I reach what were lost in the idle possession ;  
 Helped by the laws I resist, the forces that daily depress me ;  
 Bearing in secreter joy a luminous life in my bosom,  
 Fair as the stars on Cos, the moon on the bosage of Naxos !  
 Thus the skeleton Hours are clothed with rosier bodies :  
 Thus the buried Bacchanals rise unto lustier dances :  
 Thus the neglected god returns to his desolate temple :  
 Beauty, thus rethroned, accepts and blesses her children !

## NOVEMBER.

## I.

WRAPPED in his sad-colored cloak, the Day, like a Puritan, standeth  
 Stern in the joyless fields, rebuking the lingering color, —  
 Dying hectic of leaves and the chilly blue of the asters, —  
 Hearing, perchance, the croak of a crow on the desolate tree-top,  
 Breathing the reek of withered weeds, or the drifted and sodden  
 Splendors of woodland, as whoso piously groaneth in spirit :  
 "Vanity, verily ; yea, it is vanity, let me forsake it !  
 Yea, let it fade, for Life is the empty clash of a cymbal,  
 Joy a torch in the hands of a fool, and Beauty a pitfall !"

## II.

Once, I remember, when years had the long duration of ages,  
 Came, with November, despair ; for summer had vanished forever.  
 Lover of light, my boyish heart as a lover's was jealous,  
 Followed forsaking suns and felt its passion rejected,  
 Saw but Age and Death, in the whole wide circle of Nature  
 Throned forever ; and hardly yet have I steadied by knowledge  
 Faith that faltered and patience that was but a weary submission.  
 Though to the right and left I hear the call of the huskers

Scattered among the rustling shocks, and the cheerily whistled  
Lilt of an old plantation tune from an ebony teamster;  
These behold no more than the regular jog of a mill-wheel  
Where, unto me, there is possible end and diviner beginning.  
Silent are now the flute of Spring and the clarion of Summer  
As they had never been blown: the wail of a dull *Miserere*  
Heavily sweeps the woods, and, stifled, dies in the valleys.

## III.

Who are they that prate of the sweet consolation of Nature?  
They who fly from the city's heat for a month to the sea-shore,  
Drink of unsavory springs, or camp in the green Adirondacks?  
They, long since, have left with their samples of ferns and of *algæ*,  
Memories carefully dried and somewhat lacking in color,  
Gossip of tree and cliff and wave and modest adventure,  
Such as a graceful sentiment — not too earnest — admits of,  
Heard in the pause of a dance or bridging the gaps of a dinner.  
Nay, but I, who know her, exult in her profligate seasons,  
Turn from the silence of men to her fancied, fond recognition,  
I am repelled at last by her sad and cynical humor.  
Kinder, cheerier now, were the pavements crowded with people,  
Walls that hide the sky, and the endless racket of business.  
There a hope in something lifts and enlivens the current,  
Face seeth face, and the hearts of a million, beating together,  
Hidden though each from other, at least are outwardly nearer,  
Lending the life of all to the one, — bestowing and taking,  
Weaving a common web of strength in the meshes of contact,  
Close, yet never impeded, restrained, yet delighting in freedom.  
There the soul, secluded in self, or touching its fellow  
Only with horny palms that hide the approach of the pulses,  
Driven abroad, discovers the secret signs of its kindred,  
Kisses on lips unknown, and words on the tongue of the stranger.  
Life is set to a statelier march, a grander accordance  
Follows its multitudinous steps of dance and of battle:  
Part hath each in the music; even the sacredest whisper  
Findeth a soul unafraid and an ear that is ready to listen.

## IV.

Nature? 'T is well to sing of the glassy Bandusian fountain,  
Shining Ortygian beaches, or flocks on the meadows of Enna,  
Linking the careless life with the careless mood of the Mother.  
We, afar and alone, confronted with heavier questions,  
Robbed of the oaten pipe before it is warm in our fingers.  
Why should we feign a faith? — why crown an indifferent goddess?  
Under the gray, monotonous vault what carolling song-bird  
Hopes for an echo? Closer and lower the vapors are folded;  
Sighing shiver the woods, though drifted leaves are unrusted;  
Ghosts of the grasses that fled with a breath and floated in sunshine  
Hang unstirred on brier and fence; for a new desolation  
Comes with the rain, that, chilly and quietly creeping at nightfall,  
Thence for many a day shall dismally drizzle and darken.

## V.

"See!" (methinks I hear the mechanical routine repeated,)  
"Emblems of faith in the folded bud and the seed that is sleeping!"

Knowledge, not Faith, deduced the similitude ; how shall an emblem  
 Give to the soul the steadfast truth that alone satisfies it ?  
 Joy of the Spring I can feel, but not the preaching of Autumn.  
 Earth, if a lesson is wrought upon each of thy radiant pages,  
 Give us the words that sustain us, and not the words that discourage !  
 Sceptic art thou become, the breeder of doubt and confusion,  
 Powerless vassal of Fate, assuming a meek resignation,  
 Yielding the forces that moved in thy life and made it triumphant !

## VI.

Now, as my circle of home is slowly swallowed in darkness,  
 As with the moan of winds the rain is drearily falling, —  
 Hopes that drew as the sun and aims that stood as the pole-star  
 Fading aloof from my life as though it never had known them, —  
 Where, when the wont is deranged, shall I find a permanent foothold ?  
 Stripped of the rags of Time I see the form of my being,  
 Born of all that ever has been, and haughtily reaching  
 Forward to all that comes, — yet certain, this moment, of nothing.  
 Chide or condemn as ye may, the truant and mutinous spirit  
 Turns on itself, and forces release from its holiest habit ;  
 Soars where the suns are sprinkled in cold illimited darkness,  
 Peoples the spheres with far diviner forms of existence,  
 Questions, conjectures at will ; for Earth and its creeds are forgotten.  
 Thousands of æons it gathers, yet scarce its feet are supported ;  
 Dumb is the universe unto the secrets of Whence ? and of Whither ?  
 So, as a dove through the summits of ether falling exhausted,  
 Under it yawns the blank of an infinite Something — or Nothing !

## VII.

Let me indulge in the doubt, for this is the token of freedom,  
 This is all that is safe from hands that would fain intermeddle,  
 Thrusting their worn phylacteries over the eyes that are seeking  
 Truth as it shines in the sky, not truth as it smokes in their lantern.  
 Ah, shall I venture alone beyond the limits they set us,  
 Bearing the spark within till a breath of the Deity fan it  
 Into an upward-pointing flame ? — and, forever unquiet,  
 Nearer through error advance, and nearer through ignorant yearning ?  
 Yes, it must be : the soul from the soul cannot hide or diminish  
 Aught of its essence : here the duplicate nature is ended :  
 Here the illusions recede, at man's unassailable centre.  
 And the nearness and farness of God are all that is left him.

## VIII.

Lo ! as I muse, there come on the lonely darkness and silence  
 Gleams like those of the sun that reach his uttermost planet,  
 Inwardly dawning ; and faint and sweet as the voices of waters  
 Borne from a sleeping mountain-vale on a breeze of the midnight,  
 Falls a message of cheer : “ Be calm, for to doubt is to seek whom  
 None can escape, and the soul is dulled with an idle acceptance.  
 Crying, questioning, stumbling in gloom, thy pathway ascendeth ;  
 They with the folded hands at the last relapse into strangers.  
 Over thy head, behold ! the wing with its measureless shadow  
 Spread against the light, is the wing of the Angel of Unfaith,  
 Chosen of God to shield the eyes of men from His glory.  
**Thus through mellower twilights of doubt thou climbest undazzled,**



Mornward ever directed, and even in wandering guided.  
 God is patient of souls that reach through an endless creation,  
 So but His shadow be seen, but heard the trail of His mantle !”

## IX.

Who is alone in this ? The elder brothers, immortal,  
 Leaned o'er the selfsame void and rose to the same consolation,  
 Human therein as we, however diviner their message.  
 Even as the liquid soul of summer, pent in the flagon,  
 Waits in the darksome vault till we crave its odor and sunshine,  
 So in the Past the words of life, the voices eternal.  
 Freedom like theirs we claim, yet lovingly guard in the freedom  
 Sympathies due to the time and help to the limited effort ;  
 Thus with double arms embracing our duplicate being,  
 Setting a foot in either world, we stand as the Masters.  
 Ah, but who can arise so far, except in his longing ?  
 Give me thy hand ! — the soft and quickening life of thy pulses  
 Spans the slackened spirit and lifts the eyelids of Fancy :  
 Doubt is of loneliness born, belief companions the lover.  
 Ever from thee, as once from youth's superfluous forces,  
 Courage and hope are renewed, the endless future created.  
 Out of the season's hollow the sunken sun shall be lifted,  
 Bringing faith in his beams, the green resurrection of Easter,  
 After the robes of death by the angels of air have been scattered,  
 Climbing the heights of heaven, to stand supreme at his solstice !

## L'ENVOI

## I.

MAY-TIME and August, November, and over the winter to May-time,  
 Year after year, or shaken by nearness of imminent battle,  
 Or as remote from the stir as an isle of the sleepy Pacific,  
 Here, at least, I have tasted peace in the pauses of labor,  
 Rest as of sleep, the gradual growth of deliberate Nature.  
 Here, escaped from the conflict of taste, the confusion of voices  
 Heard in a land where the form of Art abides as a stranger,  
 Come to me definite hopes and clearer possible duties,  
 Faith in the steadfast service, content with tardy achievement.  
 Here, in men, I have found the elements working as elsewhere,  
 Ever betraying the surge and swell of invisible currents,  
 Which, from beneath, from the deepest bases of thought in the people,  
 Press, and heavy with change, and filled with visions unspoken,  
 Bear us onward to shape the formless face of the Future.

## II.

Now, if the tree I planted for mine must shadow another's,  
 If the uncounted tender memories, sown with the seasons,  
 Filling the webs of ivy, the grove, the terrace of roses,  
 Clothing the lawn with unwithering green, the orchard with blossoms,  
 Singing a finer song to the exquisite motion of waters,  
 Breathing profounder calm from the dark Dodonian oak-trees,  
 Now must be lost, till, haply, the hearts of others renew them, —  
 Yet we have had and enjoyed, we have and enjoy them forever.  
 Drops from the bough the fruit that here was sunnily ripened :

Other will grow as well on the westward slope of the garden.  
Sorrowing not, nor driven forth by the sword of an angel,  
Nay, but borne by a fuller tide as a ship from the harbor,  
Slowly out of our eyes the pastoral bliss of the landscape  
Fades, and is dim, and sinks below the rim of the ocean.

## III.

Sorrowing not, I have said : with thee was the ceasing of sorrow.  
Hope from thy lips I have drawn, and subtler strength from thy spirit,  
Sharer of dream and of deed, inflexible conscience of Beauty !  
Though as a Grace thou art dear, as a guardian Muse thou art earnest,  
Walking with purer feet the paths of song that I venture,  
Side by side, unwearied, in cheerful, encouraging silence.  
Not thy constant woman's heart alone I have wedded ;  
One are we made in patience and faith and high aspiration.  
Thus, at last, the light of the fortunate age is recovered :  
Thus, wherever we wander, the shrine and the oracle follow !

# BALLADS.





## BALLADS.

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### THE QUAKER WIDOW.

#### I.

THEE finds me in the garden, Hannah, — come in ! 'T is kind of thee  
To wait until the Friends were gone, who came to comfort me.  
The still and quiet company a peace may give, indeed,  
But blessed is the single heart that comes to us at need.

#### II.

Come, sit thee down ! Here is the bench where Benjamin would sit  
On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch the swallows flit :  
He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the pleasant bees  
Go humming round the lilacs and through the apple-trees.

#### III.

I think he loved the spring : not that he cared for flowers : most men  
Think such things foolishness, — but we were first acquainted then,  
One spring : the next he spoke his mind ; the third I was his wife,  
And in the spring (it happened so) our children entered life.

#### IV.

He was but seventy-five : I did not think to lay him yet  
In Kennett graveyard, where at Monthly Meeting first we met.  
The Father's mercy shows in this : 't is better I should be  
Picked out to bear the heavy cross — alone in age — than he.

#### V.

We 've lived together fifty years : it seems but one long day,  
One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called away ;  
And as we bring from Meeting-time a sweet contentment home,  
So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days to come.

#### VI.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was to know  
If I had heard the spirit right, that told me I should go ;

For father had a deep concern upon his mind that day,  
But mother spoke for Benjamin, — she knew what best to say.

## VII.

Then she was still : they sat awhile : at last she spoke again,  
“ The Lord incline thee to the right ! ” and “ Thou shalt have him, Jane ! ”  
My father said. I cried. Indeed, ’t was not the least of shocks,  
For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Orthodox.

## VIII.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter Ruth we lost :  
Her husband ’s of the world, and yet I could not see her crossed.  
She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she hears a hireling priest —  
Ah, dear ! the cross was ours : her life ’s a happy one, at least.

## IX.

Perhaps she ’ll wear a plainer dress when she ’s as old as I, —  
Would thee believe it, Hannah ? once *I* felt temptation nigh !  
My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too simple for my taste :  
I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at the waist.

## X.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the women’s side !  
I did not dare to lift my eyes : I felt more fear than pride,  
Till, “ in the presence of the Lord,” he said, and then there came  
A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the same.

## XI.

I used to blush when he came near, but then I showed no sign ;  
With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in mine.  
It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was his for life :  
Thee knows the feeling, Hannah, — thee, too, hast been a wife.

## XII.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so green as ours ;  
The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows full of flowers ;  
The neighbors met us in the lane, and every face was kind, —  
’T is strange how lively everything comes back upon my mind.

## XIII.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-dinner spread :  
At our own table we were guests, with father at the head,  
And Dinah Passmore helped us both, — ’t was she stood up with me,  
And Abner Jones with Benjamin, — and now they ’re gone, all three !

## XIV.

It is not right to wish for death ; the Lord disposes best.  
His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them for His rest ;  
And that He halved our little flock was merciful, I see :  
For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two are left with me.



## XV.

Eusebius never cared to farm, — 't was not his call, in truth,  
 And I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter Ruth.  
 Thee 'll say her ways are not like mine, — young people now-a-days  
 Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old ways.

## XVI.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart ; she keeps the simple tongue,  
 The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when she was young ;  
 And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her, of late,  
 That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too much weight.

## XVII.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed with grace,  
 And pure, almost, as angels are, may have a homely face.  
 And dress may be of less account : the Lord will look within :  
 The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.

## XVIII.

Thee must n't be too hard on Ruth : she's anxious I should go,  
 And she will do her duty as a daughter should, I know.  
 'T is hard to change so late in life, but we must be resigned :  
 The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing mind.

## THE HOLLY-TREE.

## I.

THE corn was warm in the ground, the fences were mended and made  
 And the garden-beds, as smooth as a counterpane is laid,  
 Were dotted and striped with green where the peas and radishes grew  
 With elecampane at the foot, and comfrey, and sage, and rue.

## II.

The work was done on the farm, 't was orderly everywhere,  
 And comfort smiled from the earth, and rest was felt in the air.  
 When a Saturday afternoon at such a time comes round,  
 The farmer's fancies grow, as grows the grain in his ground.

## III.

'I was so with Gabriel Parke : he stood by the holly-tree  
 That came, in the time of Penn, with his fathers over the sea :  
 A hundred and eighty years it had grown where it first was set,  
 And the thorny leaves were thick and the trunk was sturdy yet.

## IV.

From the knoll where stood the house the fair fields pleasantly rolled  
 To dells where the laurels hung, and meadows of butter-cup gold :  
 He looked on them all by turns, with joy in his acres free,  
 But ever his thoughts came back to the tale of the holly-tree.

## V.

In beautiful Warwickshire, beside the Avon stream,  
John Parke, in his English home, had dreamed a singular dream.  
He went with a sorrowful heart, for love of a bashful maid,  
And a vision came as he slept one day in a holly's shade.

## VI.

An angel sat in the boughs, and showed him a goodly land,  
With hills that fell to a brook, and forests on either hand,  
And said: "Thou shalt wed thy love, and this shall belong to you;  
For the earth has ever a home for a tender heart and true!"

## VII.

Even so it came to pass, as the angel promised then:  
He wedded and wandered forth with the earliest friends of Penn,  
And the home foreshown he found, with all that a home endears, —  
A nest of plenty and peace, for a hundred and eighty years!

## VIII.

In beautiful Warwickshire the life of the two began, —  
A slip of the tree of the dream, a far-off sire of the man;  
And it seemed to Gabriel Parke, as the leaves above him stirred,  
That the secret dream of his heart the soul of the holly heard.

## IX.

Of Patience Phillips he thought: she, too, was a bashful maid:  
The blue of her eyes was hid by the eyelash's golden shade;  
But well that she could not hide the cheeks that were fair to see  
As the pink of an apple-bud, ere the blossom snows the tree!

## X.

Ah! how had the English Parke to the English girl betrayed,  
Save a dream had helped his heart, the love that makes afraid? —  
That seemed to smother his voice, when his blood so sweetly ran,  
And the baby heart lay weak in the rugged breast of the man?

## XI.

His glance came back from the hills and back from the laurel glen,  
And fell on the grass at his feet, where clucked a mother-hen,  
With a brood of tottering chicks, that followed as best they might;  
But one was trodden and lame, and drooped in a woful plight.

## XII.

He lifted up from the grass the feeble, chittering thing,  
And warmed its breast at his lips, and smoothed its stumpy wing,  
When, lo! at his side a voice: "Is it hurt?" was all she said;  
But the eyes of both were shy, and the cheeks of both were red.

## XIII.

She took from his hand the chick, and fondled and soothed it then,  
While, knowing that good was meant, cheerfully clucked the hen ;  
And the tongues of the two were loosed : there seemed a wonderful charm  
In talk of the hatching fowls and spring-work done on the farm.

## XIV.

But Gabriel saw that her eyes were drawn to the holly-tree :  
“ Have you heard,” he said, “ how it came with the family over the sea ? ”  
He told the story again, though he knew she knew it well,  
And a spark of hope, as he spake, like fire in his bosom fell.

## XV.

“ I dreamed a beautiful dream, here, under the tree, just now,”  
He said ; and Patience felt the warmth of his eyes on her brow :  
“ I dreamed, like the English Parke ; already the farm I own,  
But the rest of the dream is best — the land is little, alone.”

## XVI.

He paused, and looked at the maid : her flushing cheek was bent,  
And, under her chin, the chick was cheeping its warm content ;  
But naught she answered — then he : “ O Patience ! I thought of you !  
Tell me you take the dream, and help me to make it true ! ”

## XVII.

The mother looked from the house, concealed by the window-pane,  
And she felt that the holly’s spell had fallen upon the twain ;  
She guessed from Gabriel’s face what the words he had spoken were,  
And blushed in the maiden’s stead, as if they were spoken to her.

## XVIII.

She blushed, and she turned away, ere the trembling man and maid  
Silently hand in hand had kissed in the holly’s shade,  
And Patience whispered at last, her sweet eyes dim with dew :  
“ O Gabriel ! *could* you dream as much as I ’ve dreamed of you ? ”

## XIX.

The mother said to herself, as she sat in her straight old chair :  
“ He ’s got the pick of the flock, so tidy and kind and fair !  
At first I shall find it hard, to sit and be still, and see  
How the house is kept to rights by somebody else than me.

## XX.

‘ But the home must be theirs alone : I ’ll do by her, if I can,  
As Gabriel’s grandmother did, when I as a wife began :  
So good and faithful he ’s been, from the hour when I gave him life,  
He shall master be in the house, and mistress shall be his wife ! ”



## JOHN REED.

THERE 's a mist on the meadow below ; the herring-frogs chirp and cry ;  
It 's chill when the sun is down, and the sod is not yet dry :  
The world is a lonely place, it seems, and I don't know why.

I see, as I lean on the fence, how wearily trudges Dan  
With the feel of the spring in his bones, like a weak and elderly man ;  
I 've had it a many a time, but we must work when we can.

But day after day to toil, and ever from sun to sun,  
Though up to the season's front and nothing be left undone,  
Is ending at twelve like a clock, and beginning again at one.

The frogs make a sorrowful noise, and yet it 's the time they mate ;  
There 's something comes with the spring, a lightness or else a weight ;  
There 's something comes with the spring, and it seems to me it 's fate.

It 's the hankering after a life that you never have learned to know ;  
It 's the discontent with a life that is always thus and so ;  
It 's the wondering what we are, and where we are going to go.

My life is lucky enough, I fancy, to most men's eyes,  
For the more a family grows, the oftener some one dies,  
And it 's now run on so long, it could n't be otherwise.

And Sister Jane and myself, we have learned to claim and yield ;  
She rules in the house at will, and I in the barn and field,  
So, high upon thirty years ! — as if written and signed and sealed.

I could n't change if I would ; I 've lost the how and the when ;  
One day my time will be up, and Jane be the mistress then,  
For single women are tough, and live down the single men.

She kept me so to herself, she was always the stronger hand,  
And my lot showed well enough, when I looked around in the land ;  
But I 'm tired and sore at heart, and I don't quite understand.

I wonder how it had been if I 'd taken what others need,  
The plague, they say, of a wife, the care of a younger breed ?  
If Edith Pleasanton now were with me as Edith Reed ?

Suppose that a son well grown were there in the place of Dan,  
And I felt myself in him, as I was when my work began ?  
I should feel no older, sure, and certainly more a man !

A daughter, besides, in the house ; nay, let there be two or three !  
We never can overdo the luck that can never be,  
And what has come to the most might also have come to me.

I 've thought, when a neighbor's wife or his child was carried away,  
That to have no loss was a gain ; but now, — I can hardly say ;  
He seems to possess them still, under the ridges of clay.

And share and share in a life is, somehow, a different thing  
From property held by deed, and the riches that oft take wing ;  
I feel so close in the breast ! — I think it must be the spring.

I'm drying up like a brook when the woods have been cleared around ;  
You 're sure it must always run, you are used to the sight and sound,  
But it shrinks till there 's only left a stony rut in the ground.

There 's nothing to do but take the days as they come and go,  
And not to worry with thoughts that nobody likes to show,  
For people so seldom talk of the things they want to know.

There 's times when the way is plain, and everything nearly right,  
And then, of a sudden, you stand like a man with a clouded sight :  
A bush seems often a beast, in the dusk of the falling night.

I must move ; my joints are stiff ; the weather is breeding rain,  
And Dan is hurrying on with his plough-team up the lane.  
I'll go to the village-store ; I 'd rather not talk with Jane.

## JANE REED.

" If I could forget," she said, " forget, and begin again !  
We see so dull at the time, and, looking back, so plain :  
There 's a quiet that 's worse, I think, than many a spoken strife,  
And it 's wrong that one mistake should change the whole of a life.

" There 's John, forever the same, so steady, sober, and mild ;  
He never storms as a man who never cried as a child :  
Perhaps my ways are harsh, but if he would seem to care,  
There 'd be fewer swallowed words and a lighter load to bear.

" Here, Cherry ! — she 's found me out, the calf I raised in the spring,  
And a likely heifer she 's grown, the foolish, soft-eyed thing !  
Just the even color I like, without a dapple or speck, —  
O Cherry, bend down your head, and let me cry on your neck !

" The poor dumb beast she is, she never can know nor tell,  
And it seems to do me good, the very shame of the spell :  
So old a woman and hard, and Joel so old a man. —  
But the thoughts of the old go on as the thoughts of the young began !

" It 's guessing that wastes the heart, far worse than the surest fate :  
If I knew he had thought of me, I could quietly work and wait ;  
And then when either, at last, on a bed of death should lie,  
Why, one might speak the truth, and the other hear and die ! "

She leaned on the heifer's neck ; the dry leaves fell from the boughs,  
And over the sweet late grass of the meadow strayed the cows :  
The golden dodder meshed the cardinal-flower by the rill ;  
There was autumn haze in the air, and sunlight low on the hill.

" I 've somehow missed my time," she said to herself and sighed :  
" What girls are free to hope, a steady woman must hide,  
But the need outstays the chance : it makes me cry and laugh,  
To think that the only thing I can talk to now is a calf ! "

A step came down from the hill : she did not turn or rise ;  
There was something in her heart that saw without the eyes.  
She heard the foot delay, as doubting to stay or go :  
" Is the heifer for sale ? " he said. She sternly answered, " No ! "

She lifted her head as she spoke : their eyes a moment met,  
And her heart repeated the words, " If I could only forget ! "  
He turned a little away, but her lowered eyes could see  
His hand, as it picked the bark from the trunk of a hickory-tree.

" Why can't we be friendly, Jane ? " his words came, strange and slow ;  
" You seem to bear me a grudge, so long, and so long ago !  
You were gay and free with the rest, but always so shy of me,  
That, before my freedom came, I saw that it could n't be."

" Joel ! " was all she cried, as their glances met again,  
And a sudden rose effaced her pallor of age and pain.  
He picked at the hickory bark : " It 's a curious thing to say ;  
But I 'm lonely since Phoebe died and the girls are married away.

" That 's why these thoughts come back : I 'm a little too old for pride,  
And I never could understand how love should be all one side :  
'T would answer itself, I thought, and time would show me how ;  
But it did n't come so, then, and it does n't seem so, now ! "

" Joel, it came so, then ! " — and her voice was thick with tears :  
" A hope for a single day, and a bitter shame for years ! "  
He snapped the ribbon of bark ; he turned from the hickory-tree :  
" Jane, look me once in the face, and say that you thought of me ! "

She looked, and feebly laughed : " It 's a comfort to know the truth,  
Though the chance was thrown away in the blind mistake of youth."  
" And a greater comfort, Jane," he said, with a tender smile,  
" To find the chance you have lost, and keep it a little while."

She rose as he spake the words : the petted heifer thrust  
Her muzzle between the twain, with an animal's strange mistrust :  
But over the creature's neck he drew her to his breast :  
" A horse is never so old but it pulls with another best ! "

" It 's enough to know," she said ; " to remember, not forget ! "  
" Nay, nay : for the rest of life we 'll pay each other's debt ! "  
She had no will to resist, so kindly was she drawn,  
And she sadly said, at last, " But what will become of John ? "

## THE OLD PENNSYLVANIA FARMER.

### I.

WELL — well ! this is a comfort, now — the air is mild as May,  
And yet 't is March the twentieth, or twenty-first, to-day :  
And Reuben ploughs the hill for corn ; I thought it would be tough,  
But now I see the furrows turned, I guess it 's dry enough.

### II.

I don't half live, penned up in doors ; a stove 's not like the sun.  
When I can't see how things go on, I fear they 're badly done :  
I might have farmed till now, I think — one 's family is so queer —  
As if a man can't oversee who 's in his eightieth year !



## III.

Father, I mind, was eighty-five before he gave up his ;  
 But he was dim o' sight, and crippled with the rheumatiz.  
 I followed in the old, steady way, so he was satisfied ;  
 But Reuben likes new-fangled things and ways I can't abide.

## IV.

I'm glad I built this southern porch ; my chair seems easier here :  
 I have n't seen as fine a spring this five-and-twenty year !  
 And how the time goes round so quick ! — a week, I would have sworn,  
 Since they were husking on the flat, and now they plough for corn !

## V.

When I was young, time had for me a lazy ox's pace,  
 But now it's like a blooded horse, that means to win the race.  
 And yet I can't fill out my days, I tire myself with naught ;  
 I'd rather use my legs and hands than plague my head with thought.

## VI.

There's Marshall, too, I see from here : he and his boys begin.  
 Why don't they take the lower field ? that one is poor and thin.  
 A coat of lime it ought to have, but they're a doless set :  
 They think swamp-mud's as good, but we shall see what corn they get !

## VII.

Across the level, Brown's new place begins to make a show ;  
 I thought he'd have to wait for trees, but, bless me, how they grow !  
 They say it's fine — two acres filled with evergreens and things ;  
 But so much land ! it worries me, for not a cent it brings.

## VIII.

He has the right, I don't deny, to please himself that way,  
 But 't is a bad example set, and leads young folks astray :  
 Book-learning gets the upper-hand and work is slow and slack,  
 And they that come long after us will find things gone to wrack.

## IX.

Now Reuben's on the hither side, his team comes back again ;  
 I know how deep he sets the share, I see the horses strain :  
 I had that field so clean of stones, but he must plough so deep,  
 He'll have it like a turnpike soon, and scarcely fit for sheep.

## X.

If father lived, I'd like to know what he would say to these  
 New notions of the younger men, who farm by chemistries :  
 There's different stock and other grass ; there's patent plough and cart —  
 Five hundred dollars for a bull ! it would have broke his heart.

## XI.

The maples must be putting out: I see a something red  
 Down yonder where the clearing laps across the meadow's head.  
 Swamp-cabbage grows beside the run; the green is good to see,  
 But wheat 's the color, after all, that cheers and 'livens me.

## XII.

They think I have an easy time, no need to worry now —  
 Sit in the porch all day and watch them mow, and sow, and plough:  
 Sleep in the summer in the shade, in winter in the sun —  
 I 'd rather do the thing myself, and know just how it 's done!

## XIII.

Well — I suppose I 'm old, and yet 't is not so long ago  
 When Reuben spread the swath to dry, and Jesse learned to mow,  
 And William raked, and Israel hoed, and Joseph pitched with me:  
 But such a man as I was then my boys will never be!

## XIV.

I don't mind William's hankering for lectures and for books;  
 He never had a farming knack — you 'd see it in his looks;  
 But handsome is that handsome does, and he is well to do:  
 'T would ease my mind if I could say the same of Jesse, too.

## XV.

There 's one black sheep in every flock, so there must be in mine,  
 But I was wrong that second time his bond to undersign:  
 It 's less than what his share will be — but there 's the interest!  
 In ten years more I might have had two thousand to invest.

## XVI.

There 's no use thinking of it now, and yet it makes me sore;  
 The way I 've slaved and saved, I ought to count a little more.  
 I never lost a foot of land, and that 's a comfort, sure,  
 And if they do not call me rich, they cannot call me poor.

## XVII.

Well, well! ten thousand times I 've thought the things I 'm thinking now;  
 I 've thought them in the harvest-field and in the clover-mow;  
 And often I get tired of them, and wish I 'd something new —  
 But this is all I 've had and known; so what 's a man to do?

## XVIII.

'T is like my time is nearly out, of that I 'm not afraid;  
 I never cheated any man, and all my debts are paid.  
 They call it rest that we shall have, but work would do no harm;  
 There can't be n'vers there and fields, without some sort o' farm!

NAPOLEON AT GOTHA.

I.

WE walk amid the currents of actions left undone,  
The germs of deeds that wither, before they see the sun.  
For every sentence uttered, a million more are dumb :  
Men's lives are chains of chances, and History their sum.

II.

Not he, the Syracusan, but each impurpled lord  
Must eat his banquet under the hair-suspended sword ;  
And one swift breath of silence may fix or change the fate  
Of him whose force is building the fabric of a state.

III.

Where o'er the windy uplands the slated turrets shine,  
Duke August ruled at Gotha, in Castle Friedenstein, —  
A handsome prince and courtly, of light and shallow heart,  
No better than he should be, but with a taste for Art.

IV.

The fight was fought at Jena, eclipsed was Prussia's sun,  
And by the French invaders the land was overrun ;  
But while the German people were silent in despair,  
Duke August painted pictures, and curled his yellow hair.

V.

Now, when at Erfurt gathered the ruling royal clan,  
Themselves the humble subjects, their lord the Corsican,  
Each bade to ball and banquet the sparer of his line :  
Duke August with the others, to Castle Friedenstein.

VI.

Then were the larders rummaged, the forest-stags were slain,  
The tuns of oldest vintage showered out their golden rain ;  
The towers were bright with banners, — but all the people said :  
“ We, slaves, must feed our master, — would God that he were dead ! ”

VII.

They drilled the ducal guardsmen, men young and straight and tall,  
To form a double column, from gate to castle-wall ;  
And as there were but fifty, the first must wheel away,  
Fall in beyond the others, and lengthen the array.

VIII.

“ *Parbleu !* ” Napoleon muttered : “ Your Highness' guards I prize,  
So young and strong and handsome, and all of equal size ! ”  
“ You, Sire,” replied Duke August, “ may have as fine, if you  
Will twice or thrice repeat them, as I am forced to do ! ”



## IX.

Now, in the Castle household, of all the folk, was one  
 Whose heart was hot within him, the Ducal Huntsman's son ;  
 A proud and bright-eyed stripling ; scarce fifteen years he had,  
 But free of hall and chamber : Duke August loved the lad.

## X.

He saw the forceful homage ; he heard the shouts that came  
 From base throats, or unwilling, but equally of shame :  
 He thought : "*One* man has done it, — *one* life would free the land,  
 But all are slaves and cowards, and none will lift a hand !

## XI.

"My grandsire hugged a bear to death, when broke his hunting-spear,  
 And has this little Frenchman a muzzle I should fear ?  
 If kings are cowed, and princes, and all the land is scared,  
 Perhaps a boy can show them the thing they might have dared !"

## XII.

Napoleon on the morrow was coming once again,  
 (And all the castle knew it) without his courtly train ;  
 And, when the stairs were mounted, there was no other road  
 But one long, lonely passage, to where the Duke abode.

## XIII.

None guessed the secret purpose the silent stripling kept :  
 Deep in the night he waited, and, when his father slept,  
 Took from the rack of weapons a musket old and tried,  
 And cleaned the lock and barrel, and laid it at his side.

## XIV.

He held it fast in slumber, he lifted it in dreams  
 Of sunlit mountain-forests and stainless mountain-streams ;  
 And in the morn he loaded — the load was bullets three :  
 "For Deutschland — for Duke August — and now the third for me !"

## XV.

"What ! ever wilt be hunting ?" the stately Marshal cried ;  
 "I'll fetch a stag of twenty !" the pale-faced boy replied,  
 As, clad in forest color, he sauntered through the court,  
 And said, when none could hear him : "Now, may the time be short !"

## XVI.

The corridor was vacant, the windows full of sun ;  
 He stole within the midmost, and primed afresh his gun ;  
 Then stood, with all his senses alert in ear and eye  
 To catch the lightest signal that showed the Emperor nigh.

## XVII.

A sound of wheels: a silence: the muffled sudden jar  
Of guards their arms presenting: a footstep mounting far,  
Then nearer, briskly nearer, — a footstep, and alone!  
And at the farther portal appeared Napoleon!

## XVIII.

Alone, his hands behind him, his firm and massive head  
With brooded plans uplifted, he came with measured tread:  
And yet, those feet had shaken the nations from their poise,  
And yet, that will to shake them depended on the boy's!

## XIX.

With finger on the trigger, the gun held hunter-wise,  
His rapid heart-beats sending the blood to brain and eyes,  
The boy stood, firm and deadly, — another moment's space,  
And then the Emperor saw him, and halted, face to face.

## XX.

A mouth as cut in marble, an eye that pierced and stung  
As might a god's, all-seeing, the soul of one so young:  
A look that read his secret, that lamed his callow will,  
That inly smiled, and dared him his purpose to fulfil!

## XXI.

As one a serpent trances, the boy, forgetting all,  
Felt but that face, nor noted the harmless musket's fall;  
Nor breathed, nor thought, nor trembled; but, pale and cold as stone,  
Saw pass, nor look behind him, the calm Napoleon.

## XXII.

And these two kept their secret; but from that day began  
The sense of fate and duty that made the boy a man;  
And long he lived to tell it, — and, better, lived to say:  
"God's purposes were grander: He thrust me from His way!"

## THE ACCOLADE.

## I.

UNDER the lamp in the tavern yard  
The beggars and thieves were met;  
Ruins of lives that were evil-starred,  
Battered bodies and faces hard,  
A loveless and lawless set.

## II.

The cans were full, if the scrip was  
lean;  
A fiddler played to the crowd

The high-pitched lilt of a tune obscene,  
When there entered the gate, in gar-  
ments mean,  
A stranger tall and proud.

## III.

There was danger in their doubting  
eyes;  
"Now who are you?" they said.  
"One who has been more wild than  
wise,  
Who has played with force and fed on  
lies,  
As you on your mouldy bread.

## IV.

"The false have come to me, high and low,

Where I only sought the true :  
I am sick of sham and sated with show ;

The honest evil I fain would know,  
In the license here with you."

## V.

"He shall go!" "He shall stay!" In hot debate

Their whims and humors ran,  
When Jack o' the Strong Arm square and straight

Stood up, like a man whose word is fate,

A reckless and resolute man.

## VI.

"Why brawl," said he, "at so slight a thing?

Are fifty afraid of one?

We have taken a stranger into our ring

Ere this, and made him in sport our king ;

So let it to-night be done!

## VII.

"Fetch him a crown of tinsel bright,

For sceptre a tough oak-staff ;

And who most serves to the King's delight,

The King shall dub him his own true knight,

And I swear the King shall laugh!"

## VIII.

They brought him a monstrous tinsel crown,

They put the staff in his hand ;

There was wrestling and racing up and down,

There was song of singer and jest of clown,

There was strength and sleight-of-hand.

## IX.

The King, he pledged them with clink of can,

He laughed with a royal glee ;

There was dull mistrust when the sports began,

There was roaring mirth when the rear-most man

Gave out, and the ring was free.

## X.

For Jack o' the Strong Arm strove with a will,

With the wit and the strength of four ;

There was never a part he dared not fill,

Wrestler, and singer, and clown, until  
The motley struggle was o'er.

## XI.

And ever he turned from the deft surprise,

And ever from strain or thrust,

With a dumb appeal in his laughing guise,

And gazed on the King with wistful eyes,

Panting, and rough with dust.

## XII.

"Kneel, Jack o' the Strong Arm! Our delight

Hath most been due to thee,"

Said the King, and stretched his rapier bright :

"Rise, Sir John Armstrong, our true knight,

Bold, fortunate, and free!"

## XIII.

Jack o' the Strong Arm knelt and bowed,

To meet the christening blade ;

He heard the shouts of the careless crowd,

And murmured something, as though he vowed,

When he felt the accolade.

## XIV.

He kissed the King's hand tenderly,

Full slowly then did rise,

And within him a passion seemed to be,  
For his choking throat they all could

see,

And the strange tears in his eyes.



## XV.

From his massive breast the rags he  
threw,  
He threw them from body and limb,  
Till, bare as a new-born babe to view,  
He faced them, no longer the man they  
knew:  
They silently stared at him.

## XVI.

"O King!" he said, "thou wert King,  
I knew;  
I am verily knight, O King!  
What thou hast done thou canst not  
undo;  
Thou hast come to the false and found  
the true  
In the carelessly ventured thing.

## XVII.

"As I cast away these rags I have worn,  
The life that was in them I cast;  
Take me, naked and newly born,  
Test me with power and pride and  
scorn,  
I shall be true to the last!"

## XVIII.

His large, clear eyes were weak as he  
spoke,  
But his mouth was firm and strong;  
And a cry from the thieves and beggars  
broke,  
As the King took off his own wide cloak  
And covered him from the throng.

## XIX.

He gave him his royal hand in their  
sight,  
And he said, before the ring:  
"Come with me, Sir John! Be leal  
and right;  
If I have made thee all of a knight,  
Thou hast made me more of a  
king!"

## ERIC AND AXEL.

## I.

THOUGH they never divided my meat or  
wine,  
Yet Eric and Axel are friends of mine;

Never shared my sorrow, nor laughed  
with my glee,  
Yet Eric and Axel are dear to me;  
And faithfuller comrades no man ever  
knew  
Than Eric and Axel, the fearless, the  
true!

## II.

When I hit the target, they feel no pride;  
When I spin with the waltzers, they  
wait outside;  
When the holly of Yule-tide hangs in  
the hall,  
And kisses are freest, they care not at  
all;  
When I sing, they are silent; I speak,  
they obey,  
Eric and Axel, my hope and my stay!

## III.

They wait for my coming; they know  
I shall come,  
When the dancers are faint and the fid-  
dlers numb,  
With a shout of "Ho, Eric!" and  
"Axel, ho!"  
As we skim the wastes of the Norrland  
snow,  
And their frozen breath to a silvery  
gray  
Turns Eric's raven and Axel's bay.

## IV.

By the bondehus and the herregoard,  
O'er the glassy pavement of frith and  
fiord,  
Through the tall fir-woods, that like  
steel are drawn  
On the broadening red of the rising  
dawn,  
Till one low roof, where the hills un-  
fold,  
Shelters us all from the angry cold.

## V.

I tell them the secret none else shall  
hear;  
I love her, Eric, I love my dear!  
I love her, Axel; wilt love her, too,  
Though her eyes are dark and mine are  
blue?  
She has eyes like yours, so dark and  
clear:  
Eric and Axel will love my dear!

## VI.

They would speak if they could; but I  
     think they know  
 Where, when the moon is thin, they  
     shall go,  
 To wait awhile in the sleeping street,  
 To hasten away upon snow-shod feet, —  
 Away and away, ere the morning star  
 Touches the tops of the spires of Cal-  
     mår!

## VII.

Per, the merchant, may lay at her feet  
 His Malaga wine and his raisins sweet,  
 Brought in his ships from Portugal land,  
 And I am as bare as the palm of my  
     hand;

But she sighs for me, and she sighs for  
     you,  
 Eric and Axel, my comrades true!

## VIII.

You care not, Eric, for gold and wine;  
 You care not, Axel, for show and  
     shine;  
 But you care for the touch of the hand  
     that's dear,  
 And the voice that fondles you through  
     the ear,  
 And you shall save us, through storm  
     and snow,  
 When *she* calls: "Ho, Eric!" and  
     "Axel, ho!"

# LYRICS.





## LYRICS.

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### THE BURDEN OF THE DAY.

#### I.

Who shall rise and cast away,  
First, the Burden of the Day ?  
Who assert his place, and teach  
Lighter labor, nobler speech,  
Standing firm, erect, and strong,  
Proud as Freedom, free as Song ?

#### II.

Lo ! we groan beneath the weight  
Our own weaknesses create ;  
Crook the knee and shut the lip,  
All for tamer fellowship ;  
Load our slack, compliant clay  
With the Burden of the Day !

#### III.

Higher paths there are to tread ;  
Fresher fields around us spread ;  
Other flames of sun and star  
Flash at hand and lure afar ;  
Larger manhood might we share,  
Surer fortune, — did we dare !

#### IV.

In our mills of common thought  
By the pattern all is wrought :  
In our school of life, the man  
Drills to suit the public plan,  
And through labor, love, and play,  
Shifts the Burden of the Day.

#### V.

Ah, the gods of wood and stone  
Can a single saint dethrone,

But the people who shall aid  
'Gainst the puppets they have made ?  
First they teach and then obey :  
'T is the Burden of the Day.

#### VI.

Thunder shall we never hear  
In this ordered atmosphere ?  
Never this monotony feel  
Shattered by a trumpet's peal ?  
Never airs that burst and blow  
From eternal summits, know ?

#### VII.

Though no man resent his wrong,  
Still is free the poet's song :  
Still, a stag, his thought may leap  
O'er the herded swine and sheep,  
And in pastures far away  
Lose the Burden of the Day !

### IN THE LISTS.

COULD I choose the age and fortunate  
season

When to be born,

I would fly from the censure of your  
barren reason,

And the scourges of your scorn :

Could I take the tongue, and the land,  
and the station

That to me were fit,

I would make my life a force and an  
exultation,

And you could not stifle it !

But the thing most near to the freedom  
I covet

Is the freedom I wrest

From a time that would bar me from  
 climbing above it,  
 To seek the East in the West.  
 I have dreamed of the forms of a nobler  
 existence  
 Than you give me here,  
 And the beauty that lies afar in the  
 dateless distance  
 I would conquer, and bring more  
 near.

It is good, undowered with the bounty  
 of Fortune,  
 In the sun to stand :  
 Let others excuse, and cringe, and im-  
 portune,  
 I will try the strength of my hand !  
 If I fail, I shall fall not among the mis-  
 taken,  
 Whom you dare deride :  
 If I win, you shall hear, and see, and at  
 last awaken  
 'To thank me because I defied !

## THE SUNSHINE OF THE GODS.

### I.

Who shall sunder the fetters,  
 Who scale the invisible ramparts  
 Whereon our nimblest forces  
 Hurl their vigor in vain ?  
 Where, like the baffling crystal  
 To a wildered bird of the heavens,  
 Something holds and imprisons  
 The eager, the stirring brain ?

### II.

Alas, from the fresh emotion,  
 From thought that is born of feeling,  
 From form, self-shaped, and slowly  
 Its own completeness evolving,  
 To the rhythmic speech, how long !  
 What hand shall master the tumult  
 Where one on the other tramples,  
 And none escapes a wrong ?  
 Where the crowding germs of a thou-  
 sand  
 Fancies encumber the portal,  
 Till one plucks a voice from the murmurs  
 And lifts himself into Song !

### III.

As a man that walks in the mist,  
 As one that gropes for the morning

Through lengthening chambers of twi-  
 light,  
 The souls of the poems wander  
 Restless, and dumb, and lost,  
 Till the Word, like a beam of morn-  
 ing,  
 Shivers the pregnant silence,  
 And the light of speech descends  
 Like a tongue of the Pentecost !

### IV.

Ah, moment not to be purchased,  
 Not to be won by prayers,  
 Not by toil to be conquered,  
 But given, lest one despair,  
 By the Gods in wayward kindness,  
 Stay — thou art all too fair !  
 Hour of the dancing measures,  
 Sylph of the dew and rainbow,  
 Let us clutch thy shining hair !

### V.

For the mist is blown from the mind,  
 For the impotent yearning is over,  
 And the wings of the thoughts have  
 power :  
 In the warmth and the glow creative  
 Existence mellows and ripens,  
 And a crowd of swift surprises  
 Sweetens the fortunate hour ;  
 Till a shudder of rapture loosens  
 The tears that hang on the eyelids  
 Like a breeze-suspended shower,  
 With a sense of heavenly freshness  
 Blown from beyond the sunshine,  
 And the blood, like the sap of the  
 roses,  
 Breaks into bud and flower.

### VI.

'T is the Sunshine of the Gods,  
 The sudden light that quickens,  
 Unites the nimble forces,  
 And yokes the shy expression  
 To the thoughts that waited long, —  
 Waiting and wooing vainly :  
 But now they meet like lovers  
 In the time of willing increase,  
 Each warming each, and giving  
 The kiss that maketh strong :  
 And the mind feels fairest May-time  
 In the marriage of its passions,  
 For Thought is one with Speech,  
 In the Sunshine of the Gods,  
 And Speech is one with Song !

## VII.

Then a rhythmic pulse makes order  
 In the troops of wandering fancies :  
 Held in soft subordination,  
 Lo ! they follow, lead, or fly.  
 The fields of their feet are endless,  
 And the heights and the deeps are open  
 To the glance of the equal sky :  
 And the Masters sit no longer  
 In inaccessible distance,  
 But give to the haughtiest question,  
 Smiling, a sweet reply.

## VIII.

Dost mourn, because the moment  
 Is a gift beyond thy will, —  
 A gift thy dreams had promised,  
 Yet they gave to Chance its keeping  
 And fettered thy free achievement  
 With the hopes they not fulfil ?  
 Dost sigh o'er the fleeting rapture,  
 The bliss of reconciliation  
 Of powers that work apart,  
 Yet lean on each other still ?

## IX.

Be glad, for this is the token,  
 The sign and the seal of the Poet :  
 Were it held by will or endeavor,  
 There were naught so precious in Song.  
 Wait : for the shadows unlifted  
 To a million that crave the sunshine,  
 Shall be lifted for thee ere long.  
 Light from the loftier regions  
 Here unattainable ever, —  
 Bath of brightness and beauty, —  
 Let it make thee glad and strong !  
 Not to clamor or fury,  
 Not to lament or yearning,  
 But to faith and patience cometh  
 The Sunshine of the Gods,  
 The hour of perfect Song !

## NOTUS IGNOTO.

## I.

Do you sigh for the power you dream  
 of,  
 The fair, evasive secret,  
 The rare imagined passion,  
 O Friend unknown !  
 Do you haunt Egyptian portals,  
 Where, within, the laboring goddess

Yields to the hands of her chosen  
 The sacred child, alone ?

## II.

Ah, pause ! There is consolation  
 For you, and pride :  
 Free of choice and worship,  
 Spared the pang and effort,  
 Nor partial made by triumph,  
 The poet's limitations  
 You lightly set aside :  
 Revived, in your fresher spirit  
 The buds of my thought may blossom  
 And the clew, from weary fingers  
 Fallen, become your guide !  
 The taker, even as the giver,  
 The user as the maker,  
 Soil as seed, and rain as sunshine,  
 Alike are glorified !

## III.

Loss with gain is balanced ;  
 You may reach, when I but beckon ;  
 You may drink, though mine the vin-  
 tage,  
 You complete what I begun.  
 When at the temple-door I falter,  
 You advance to the altar ;  
 I but rise to the daybreak,  
 You to the sun !  
 My goal is your beginning :  
 My steeps of aspiration  
 For you are won !

## IV.

Hark ! the nightingale is chanting  
 As if her mate but knew ;  
 Yet the dream within me  
 Which the bird-voice wakens,  
 Takes from her unconscious  
 Prompting, form and hue :  
 So the song I sing you,  
 Voice alone of my being,  
 Song for the mate and the nestling,  
 Finer and sweeter meaning  
 May possess for you !  
 Lifting to starry summits,  
 Filling with infinite passion,  
 While the witless singer broodeth  
 In the darkness and the dew !

## V.

Carved on the rock as an arrow  
 To point your path, am I :



A cloud that tells, in the heavens,  
Which way the breezes fly :  
A brook that is born in the meadows,  
And wanders at will, nor guesses  
Whither its waters hie :  
A child that scatters blossoms,  
Thoughtless of memoried odors,  
Or sweet surprises of color,  
That waken when you go by :  
A bee-bird of the woodland,  
That finds the honeyed hollows  
Of ancient oaks, for others, —  
Even as these, am I !

## VI.

Accept, and enjoy, and follow, —  
Conquer wherein I yield !  
Make yours the bright conclusion,  
From me concealed !  
Truth, to whom will possess it,  
Beauty to whom embraces,  
Song and its inmost secret,  
Life and its unheard music,  
To whom will hear and know them,  
Are ever revealed !

## IN MY VINEYARD.

## I.

At last the dream that clad the field  
Is fairest fact, and stable ;  
At last my vines a covert yield,  
A patch for song and fable.  
I thread the rustling ranks, that hide  
Their misty violet treasure,  
And part the sprays with more than  
pride,  
And more than owner's pleasure.

## II.

The tender shoots, the fragrance fine,  
Betray the garden's poet,  
Whose daintiest life is turned to wine,  
Yet half is shy to show it, —  
The epicure, who yields to toil  
A scarce fulfilled reliance,  
But takes from sun and dew and soil  
A grace unguessed by science.

## III.

Faint odors, from the bunches blown,  
Surround me and subdue me ;  
The vineyard-breath of many a zone  
Is softly breathing through me :

From slopes of Eshkol, in the sun,  
And many a hillside classic :  
From where Falernian juices run,  
And where they press the Massic !

## IV.

Where airy terraces, on high,  
The hungry vats replenish,  
And, less from earth than from the  
sky,  
Distil the golden Rhenish :  
Where, light of heart, the Bordelais  
Compels his stony level  
To burst and foam in purple spray, —  
The rose that crowns the revel !

## V.

So here, as there, the subject earth  
Shall take a tenderer duty ;  
And Labor walk with harmless Mirth,  
And wed with loving Beauty :  
So, here, a gracious life shall fix  
Its seat, in sunnier weather ;  
For sap and blood so sweetly mix,  
And richly run together !

## VI.

The vine was exiled from the land  
That bore but needful burdens ;  
But now we slack the weary hand,  
And look for gentler guerdons :  
We take from Ease a grace above  
The strength we took from Labor,  
And win to laugh, and woo to love,  
Each grimly-earnest neighbor.

## VII

What idle dreams ! Even as I muse,  
I feel a falling shadow ;  
And vapors blur and clouds confuse  
My coming Eldorado.  
Portentous, grim, a ghost draws nigh,  
To clip my flying fancy,  
And change the shows of earth and sky  
With evil necromancy.

## VIII.

The leaves on every vine-branch curl  
As if a frost had stung them ;  
The bunches shrivel, snap, and whirl  
As if a tempest flung them ;  
And as the ghost his forehead shakes,  
Denying and commanding,

But withered stalks and barren stakes  
Surround me where I 'm standing.

## IX.

"Beware!" the spectre cried; "the woe  
Of this delusive culture!  
The nightingale that lures thee so  
Shall hatch a ravening vulture.  
To feed the vat, to fill the bin,  
Thou pluck'st the vineyard's foison,  
That drugs the cup of mirth with sin,  
The veins of health with poison!"

## X.

But now a golden mist was born,  
With violet odors mingled:  
I felt a brightness, as of morn,  
And all my pulses tingled;  
And forms arose, — among them first  
The old Ionian lion,  
And they, Sicilian Muses nursed, —  
Theocritus and Bion.

## XI.

And he of Teos, he of Rome,  
The Sabine bard and urban;  
And Saadi, from his Persian home,  
And Hafiz in his turban:  
And Shakespeare, silent, sweet, and  
grave,  
And Herrick with his lawns on;  
And Luther, mellow, burly, brave,  
Along with Rare Ben Jonson!

## XII.

"Be comforted!" they seemed to say;  
"For Nature does no treasons  
She neither gives nor takes away  
Without eternal reasons.  
She heaps the stores of corn and oil  
In such a liberal measure,  
That, past the utmost need of Toil,  
There's something left for Pleasure.

## XIII.

"The secret soul of sun and dew  
Not vainly she distilleth,  
And from these globes of pink and blue  
A harmless cup she filleth:  
Who loveth her may take delight  
In what for him she dresses,  
Nor find in cheerful appetite  
The portal to excesses.

## XIV.

"Yes, ever since the race began  
To press the vineyard's juices,  
It was the brute within the man  
Defiled their nobler uses;  
But they who take from order joy,  
And make denial duty,  
Provoke the brute they should destroy  
By Freedom and by Beauty!"

## XV.

They spake; and lo! the baleful shape  
Grew dim, and then retreated;  
And bending o'er the hoarded grape,  
The vines my vision greeted.  
The sunshine burst, the breezes turned  
The leaves till they were hoary,  
And over all the vineyard burned  
A fresher light of glory!

## THE TWO HOMES.

## I.

My home was seated high and fair,  
Upon a mountain's side;  
The day was longest, brightest there,  
Beneath, the world was wide.  
Across its blue, embracing zone  
The rivers gleamed, the cities shone,  
And over the edge of the fading rim  
I saw the storms in the distance dim,  
And the flash of the soundless thunder

## II.

But weary grew the sharp, cold wine  
Of winds that never kissed,  
The changeless green of fir and pine,  
The gray and clinging mist.  
Above the granite sprang no bowers;  
The soil gave low and scentless flowers;  
And the drone and din of the water-  
fall  
Became a challenge, a taunting call:  
" 'T is fair, 't is fair in the valley!"

## III.

Of all the homesteads deep and far  
My fancy clung to one,  
Whose gable burned, a mellow star,  
Touched by the sinking sun.  
Unseen around, but not unguessed,  
The orchards made a leafy nest:

The turf before it was thick, I knew,  
And bees were busy the garden through,  
And the windows were dark with roses.

## IV.

"'T is happier there, below," I sighed :  
The world is warm and near,  
And closer love and comfort hide,  
That cannot reach me here.  
Who there abides must be so blest  
He'll share with me his sheltered nest,  
If down to the valley I should go,  
Leaving the granite, the pines and snow,  
And the winds that are keen as lances."

## V.

I wandered down, by ridge and dell ;  
The way was rough and long :  
Though earlier shadows round me fell,  
I cheered them with my song.  
The world's great circle narrower grew,  
Till hedge and thicket hid the blue ;  
But over the orchards, near at hand,  
The gable shone on the quiet land,  
And far away was the mountain !

## VI.

Then came the master : mournful-eyed  
And stern of brow was he.  
"Oh, planted in such peace !" I cried,  
"Spare but the least to me !"  
"Who seeks," he said, "this brooding  
haze,  
The tameness of these weary days ?  
The highway's dust, the glimmer and  
heat,  
The woods that fetter the young wind's  
feet,  
And hide the world and its beauty ?"

## VII.

He stretched his hand ; he looked afar  
With eyes of old desire :  
I saw my home, a mellow star  
That held the sunset's fire.  
"But yonder home," he cried, "how  
fair !  
Its chambers burn like gilded air ;  
I know that the gardens are wild as  
dreams,  
With the sweep of winds, the dash of  
streams,  
And the pines that sound as an an-  
them !

## VIII.

"So quiet, so serenely high  
It sits, when clouds are furled,  
And knows the beauty of the sky,  
The glory of the world !  
Who there abides must be so blest  
He'll share with me that lofty crest,  
If up to the mountain I should go,  
Leaving the dust and the glare below,  
And the weary life of the valley !"

## IRIS.

## I.

I AM born from the womb of the cloud  
And the strength of the ardent sun,  
When the winds have ceased to be loud,  
And the rivers of rain to run.  
Then light, on my sevenfold arch,  
I swing in the silence of air,  
While the vapors beneath me march  
And leave the sweet earth bare.

## II.

For a moment, I hover and gleam  
On the skirts of the sinking storm ;  
And I die in the bliss of the beam  
That gave me being and form.  
I fade, as in human hearts  
The rapture that mocks the will :  
I pass, as a dream departs  
That cannot itself fulfil !

## III.

Beyond the bridge I have spanned  
The fields of the Poet unfold,  
And the riches of Fairyland  
At my bases of misty gold.  
I keep the wealth of the spheres  
Which the high Gods never have won  
And I coin, from their airy tears,  
The diadem of the sun !

## IV.

For some have stolen the grace  
That is hidden in rest or strife :  
And some have copied the face  
Or echoed the voice of Life ;  
And some have woven of sound  
A chain of the sweetest control,  
And some have fabled or found  
The key to the human soul :



V.

But I, from the blank of the air  
And the white of the barren beam,  
Have wrought the colors that flare  
In the forms of a painter's dream.  
I gather the souls of the flowers,  
And the sparks of the gems, to me;  
Till pale are the blossoming bowers,  
And dim the chameleon sea!

VI.

By the soul's bright sun, the eye,  
I am thrown on the artist's brain;  
He follows me, and I fly;  
He pauses, I stand again.  
O'er the reach of the painted world  
My chorded colors I hold,  
On a canvas of cloud impearled  
Drawn with a brush of gold!

VII.

If I lure, as a mocking sprite,  
I give, as a goddess bestows,  
The red, with its soul of might,  
And the blue, with its cool repose;  
The yellow that beckons and beams,  
And the gentler children they bear;  
For the portal of Art's high dreams  
Is builded of Light and Air!

IMPLORA PACE.

THE clouds that stoop from yonder sky  
Discharge their burdens, and are  
free;

The streams that take them hasten by,  
To find relief in lake and sea.

The wildest wind in vales afar  
Sleeps, pillowed on its ruffled wings;  
And song, through many a stormy bar,  
Beats into silence on the strings!

And love o'ercomes his young unrest,  
And first ambition's flight is o'er;  
And doubt is cradled on the breast  
Of perfect faith, and speaks no more.

Our dreams and passions cease to  
dare,  
And homely patience learns her part;  
Yet still some keen, pursuing care  
Forbids consent to brain and heart.

The gift unreach'd, beyond the hand;  
The fault in all of beauty won;  
The mildew of the harvest land,  
The spots upon the risen sun!

And still some cheaper service claims  
The will that leaps to loftier call:  
Some cloud is cast on splendid aims,  
On power achieved some common  
thrall.

To spoil each beckoning victory,  
A thousand pygmy hands are thrust;  
And, round each height attained, we see  
Our ether dim with lower dust.

Ah, could we breathe some peaceful air,  
And all save purpose there forget,  
Till eager courage learn to bear  
The gadfly's sting, the pebble's fret!

Let higher goal and harsher way,  
To test our virtue, then combine!  
'T is not for idle ease we pray,  
But freedom for our task divine.

PENN CALVIN.

I.

SEARCH high and low, search up and  
down,

By light of stars or sun,  
And of all the good folks of our town  
There's like Penn Calvin none.  
He lightly laughs when all condemn,  
He smiles when others pray;  
And what is sorest truth to them  
To him is idle play.

II.

"Penn Calvin, lift, as duty bids,  
The load we all must bear!"  
He only lifts his languid lids,  
And says: "The morn is fair!"  
"Learn while you may! for Life is stern,  
And Art, alas! is long."  
He hums and answers: "Yes, I learn  
The cadence of a song."

III.

"The world is dark with human woe;  
Man eats of bitter food."  
"The world," he says, "is all aglow  
With beauty, bliss, and good!"



"To crush the senses you must strive,  
The beast of flesh destroy!"  
"God gave this body, all alive,  
And every sense is joy!"

## IV.

"Nay, these be heathen words we hear;  
The faith they teach is flown,—  
A mist that clings to temples drear  
And altars overthrown."  
"I reckon not how nor whence it came,"  
He answers; "I possess:  
If heathens felt and owned the same,  
How bright was heathenesse!"

## V.

"Though you be stubborn to believe,  
Yet learn to grasp and hold:  
There's power and honor to achieve,  
And royal rule of gold!"  
Penn Calvin plucked an open rose  
And carolled to the sky:  
"Shine, sun of Day, until its close,—  
They live, and so do I!"

## VI.

His eyes are clear as they were kissed  
By some unrisen dawn;  
Our grave and stern philanthropist  
Looks sad, and passes on,  
Our pastor scowls, the pious flock  
Avert their heads, and flee;  
For pestilence or earthquake shock  
Less dreadful seems than he.

## VII.

But all the children round him cling,  
Depraved as they were born;  
And vicious men his praises sing,  
Whom he forgets to scorn.  
Penn Calvin's strange indifference gives  
Our folks a grievous care:  
He's simply glad because he lives,  
And glad the world is fair!

## SUMMER NIGHT.

## VARIATIONS ON CERTAIN MELODIES.

## I.

## ANDANTE.

UNDER the full-blown linden and the  
plane,  
That link their arms above

In mute, mysterious love,  
I hear the strain!  
Is it the far postilion's horn,  
Mellowed by starlight, floating up the  
valley,  
Or song of love-sick peasant, borne  
Across the fields of fragrant corn,  
And poplar-guarded alley?  
Now from the woodbine and the unseen  
rose  
What new delight is showered?  
The warm wings of the air  
Drop into downy indolence and close,  
So sweetly overpowered:  
But nothing sleeps, though rest seems  
everywhere.

## II.

## ADAGIO.

Something came with the falling dusk,  
Came, and quickened to soft un-  
rest:  
Something floats in the linden's musk,  
And throbs in the brook on the  
meadow's breast.  
Shy Spirit of Love, awake, awake!  
All things feel thee,  
And all reveal thee:  
The night was given for thy sweet  
sake.  
Toil slinks aside, and leaves to thee the  
land;  
The heart beats warmer for the idle  
hand;  
The timid tongue unlearns its  
wrong,  
And speech is turned to song;  
The shaded eyes are braver;  
And every life, like flowers whose scent  
is dumb  
Till dew and darkness come,  
Gives forth a tender savor.  
Oh, each so lost in all, who may re-  
sist  
The plea of lips un-kissed,  
Or, hearing such a strain,  
Though kissed a thousand times, kiss  
not again!

## III.

## APPASSIONATO.

Was it a distant flute  
That breathed, and now is mute?

Or that lost soul men call the nightingale,

In bosky coverts hidden,  
Filling with sudden passion all the vale?

Oh, chant again the tale,  
And call on her whose name returns,  
unbidden,

A longing and a dream,  
Adelaïda!

For while the sprinkled stars  
Sparkle, and wink, and gleam,  
Adelaïda!

Darkness and perfume cleave the unknown bars

Between the enamored heart and thee,

And thou and I are free,  
Adelaïda!

Less than a name, a melody, art thou,  
A hope, a haunting vow!

The passion-cloven

Spirit of thy Beethoven

Claimed with less ardor than I claim  
thee now,

Adelaïda!

Take form, at last: from these o'er-  
bending branches

Descend, or from the grass arise

I scarce shall see thine eyes,

Or know what blush the shadow  
stanches;

But all my being's empty urn shall be  
Filled with thy mystery!

## IV.

## CAPRICCIOSO.

Nay, nay! the longings tender,  
The fear, the marvel, and the mystery,

The shy, delicious dread, the unreserved  
surrender,

Give, if thou canst, to me!

For I would be,

In this expressive languor,  
While night conceals, the wooed and  
not the wooer;

Shaken with supplication, keen as  
anger;

Pursued, and thou pursuer!

Plunder my bosom of its hoarded fire,

And so assail me,

That coy denial fail me,

Slain by the mirrored shape of my desire!

Though life seem overladen

With conquered bliss, it only craves the  
more:

Teach me the other half of passion's  
lore —

Be thou the man, and I the maiden!

Ah! come,

While earth is waiting, heaven is  
dumb,

And blossom-sighs

So penetrate the indolent air,

The very stars grow fragrant in the  
skies!

Arise,

And thine approach shall make me  
fair,

Thy borrowed pleading all too soon sub-  
due me,

Till both forget the part

And she who failed to woo me,  
So caught, is held to my impatient  
heart!

## THE SLEEPER.

THE glen was fair as some Arcadian dell,  
All shadow, coolness, and the rush of  
streams,

Save where the sprinkled blaze of noon-  
day fell

Like stars within its under-sky of  
dreams.

Rich leaf and blossomed grape and fern-  
tuft made

Odors of life and slumber through the  
shade.

"O peaceful heart of Nature!" was my  
sigh;

"How dost thou shame, in thine un-  
conscious bliss,

Thy sure accordance with the changing  
sky,

O quiet heart, the restless beat of this!

Take thou the place false friends have  
vacant left,

And bring thy bounty to repair the  
theft!"

So sighing, weary with the unsoothed  
pain

From insect-stings of women and of  
men,

Uneasy heart and ever-baffled brain,

I breathed the lonely beauty of the glen,  
And from the fragrant shadows where  
she stood

Evoked the shyest Dryad of the wood.

Lo! on a slanting rock, outstretched at length,  
 A woodman lay in slumber, fair as death,  
 His limbs relaxed in all their supple strength,  
 His lips half parted with his easy breath,  
 And by one gleam of hovering light caressed  
 His bare brown arm and white uncovered breast.

"Why comes he here?" I whispered, treading soft  
 The hushing moss beside his flinty bed;  
 "Sweet are the haycocks in yon clover-croft, —  
 The meadow turf were light beneath his head:  
 Could he not slumber by the orchard-tree,  
 And leave this quiet unprofaned for me?"

But something held my step. I bent, and scanned  
 (As one might view a veiny agate-stone)  
 The hard, half-open fingers of his hand,  
 Strong cords of wrist, knit round the jointed bone,  
 And sunburnt muscles, firm and full of power,  
 But harmless now as petals of a flower.

There lay the unconscious Life, but, ah! more fair  
 Than ever blindly stirred in leaf and bark, —  
 Warmth, beauty, passion, mystery everywhere,  
 Beyond the Dryad's feebly burning spark  
 Of cold poetic being: who could say  
 If here the angel or the wild beast lay?  
 Then I looked up, and read his helpless face:  
 Peace touched the temples and the eyelids, slept  
 On drooping lashes, made itself a place  
 In smiles that slowly to the corners crept  
 Of parting lips, and came and went, to show  
 The happy freedom of the heart below.

A holy rest! wherein the man became  
 Man's interceding representative:  
 In Sleep's white realm fell off his mask of blame,  
 And he was sacred, for that he did live.  
 His presence marred no more the quiet deep,  
 But all the glen became a shrine of Sleep!

And then I mused: how lovely this repose!  
 How the shut sense its dwelling consecrates!  
 Sleep guards itself against the hands of foes;  
 Its breath disarms the Envies and the Hates  
 Which haunt our lives: were this mine enemy,  
 My stealthy watch could not less reverent be!

So hang their hands, that would have done me wrong;  
 So sweet their breathing, whose unkindly spite  
 Provoked the bitter measures of my song;  
 So might they slumber, sacred in my sight,  
 Or I in theirs: — why waste contentious breath?  
 Forget, like Sleep; and then forgive, like Death!

#### MY FARM: A FABLE.

WITHIN a green and pleasant land  
 I own a favorite plantation,  
 Whose woods and meads, if rudely planned,  
 Are still, at least, my own creation.  
 Some genial sun or kindly shower  
 Has here and there wooed forth a flower,  
 And touched the fields with expectation.

I know what feeds the soil I till,  
 What harvest-growth it best produces:  
 My forests shape themselves at will,  
 My grapes mature their proper juices  
 I know the brambles and the weeds,



But know the fruits and wholesome  
seeds, —  
Of those the hurt, of these the uses.

And working early, working late,  
Directing crude and random Nature,  
T is joy to see my small estate  
Grow fairer in the slightest feature.  
If but a single wild-rose blow,  
Or fruit-tree bend with April snow,  
That day am I the happiest creature !

But round the borders of the land  
Dwell many neighbors, fond of roving;  
With curious eye and prying hand  
About my fields I see them moving.  
Some tread my choicest herbage  
down,  
And some of weeds would weave a  
crown,  
And bid me wear it, unreprieving.

"What trees!" says one; "who ever  
saw  
A grove, like this, of *my* possessing?  
This vale offends my upland's law;  
This sheltered garden needs suppress-  
ing.  
My rocks this grass would never  
yield,  
And how absurd the level field!  
What here will grow is past my guess-  
ing."

"Behold the slope!" another cries:  
"No sign of bog or meadow near it!  
A varied surface I despise:  
There's not a stagnant pool to cheer  
it!"  
"Why plough at all?" remarked  
a third.  
"Heaven help the man!" a fourth  
I heard, —  
"His farm's a jungle: let him clear  
it!"

No friendly counsel I disdain:  
My fields are free to every comer;  
Yet that which one to praise is fain  
But makes another's visage glummer.  
I bow them out, and welcome in,  
But while I seek some truth to  
win  
Goes by, unused, the golden summer !

Ah! vain the hope to find in each  
The wisdom each denies the other;

These mazes of conflicting speech  
All theories of culture smother.  
I'll raise and reap, with honest  
hand,  
The native harvest of my land;  
Do thou the same, my wiser brother!

## HARPOCRATES.

"The rest is silence." — HAMLET

## I.

THE message of the god I seek  
In voice, in vision, or in dream,  
Alike on frosty Dorian peak,  
Or by the slow Arcadian stream:  
Where'er the oracle is heard,  
I bow the head and bend the knee;  
In dream, in vision, or in word,  
The sacred secret reaches me.

## II.

Athwart the dim Trophonian caves,  
Bat-like, the gloomy whisper flew;  
The lisp'ing plash of Paphian waves  
Bathed every pulse in fiery dew:  
From Phœbus, on his cloven hill,  
A shaft of beauty pierced the air,  
And oaks of gray Dodona still  
Betrayed the Thunderer's presence  
there.

## III.

The warmth of love, the grace of art,  
The joys that breath and blood ex-  
press,  
The desperate forays of the heart  
Into an unknown wilderness, —  
All these I know: but sterner needs  
Demand the knowledge which *must*  
dower  
The life that on achievement feeds,  
The grand activity of power.

## IV.

What each reveals the shadow throws  
Of something unrevealed behind;  
The Secret's lips forever close  
To mock the secret undivined:  
Thence late I came, from weary dreams  
The son of Isis to implore,  
Whose temple-front of granite gleams  
Across the Desert's yellow floor.



## V

Lo! where the sand insatiate, drinks  
 The steady splendor of the air,  
 Crouched on her heavy paws, the Sphinx  
 Looks forth with old, unwearied stare!  
 Behind her, on the burning wall,  
 The long processions flash and glow:  
 The pillared shadows of the hall  
 Sleep with their lotus-crowns below.

## VI.

A square of dark beyond, the door  
 Breathes out the deep adytum's  
 gloom:  
 I cross the court's deserted floor,  
 And stand within the sacred room.  
 The priests repose from finished rite;  
 No echo rings from pavements trod;  
 And sits alone, in swarthy light,  
 The naked child, the temple's god.

## VII.

No sceptre, orb, or mystic toy  
 Proclaims his godship, young and  
 warm  
 He sits alone, a naked boy,  
 Clad in the beauty of his form.  
 Dark, solemn stars, of radiance mild,  
 His eyes illumine the golden shade,  
 And sweetest lips that never smiled  
 The finger hushes, on them laid.

## VIII.

Oh, never yet in trance or dream  
 That falls when crowned desire has  
 died,  
 So breathed the air of power supreme,  
 So breathed, and calmed, and satisfied!  
 Those mystic lips were not unsealed  
 The temple's awful hush to break,  
 But unto inmost sense revealed,  
 The deity his message spake:

## IX.

If me thou knowest, stretch thy hand  
 And my possessions thou shalt reach:  
 I grant no help, I break no band,  
 I sit above the gods that teach.  
 The latest-born, my realm includes  
 The old, the strong, the near, the  
 far,—  
 Serene beyond their changeful moods,  
 And fixed as Night's unmoving star.

## X.

"A child, I leave the dance of Earth  
 To be my hornèd mother's care:  
 My father Ammon's Bacchic mirth,  
 Delighting gods, I may not share.  
 I turn from Beauty, Love, and Power,  
 In singing vale, on laughing sea;  
 From Youth and Hope, and wait the  
 hour  
 When weary Knowledge turns to me

## XI.

"Beneath my hand the sacred springs  
 Of Man's mysterious being burst,  
 And Death within my shadow brings  
 The last of life, to greet the first.  
 There is no god, or grand or fair,  
 On Orcan or Olympian field,  
 But must to me his treasures bear,  
 His one peculiar secret yield.

## XII.

"I wear no garment, drop no shade  
 Before the eyes that all things see;  
 My worshippers, howe'er arrayed,  
 Come in their nakedness to me.  
 The forms of life like gilded towers  
 May soar, in air and sunshine drest,—  
 The home of Passions and of Powers,—  
 Yet mine the crypts whereon they rest.

## XIII.

"Embracing all, sustaining all,  
 Consoling with unuttered lore,  
 Who finds me in my voiceless hall  
 Shall need the oracles no more.  
 I am the knowledge that insures  
 Peace, after Thought's bewildering  
 range;  
 I am the patience that endures;  
 I am the truth that cannot change!"

## RUN WILD.

HERE was the gate. The broken paling,  
 As if before the wind, inclines,  
 The posts half rotted, and the pickets,  
 failing,  
 Held only up by vines.  
 The plum-trees stand, though gnarled  
 and speckled  
 With leprosy of old disease;

By cells of wormy life the trunks are  
freckled,  
And moss enfolds their knees.

I push aside the boughs and enter :  
Alas ! the garden's nymph has fled,  
With every charm that leaf and blossom  
lent her,  
And left a hag instead.

Some female satyr from the thicket,  
Child of the bramble and the weed,  
Sprang shouting over the unguarded  
wicket  
With all her savage breed.

She banished hence the ordered graces  
That smoothed a way for Beauty's  
feet,  
And gave her ugliest imps the vacant  
places,  
To spoil what once was sweet.

Here, under rankling mulleins, dwindle  
The borders, hidden long ago ;  
Here shoots the dock in many a rusty  
spindle,  
And purslane creeps below.

The thyme runs wild, and vainly sweet-  
ens,  
Hid from its bees, the conquering  
grass ;  
And even the rose with briery menace  
threatens  
To tear me as I pass.

Where show the weeds a grayer color,  
The stalks of lavender and rue  
Stretch like imploring arms, — but, ever  
duller,  
They slowly perish too.

Only the pear-tree's fruitless scion  
Exults above the garden's fall ;  
Only the thick-maned ivy, like a lion,  
Devours the crumbling wall.

What still survives becomes as savage  
As that which entered to destroy,  
Taking an air of riot and of ravage,  
Of strange and wanton joy.

No copse unpruned, no mountain hollow,  
So lawless in its growth may be :  
Where the wild weeds have room to  
chase and follow,  
They graceful are, and free.

But Nature here attempts revenges  
For her obedience unto toil ;  
She brings her rankest life with loath-  
some changes  
To smite the fattened soil

For herbs of sweet and wholesome savor  
She plants her stems of bitter juice ;  
From flowers she steals the scent, from  
fruits the flavor,  
From homelier things the use.

Her angel is a mocking devil,  
If once the law relax its bands ;  
In Man's neglected fields she holds her  
revel,  
Takes back, and spoils his lands.

Once having broken ground, he never .  
The virgin sod can plant again :  
The soil demands his services forever, —  
And God gives sun and rain !

### "CASA GUIDI WINDOWS."

RETURNED to warm existence,—even  
as one  
Sentenced, then blotted from the heads-  
man's book,  
Accepts with doubt the life again  
begun, —  
I leave the duress of my couch, and look  
Through Casa Guidi windows to the sun.

A fate like Farinata's held me fast  
In some devouring pit of fever-fire.  
Until, from ceaseless forms of toil that  
cast  
Their will upon me, whirled in endless  
gyre,  
The Spirit of the House brought help  
at last.

With Giotto wrestling, through the des-  
perate hours  
A thousand crowded frescos must I paint,  
Or snatch from twilights dim, and dusky  
bowers,  
Alternate forms of bacchanal and saint,  
The streets of Florence and her beau-  
teous towers.

Weak, wasted with those torments of  
the brain,  
The circles of the Tuscan master's hell  
Were dreams no more ; but when their  
fiery strain

Was fiercest, deep and sudden stillness  
fell  
Athwart the storm, and all was peace  
again.

She came, whom Casa Guidi's chambers  
knew,  
And know more proudly, an Immortal,  
now;  
The air without a star was shivered  
through  
With the resistless radiance of her brow,  
And glimmering landscapes from the  
darkness grew.

Thin, phantom-like; and yet she brought  
me rest.  
Unspoken words, an understood com-  
mand  
Sealed weary lids with sleep, together  
pressed  
In clasping quiet wandering hand to  
hand,  
And smoothed the folded cloth above  
the breast.

Now, looking through these windows,  
where the day  
Shines on a terrace splendid with the  
gold  
Of autumn shrubs, and green with  
glossy bay,  
Once more her face, re-made from dust,  
I hold  
In light so clear it cannot pass away:—

The quiet brow; the face so frail and fair  
For such a voice of song; the steady eye,  
Where shone the spirit fated to outwear  
Its fragile house;—and on her features  
lie

The soft half-shadows of her drooping  
hair.

Who could forget those features, having  
known?

Whose memory do his kindling rever-  
ence wrong

'That heard the soft Ionian flute, whose  
tone

Changed with the silver trumpet of her  
song?

No sweeter airs from woman's lips  
were blown.

Ah, in the silence she has left behind  
How many a sorrowing voice of life is  
still!

Songless she left the land that cannot  
find  
Song for its heroes; and the Roman  
hill,  
Once free, shall for her ghost the laurel  
wind.

The tablet tells you, "Here she wrote  
and died,"  
And grateful Florence bids the record  
stand:  
Here bend Italian love and English  
pride  
Above her grave,—and one remoter  
land,  
Free as her prayers would make it, at  
their side.

I will not doubt the vision: yonder see  
The moving clouds that speak of free-  
dom won!  
And life, new-lighted, with a lark-like  
glee  
Through Casa Guidi windows hails the  
sun,  
Grown from the rest her spirit gave to  
me.

FLORENCE, 1867

### THE GUESTS OF NIGHT.

I RIDE in a gloomy land,  
I travel a ghostly shore,—  
Shadows on either hand,  
Darkness behind and before;  
Veils of the summer night  
Dusking the woods I know;  
A whisper haunts the height,  
And the rivulet croons below.

A waft from the roadside bank  
Tells where the wild-rose nods;  
The hollows are heavy and dank  
With the steam of the golden-roads:  
Incense of Night and Death,  
Odors of Life and Day,  
Meet and mix in a breath,  
Drug me, and lapse away.

Is it the hand of the Past,  
Stretched from its open tomb,  
Or a spell from thy glamoury cast,  
O mellow and mystic gloom?  
All, wherein I have part,  
All that was loss or gain,  
Slips from the clasping heart,  
Breaks from the grasping brain.



## SOLDIERS OF PEACE.

Lo, what is left? I am bare  
As a new-born soul, — I am naught;  
My deeds are as dust in air,  
My words are as ghosts of thought.  
I ride through the night alone,  
Detached from the life that seemed,  
And the best I have felt or known  
Is less than the least I dreamed.

But the Night, like Agrippa's glass,  
Now, as I question it, clears;  
Over its vacancy pass  
The shapes of the crowded years;  
Meanest and most august,  
Hated or loved, I see  
The dead that have long been dust,  
The living, so dead to me!

Place in the word's applause?  
Nay, there is nothing there!  
Strength from unyielding laws?  
A gleam, and the glass is bare.  
The lines of a life in song?  
Faint runes on the rocks of time?  
I see but a formless throng  
Of shadows that fall or climb.

What else? Am I then despoiled  
Of the garments I wove and wore?  
Have I so refrained and toiled,  
To find there is naught in store?  
I have loved, — I love! Behold,  
How the steady pictures rise!  
And the shadows are pierced with gold  
From the stars of immortal eyes.

Nearest or most remote,  
But dearest, hath none delayed;  
And the spirits of kisses float  
O'er the lips that never fade.  
The Night each guest denies  
Of the hand or haughty brain,  
But the loves that were, arise,  
And the loves that are, remain.

### CHANT.

FOR THE BRYANT FESTIVAL.

NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

ONE hour be silent, sounds of war!  
Delay the battle he foretold,  
And let the Bard's triumphant star  
Send down from heaven its milder  
gold!

Let Fame, that plucks  
For loyal heroes, turn a  
And twine, to crown our poet  
The greener garland of the bays,

For he, our earliest minstrel, fills  
The land with echoes, sweet and long,  
Gives language to her silent hills,  
And bids her rivers move to song.

The Phosphor of the Nation's dawn,  
Sole risen above our tuneless coast,  
As Hesper now, his lamp burns on, —  
The leader of the starry host.

He sings of mountains and of streams,  
Of storied field and haunted dale,  
Yet hears a voice through all his dreams,  
Which says: "The Good shall yet  
prevail."

He sings of Truth, he sings of Right;  
He sings of Freedom, and his strains  
March with our armies to the fight,  
Ring in the bondman's falling chains.

God, bid him live, till in her place  
Truth, crushed to earth, again shall  
rise, —  
The "mother of a mighty race"  
Fulfil her poet's prophecies!

## SOLDIERS OF PEACE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., JUNE 27, 1877.

### I.

It is the brave that first forget,  
And noble foes that first unite;  
Not they who strife and passion whet,  
Then slink when comes the need to  
smite.

'T is mutual courage that forgives,  
And answering honor that outlives  
The onset's hour, the battle's day:  
The hearts that dare are quick to feel;  
The hands that wound are soft to heal;  
The blood that dims a hero's steel  
His proud tears wash away!

### II.

One holier sun awakes at last  
For North and South the blithe, bright  
hours:  
No more upon our dead are cast  
The once divided gifts of flowers:



## LYRICS.

Oak hides in moss,  
 Plumy larches toss  
 Above the mayflower's bed,  
 Where wide waves of prairie crawl  
 Sweet, far-west, their mountain-wall,  
 The People's voice says: "Peace to all!  
 We honor equal dead."

### III.

Oh, never from our elm-tree shades  
 So sweetly piped the thrush, as now;  
 Nor, 'mid the lonely Everglades,  
 The mocking-bird on cypress bough!  
 Nor wild-grass wove by meadow-rills,  
 Nor clover on the happy hills,  
 So soft a carpet for the Spring!  
 Bound is each hand that fain would  
 Spoil:  
 The Truce of God upon our soil  
 Descends, like Sabbath after toil,  
 His benison to bring!

### IV.

'T is time your bard restrung his harp,  
 That long hath echoed in its note  
 The volley's rattle, fierce and sharp,  
 The thunder-bass of cannon-throat;  
 That sang of fields where Glory swayed,  
 But wingless Victory paused, and stayed  
 To see her only flag unfurled;  
 That summoned, as a bugle blown;  
 That challenged, as a trumpet's tone;  
 That quickened, as a bolt is thrown  
 From heaven, to shake the world!

### V.

Ah! must we then renounce the theme  
 That first can rouse and best inspire,—  
 The splendor of the soldier's dream,  
 The ardor of the patriot's fire?  
 When each, to sternest duty bowed,  
 Makes all, as common kindred, proud,  
 And blots the long reproach of Time,—  
 When Youth forgets what most is fair,  
 And Age assumes a nobler care,  
 And Manhood, as a wave in air,  
 Heaves high, to fall sublime!

### VI.

The virtues, poured in lavish flood  
 To whelm our coarser Self in shame;  
 The pure infection of the blood  
 That burned for loftier meed than  
 fame,—

Must these be lost? — or absent now  
 The song of lip, the light of brow,  
 Remembering they were doubly ours?  
 And, though we honor both as one,  
 That strain of blood, in both begun,  
 Say, lies it buried from the sun,  
 Beneath memorial flowers?

### VII.

Not so! — the summit of his deed  
 Is the true measure of the man,  
 Though once alone he caught the speed  
 That every baser aim outran.  
 What once a moment is, assures  
 The certainty of what endures,  
 And thus its sacred law decrees;  
 So ye, whom battle spared or scarred,  
 Safe-sheltered now from disregard,  
 Harken to England's blind old bard:  
 "Peace hath her victories!"

### VIII.

What once, in fiery test of war,  
 So proved itself, must ever stand,  
 To make the land worth living for,  
 Since others died to save the land! —  
 Take from their lips the parted breath!  
 Make Life as glorious as is Death  
 To them that triumph when they fall:  
 Still bid the phantom squadrons throng;  
 Their purpose and their will prolong  
 To guard the Right, repel the Wrong,  
 And giving, gain, their all!

### IX.

Are they but soldiers who enlist  
 When peril shocks the Nation's heart?  
 Who leave the maiden's lips un-kissed,  
 Or kiss the wife and child, and part? —  
 But soldiers then, when calls the drum  
 And calls the flashing bayonet: "Come!"  
 And batteries challenge: "If you  
 dare!" —  
 When all the standards wave unfurled,  
 And other clouds than Heaven's are  
 hurled  
 To dim the beauty of the world,  
 And death floats free in air!

### X.

They most are soldiers, who shall keep  
 That climax of their manhood yet;  
 Who stand on guard when others sleep  
 And bear in mind what all forget!

Not in the clash of steel is found,  
 For them, the only battle-ground :  
     Equipped and armed, through life  
     they go,  
 Their hearts' best blood resolved to  
     spend,  
 Where Honor shows some grander  
     end, —  
 For whom each true man is a friend,  
     And each false man a foe!

## XI.

If knaves beguile, by felon art,  
     The shifting favor of the hour ;  
 If civic rule from right depart,  
     And brazen Impudence has power :  
 If low Ambition buy his place  
 While Merit waits in half-disgrace,  
     Still undecided sways the fight :  
 The bugle still to charge commands ;  
 There is no truce of tongues or hands,  
 No quarter, while one foeman stands  
     To mock eternal Right !

## XII.

The idle blade is gnawed with rust,  
     Though meteor of a hundred fields ;  
 The lance, unhandled, falls to dust,  
     That proved its grain on shivered  
     shields.  
 And Manhood, that has learned to dare,  
 Should as a sword his courage wear,  
     His honor as a flag defend ; —  
 Should stand, amid the heedless host,  
 A lifelong sentry at his post,  
 His sole device and knightly boast :  
     To break, but not to bend !

## XIII.

Soldiers of Peace ! — in war began  
     Your service, and it must not cease  
 Until the soldier through the man  
     Has conquered and ennobled peace !  
 Frank eyes of youth grow bright, to trace  
 A spell on each historic face  
     That sets your lives their own above ;  
 And woman's homage, sweet and shy,  
 Not woman's pride shall dare deny,  
 Since he who readiest is to die  
     Is truest in his love !

## XIV.

One loyal habit summons all  
     From out the dust of old desires ;

One spark of truth your deeds let fall  
     Shall fill the land with fresher fires !  
 Though Youth's belief be Manhood's  
     doubt,  
 And generous hopes be trampled out  
     By cynic scorn or selfish will,  
 Yet honor stays, devotion burns, —  
 And pride that mean concession spurns :  
 No man his early faith unlearns,  
     And keeps his manhood still !

## XV.

This, Soldiers, be your chosen fate,  
     Your fame that longest shall endure .  
 'T is noble, thus to save a State,  
     But nobler yet to make it pure.  
 For all whose swords were bravely  
     crossed  
 There is no true cause that was lost !  
     Defeat unites with Victory  
 To win, for each, a grander aim, —  
 One Fatherland, redeemed from blame ;  
 One Past, of sadder, prouder fame ;  
     One Future, just and free !

## THE SONG OF 1876.

## I.

WAKEN, voice of the Land's Devotion !  
     Spirit of freedom, awaken all !  
 Ring, ye shores, to the Song of Ocean,  
     Rivers, answer, and mountains, call !  
     The golden day has come :  
     Let every tongue be dumb,  
 That sounded its malice or murmured  
     its fears ;  
     She hath won her story ;  
     She wears her glory ;  
 We crown her the Land of a Hundred  
     Years !

## II.

Out of darkness and toil and danger  
     Into the light of Victory's day,  
 Help to the weak, and home to the  
     stranger,  
 Freedom to all, she hath held her  
     way !  
     Now Europe's orphans rest  
     Upon her mother-breast :  
 The voices of Nations are heard in the  
     cheers ;  
     That shall cast upon her  
     New love and honor,  
 And crown her the Queen of a Hundred  
     Years !

## III.

North and South, we are met as brothers :

East and West, we are wedded as one !

Right of each shall secure our mother's ;  
Child of each is her faithful son !

We give Thee heart and hand,  
Our glorious native Land,

For battle has tried thee, and time endears :

We will write thy story,  
And keep thy glory,

As pure as of old for a Thousand Years !

## IMPROVISATIONS.

## I.

THROUGH the lonely halls of the night  
My fancies fly to thee :

Through the lonely halls of the night,  
Alone, I cry to thee.

For the stars bring presages  
Of love, and of love's delight :

Let them bear my messages  
Through the lonely halls of the night !

In the golden porch of the morn  
Thou com'st anew to me :

In the golden porch of the morn,  
Say, art thou true to me ?

If dreams have shaken thee  
With the call thou canst not scorn,  
Let Love awaken thee

In the golden porch of the morn !

## II.

The rose of your cheek is precious ;  
Your eyes are warmer than wine ;  
You catch men's souls in the meshes  
Of curls that ripple and shine —  
But, ah ! not mine.

Your lips are a sweet persuasion ;  
Your bosom a sleeping sea ;  
Your voice, with its fond evasion,  
Is a call and a charm to me ;  
But I am free !

As the white moon lifts the waters,  
You lift the passions, and lead ;  
As a chieftainess proud with slaughters,  
You smile on the hearts that bleed :  
But I take heed !

## III.

Come to me, Lalage !  
Girl of the flying feet,  
Girl of the tossing hair  
And the red mouth, small and sweet  
Less of the earth than air,  
So witchingly fond and fair,  
Lalage !

Touch me, Lalage !  
Girl of the soft white hand,  
Girl of the low white brow  
And the roseate bosom band ;  
Bloom from an orchard bough  
Less downy-soft than thou,  
Lalage !

Kiss me, Lalage !  
Girl of the fragrant breath,  
Girl of the sun of May ;  
As a bird that flutters in death,  
My fluttering pulses say :  
If thou be Death, yet stay,  
Lalage !

## IV.

What if I couch in the grass, or listlessly  
rock on the waters ?  
If in the market I stroll, sit by the beakers  
of wine ?  
Witched by the fold of a cloud, the flush  
of a meadow in blossom,  
Soothed by the amorous airs, touched  
by the lips of the dew ?  
First must be color and odor, the simple,  
unmingled sensation,  
Then, at the end of the year, apples and  
honey and grain.  
You, reversing the order, your barren  
and withering branches  
Vainly will shake in the winds, mine  
hanging heavy with gold !

## V.

Though thy constant love I share,  
Yet its gift is rarer ;  
In my youth I thought thee fair ;  
Thou art older and fairer !

Full of more than young delight  
Now day and night are ;  
For the presence, then so bright,  
Is closer, brighter.

In the haste of youth we miss  
Its best of blisses :



Sweeter than the stolen kiss  
Are the granted kisses.

Dearer than the words that hide  
The love abiding,  
Are the words that fondly chide,  
When love needs chiding.

Higher than the perfect song  
For which love longeth,  
Is the tender fear of wrong,  
That never wrongeth.

She whom youth alone makes dear  
May awhile seem nearer :  
Thou art mine so many a year,  
The older, the dearer !

## VI.

A grass-blade is my warlike lance,  
A rose-leaf is my shield ;  
Beams of the sun are, every one,  
My chargers for the field.

The morning gives me golden steeds,  
The moon gives silver-white ;  
The stars drop down, my helm to  
crown,  
When I go forth to fight.

Against me ride in iron mail  
The squadrons of the foe :  
The bucklers flash, the maces crash,  
The haughty trumpets blow.

One touch, and all, with armor cleft,  
Before me turn and yield.  
Straight on I ride : the world is wide ;  
A rose-leaf is my shield !

Then dances o'er the waterfall  
The rainbow, in its glee ;  
The daisy sings, the lily rings  
Her bells of victory.

So am I armed where'er I go,  
And mounted night or day :  
Who shall oppose the conquering rose,  
And who the sunbeam slay ?

## VII.

The star o' the morn is whitest,  
The bosom of dawn is brightest ;  
The dew is sown,  
And the blossom blown  
Wherein thou, my Dear, delightest

Hark, I have risen before thee,  
That the spell of the day be o'er thee ;  
That the flush of my love  
May fall from above,  
And, mixed with the morn, adore thee

Dark dreams must now forsake thee,  
And the bliss of thy being take thee !  
Let the beauty of morn  
In thine eyes be born,  
And the thought of me awake thee !

Come forth to hear thy praises,  
Which the waking world upraises ;  
Let thy hair be spun  
With the gold o' the sun,  
And thy feet be kissed by the daisies !

## VIII.

Near in the forest  
I know a glade ;  
Under the tree-tops  
A secret shade !

Vines are the curtains,  
Blossoms the floor ;  
Voices of waters  
Sing evermore.

There, when the sunset's  
Lances of gold  
Pierce, or the moonlight  
Is silvery cold,

Would that an angel  
Led thee to me —  
So, out of loneliness  
Love should be !

Never the breezes  
Should lisp what we say,  
Never the waters  
Our secret betray !

Silence and shadow,  
After, might reign ;  
But the old life be ours  
Never again !

## IX.

What if we lose the seasons  
That seem of our happiest choice,  
That Life is fuller of reasons  
To sorrow than rejoice,  
That Time is richer in treasons,  
And Hope has a faltering voice ?

The dreams wherewith we were dowered  
 Were gifts of an ignorant brain ;  
 The truth has at last overpowered  
 The visions we clung to in vain :  
 But who would resist, as a coward,  
 The knowledge that cometh from  
 pain ?

For the love, as a flower of the meadow,  
 The love that stands firm as a tree —  
 For the stars that have vanished in  
 shadow,  
 The daylight, enduring and free —  
 For a dream of the dim El Dorado,  
 A world to inhabit have we !

## X.

Heart, in my bosom beating  
 Fierce, as a power at bay !  
 Ever thy rote repeating  
 Louder, and then retreating,  
 Who shall thy being sway ?

Over my will and under,  
 Equally king and slave,  
 Sometimes I hear thee thunder,  
 Sometimes falter and blunder  
 Close to the waiting grave !

Oft, in the beautiful season,  
 Restless thou art, and wild ;  
 Oft, with never a reason,  
 Turnest and doest me treason,  
 Treating the man as a child !

Cold, when passion is burning,  
 Quick, when I sigh for rest,  
 Kinder of perished yearning,  
 Curb and government spurning,  
 Thou art lord of the breast !

## XI.

Fill, for we drink to Labor !  
 And Labor, you know, is Prayer :  
 I'll be as grand as my neighbor  
 Abroad, and at home as bare !  
 Debt, and bother, and hurry !  
 Others are burdened so :  
 Here 's to the goddess Worry,  
 And here 's to the goddess Show !

Reckless of what comes after,  
 Silent of whence we come :  
 Splendor and feast and laughter  
 Make the questioners dumb.

Debt, and bother, and hurry !  
 Nobody needs to know :  
 Here 's to the goddess Worry,  
 And here 's to the goddess Show

Fame is what you have taken,  
 Character 's what you give :  
 When to this truth you waken,  
 Then you begin to live !  
 Debt, and bother, and hurry !  
 Others have risen so :  
 Here 's to the goddess Worry,  
 And here 's to the goddess Show !

Honor 's a thing for derision,  
 Knowledge a thing reviled ;  
 Love is a vanishing vision,  
 Faith is the toy of a child !  
 Debt, and bother, and hurry !  
 Honesty 's old and slow :  
 Here 's to the goddess Worry,  
 And here 's to the goddess Show !

## MARIGOLD.

HOMELY, forgotten flower,  
 Under the rose's bower,  
 Plain as a weed,  
 Thou, the half-summer long,  
 Waitest and waxest strong,  
 Even as waits a song  
 Till men shall heed.

Then, when the lilies die,  
 And the carnations lie  
 In spicy death,  
 Over thy bushy sprays  
 Burst with a sudden blaze  
 Stars of the August days,  
 With Autumn's breath.

Fain would the calyx hold ;  
 But splits, and half the gold  
 Spills lavishly :  
 Frost, that the rose appalls,  
 Wastes not thy coronals,  
 Till Summer's lustre falls  
 And fades in thee.

## WILL AND LAW.

WILL, in his lawless mirth,  
 Cried : " Mine be the sphere of Earth

Mine be the hills and seas,  
 Night calm and morning breeze,  
 Shadowed and sun-lit hours,  
 Passions, delights, and powers,  
 Each in its turn to choose,  
 All to reject or use —  
 Thus myself to fulfil,  
 For I am Will !”

Nature, with myriad mouth,  
 Answered from North and South :  
 “ Back to thy nest again,  
 Dream of the idle brain !  
 Eyes shall open, and see  
 Power attained through me :  
 Mine the increasing days,  
 Mine the delight that stays,  
 Service from each to draw —  
 For I am Law !”

## TRUE LOVE'S TIME OF DAY.

WHEN shall I find you, sweetheart,  
 That shall be and must be mine ?  
 I seek, though the world divides us,  
 And I send you the secret sign.

There's blood in the veins of morn-  
 ing,  
 So fresh it may well deceive,  
 When man goes forth as Adam,  
 And woman awaits him as Eve.

There's an elvish spell in twilight  
 When the bats of Fancy fly,  
 And sense is bound by a question,  
 And Fate by the quick reply.

And the moon is an old enchantress,  
 With her snares of glimmer and  
 shade,  
 That have ever been false and fatal  
 To the dreams of man and maid.

But I'll meet you at noonday, sweet-  
 heart,  
 In the billowy fields of grain,  
 When the sun is hot for harvest,  
 And the roses athirst for rain.

With the daylight's truth on your fore-  
 head,  
 And the daylight's love in your  
 eye,  
 I'll kiss you without a question,  
 And you'll kiss me without reply.

## YOUTH.

CHILD with the butterfly,  
 Boy with the ball,  
 Youth with the maiden —  
 Still I am all.

Wisdom of manhood  
 Keeps the old joy ;  
 Conquered illusions  
 Leave me a boy.

Falsehood and baseness  
 Teach me but this :  
 Earth still is beautiful,  
 Being is bliss.

Locks to my temples  
 Hoary may cling ;  
 'T is but as daisies  
 On meadows of spring.

## THE IMP OF SPRING-TIME.

OVER the eaves where the sunbeams fall  
 Twitters the swallow ;  
 I hear from the mountains the cataract  
 call :  
 Follow, oh, follow !

Buds on the bushes and blooms on the  
 mead  
 Swiftly are swelling ;  
 Hark ! the Spring whispereth : “ Make  
 ye with speed  
 Ready my dwelling.”

Out of the tremulous blue of the air  
 Calling before her,  
 Who was it bade me “ Awake and pre-  
 pare,  
 Thou mine adorer !”

“ Leave me,” I said ; “ I have known  
 thee of old,  
 Love the annoy,  
 Arming, at last, with thine arrows of  
 gold,  
 Time, the Destroyer.”

“ Follow,” he laughed, “ where the bliss  
 of the earth  
 Wooes thee, compelling ;  
 Yet in the Spring, and her thousandfold  
 birth,  
 I, too, am dwelling.”



Out of the buds he was peeping, and  
sang  
Soft with the swallow;  
Yea, and he called where the cataract  
sprang:  
Follow, oh, follow!

Vain to defy, or evade, or, in sooth,  
Bid him to leave me!  
But his deception is dearer than truth:  
Let him deceive me!

## CANOPUS.

## A LEAF FROM THE PAST.

ABOVE the palms, the peaks of pearly  
gray  
That hang, like dreams, along the  
slumbering skies,  
An urn of fire that never burns away,  
I see Canopus rise.

An urn of light, a golden-hearted torch,  
Voluptuous, drowsy-throbbing mid  
the stars,  
As, incense-fed, from Aphrodite's porch  
Lifted, to beacon Mars.

Is it from songs and stories of the Past,  
With names and scenes that make  
our planet fair, —  
From Babylonian splendors, vague and  
vast,  
And flushed Arabian air: —

Or sprung from richer longings of the  
brain  
And spices of the blood, this hot desire  
To lie beneath that mellow lamp again  
And breathe its languid fire?

From tales of nights when watching  
David saw  
Its amorous ray on bright Bathsheba's  
head;  
Or Charmian stole, the golden gauze to  
draw  
Round Cleopatra's bed?

Or when white-breasted Paris touched  
the lone  
Lacanian isle, where stayed his flying  
oars,  
And Helen breathed the scent of violets,  
blown  
Along the bosky shores?

Or Kalidasa's maiden, wandering  
through  
The moonlit jungles of the Indian  
lands,  
While shamed mimosas from her form  
withdrew  
Their thin and trembling hands?

For Fancy takes from Passion power to  
build  
A brighter fane than bloodless  
Thought decrees,  
And loves to see its spacious chambers  
filled  
With tropic tapestries.

And, past those halls which for itself  
the mind  
Builds, permanent as marble, and as  
cold,  
In warm surprises of the blood we find  
The sumptuous dream unfold!

There shines the leaf and bursts the  
blossom sheath  
On hills deep-mantled in eternal June,  
Or wave their whispering silver, un-  
derneath  
The rainbow-cinctured moon.

Around the pillars of the palm-tree  
bower  
The orchids cling, in rose and purple  
spheres;  
Shield-broad the lily floats; the aloe  
flower  
Foredates its hundred years.

Along the lines of coral, white and warm,  
Breaks the white surf; hushed is the  
glassy air,  
And only mellow murmurs tell that  
storm  
Is raging elsewhere.

The mansion gleams with dome and  
arch Moresque —  
Ah, bliss to lie beside the jasper urn  
Of founts, and through the open ara-  
besque  
To watch Canopus burn!

To sit at feasts, and fluid odors drain  
Of daintiest nectar that from grape  
is caught,  
While faint narcotics cheat the idle  
brain  
With phantom shapes of thought;

Or, listening to the sweet, seductive  
voice,  
No will hath silenced, since the world  
began,  
To weigh delight unchallenged, making  
choice  
Of earlier joys of man !

Permit the dream : our natures twofold  
are.  
Sense hath its own ideals, which pre-  
pare  
A rosy background for the soul's white  
star,  
Whereon it shines more fair.

Not crystal runs, dissolved from mount-  
ain snow,  
The poet's blood ; but amber, musk,  
impart  
Their scents, and gems their orb'd or  
shivered glow,  
To feed his tropic heart.

While Form and Color undivorced re-  
main  
In every planet gilded by the sun,  
His craft shall forge the radiant mar-  
riage-chain  
That makes them purely One !  
1865.

## CUPIDO.

THE REVIVAL OF AN ANTIQUATED  
FIGURE, AFTER READING THE VIEWS  
OF CERTAIN WOMEN ON MARRIAGE  
AND DIVORCE.

## I.

ROSEATE darling,  
Dimpled with laughter,  
Nursed on the bosom  
Pierced by thee after ;  
Fed with the rarest  
Milk of the fairest  
Fond Aphrodite,

Child as thou art, as a god thou art  
mighty !

## II.

Thou art the only  
Demigod left us ;  
Fate hath bereft us,  
Science made lonely.  
Visions and fables  
Shrink from our portals ;

Long have we banished  
The stately Iminortals ;  
Yet, when we sent them  
Trooping to Hades —  
Olympian gentlemen,  
Paphian ladies —  
Thou hadst re-risen,  
Ere the dark prison  
Closed for the last time,  
Slipped from the gate and returned to  
thy pastime !

## III.

Ever a mystery,  
All of our history  
Brightens with thee !  
Systems have chained us,  
Rulers restrained us,  
Fortune disdained us,  
Still thou wert free !  
Lofty or lowly,  
Brutish or holy,  
Spacious or narrow,  
Never a life was secure from thy arrow !

## IV.

Ah, but they 've told us  
Love is a system !  
They would withhold us  
When we have kissed him !  
All that perplexes  
Sweetly the sexes  
They would control,  
And with Affinity  
Drive the Divinity  
Out of the soul !  
Better, they say, is  
Phryne or Laïs  
Than the immutable  
Faith, and its suitable  
Vow, he hath taught us  
Foolish the tender  
Pang, the surrender,  
When he has caught us ;  
Fancies and fetters are all he has brought  
us.

## V.

Future parental,  
Physical, mental  
Laws they prescribe us ;  
And with ecstatic  
Strict mathematic  
Blisses would bribe us.  
Alkali, acid,  
They with a placid

Mien would unite,  
 And the wild rapture  
 Of chasing and capture  
 Curb with a right ;  
 Measuring, dealing  
 Even the kiss of the twilight of feeling !

## VI.

Who shall deliver  
 Thee from their credo ?  
 Rent is thy quiver,  
 Darling Cupido !  
 Naked, yet blameless,  
 Tricksily aimless,  
 Secretly sure,  
 Who, then, thy plighting,  
 Wilful uniting,  
 Now will endure ?  
 Now, when experiment  
 Based upon Science  
 Sets at defiance,  
 Harshly, thy merriment,  
 Who shall caress thee  
 Warm in his bosom, and bliss thee and  
 bless thee ?

## VII.

Ever 't is May-time !  
 Ever 't is play-time  
 Of Beauty and Youth !  
 Freed from confusion,  
 Hides in illusion  
 Nature her truth.  
 Books and discourses,  
 What can they tell us ?  
 Blood with its forces  
 Still will compel us !  
 Cold ones may fly to  
 Systems, or try to ;  
 Innocent fancy  
 Still will enwind us,  
 Love's necromancy,  
 Snare us and bind us,  
 Systems and rights lie forgotten behind  
 us.

## THE VOICES OF ROME.

## I.

SEE, from the tower of the Capitol,  
 looking abroad,  
 Ru'n on ruin, the bones of the skele-  
 ton spread !

Pecked through the ages by vultures of  
 force and of fraud,  
 Spoiled by the warrior, crushed by  
 the hierarch's tread.  
 Build, if thou canst, the unlimited splen-  
 dors again,  
 Pillar and architrave back to their  
 places restore :  
 So to confess that the effort of fancy is  
 vain, —  
 Though it has been, yet it can be no  
 more !

## II.

Behold ! the ages cannot trust us  
 With even the records meant to  
 last :  
 Is this the home of that Augustus  
 Whose throne upbore the splendid  
 past ?  
 Of all the triumphs, the orations,  
 The wealth, is nothing left but these,  
 Which tell of old abominations,  
 Of treacheries and tyrannies ?

## III.

Here, like an Emperor, rideth Aurelius  
 still ;  
 There, in unperishing marble, Tibe-  
 rius stands :  
 Rome and her Cæsars extend from the  
 sovereign hill  
 Sceptre of rule, and their spirits yet  
 govern the lands !  
 What are the shrines which, usurping  
 their temples, arise  
 Over the altars of gods, but the shadow  
 of theirs ?  
 Mimicking incense and sacrifice, cloud-  
 ing the skies,  
 Bright with old deities, thus with con-  
 fusion of prayers !

## IV.

The fern o'erhangs the ancient altar,  
 The ivy drapes the ruined shrine,  
 Yet Faith remains though fancy fal-  
 ter,  
 And loss of gods makes men di-  
 vine.  
 Pure as the sunshine, and as fervent,  
 Our truth the stately wreck illumines  
 And not as ruler, but as servant,  
 We call the Past from all its tombs.



## V.

Delve, as ye may, for the fragments of  
 Art that has died,  
 Fragments they are of a beauty ye  
 cannot recall;  
 Down from the loneliest column that  
 still doth abide,  
 Graces unknown to the following cent-  
 uries fall.  
 Take from the ruin and cleanse from  
 the mould of decay  
 Statue or torso or bust, and exalt  
 them as yours:  
 Yours are the fugitive triumphs, the art  
 of a day,—  
 Theirs are the beauty and strength  
 that forever endures!

## VI.

Ah, hark! 't is yet the undying Siren  
 Who sings more sweetly than of old,  
 To make us feel our days are iron  
 Beside the perished days of gold:  
 But Beauty now, no more an exile  
 From common hearths and humble  
 homes,  
 Assumes new being, warm and flexible,  
 And is the world's, not merely Rome's!

## VII.

Ah, from the pinnacle, ne'er to be  
 mounted again,  
 Mock us the grandeurs august of the  
 past that has fled!  
 Valor and sacrifice, triumph of heart  
 and of brain,  
 Wealth of the world, and its life—  
 and our ages are dead!  
 Weak is the hand of the race, and its  
 courage but faint,  
 Slow is the spirit creative that once  
 was so bold;  
 All our achievement a shadow, that  
 echoes complaint  
 Since we are lorn of the grace and  
 the glory of old!

## VIII.

No more in brief, inconstant flashes,  
 We hail the fitful dawn of truth,  
 Our feet on many an Empire's ashes,  
 We feel the world's eternal youth.  
 On firmer than the old foundations  
 We base the promise of our fate,

And take the wreck of crumbled na-  
 tions  
 To build an everlasting State.  
 ROME, *March 26, 1868.*

## PANDORA.

ITALY, loved of the sun,  
 Wooed of the sweet winds and wed by  
 the sea,  
 When, since the nations begun,  
 Was other inheritance like unto thee?

Splendors of sunshine and snows  
 Flash from thy peaks to thy bath in the  
 brine;  
 Thine are the daisy and rose,  
 The grace of the palm and the strength  
 of the pine:

Orchard and harvested plain;  
 Lakes, by the touch of the tempest un-  
 stirred;  
 Dells where the Dryads remain,  
 And mountains that rise to a music un-  
 heard?

Generous gods, at thy birth,  
 Heaped on thy cradle with prodigal  
 hand  
 Gifts, and the darling of earth  
 Art thou, and wast ever, O ravishing  
 land!

Strength from the Thunderer came,  
 Pride from the goddess that governs his  
 board;  
 While, in his forges of flame,  
 Hephæstus attempered thine armor and  
 sword.

Lo! Aphrodite her zone,  
 Winning all love to thy loveliness, gave;  
 Leaving her Paphian throne  
 To breathe on thy mountains and  
 brighten thy wave.

Bacchus the urns of his wine  
 Gave, and the festivals crowning thy  
 toil;  
 Ceres, the mother divine,  
 Bestowed on thee bounties of corn and  
 of oil.

Phœbus the songs that inspire,  
 Caught from the airs of Olympus, con-  
 ferred;

Hermes, the sweetness and fire  
That pierce in the charm of the eloquent  
word.

So were thy graces complete ;  
Yea, and, though ruined, they fascinate  
now :  
Beautiful still are thy feet,  
And girt with the gold of lost lordship  
thy brow.

### SORRENTO.

#### I.

THE gods are gone, the temples over-  
thrown,  
The storms of time the very rocks  
have shaken :  
The Past is mute, save where some  
mouldy stone  
Speaks to confuse, like speech by age  
o'ertaken.  
The pomp that crowned the wind-  
ing shore  
Has fled for evermore :  
Its old magnificence shall never re-  
awaken.

#### II.

Where once, against the Grecian ships  
arrayed,  
The Oscan warriors saw their javelins  
hurtle,  
The farmer prunes his olives, and the  
maid  
Trips down the lanes in flashing vest  
and kirtle :  
The everlasting laurel now  
Forgets Apollo's brow,  
And, dedicate no more to Venus,  
blooms the myrtle.

#### III.

Yet still, as long ago, when this high  
coast  
Phœnician strangers saw, and flying  
Dardans,  
The bounteous earth fulfils her ancient  
boast  
In mellow fields which Winter never  
hardens ;  
And daisy, lavender, and rose  
Perpetual buds uncloze,  
To flood with endless balm the tiers  
of hanging gardens.

#### IV.

From immemorial rocks the daffodil  
Beckons with scented stars, an un-  
reached wonder :  
On sunny banks their wine the hya-  
cinths spill,  
And self-betraying violets bloom there-  
under ;  
While near and threatening, dim  
and deep,  
The wave assails the steep,  
Or booms in hollow caves with sound  
of smothered thunder.

#### V.

Here Nature, dropping once her ordered  
plan,  
Fashioned all lovely things that most  
might please her —  
A playground guarded from the greed  
of man,  
The childish gauds, wherewith he  
would appease her :  
Her sweetest air, her softest wave  
Reluctantly she gave  
To grace the wealth of Rome, to heal  
the languid Cæsar.

#### VI.

She stationed there Vesuvius, to be  
Contrasted horror to her idyl ten-  
der :  
Across the azure pavement of the sea  
She raised a cape for Baiæ's marble  
splendor ;  
And westward, on the circling zone,  
To front the seas unknown,  
She planted Capri's couchant lion to  
defend her.

#### VII.

A mother kind, she doth but tanta-  
lize :  
Nor from her secret gardens will she  
spurn us.  
The Roman, casting hitherward his  
eyes,  
Forgot his Sybaris beside Voltumnus —  
Forgot the streams and sylvan  
charms  
That decked his Sabine farms,  
And orchards on the slopes that sink  
to still Avernus.

## VIII.

Here was his substance wasted : here he  
lost  
The marrow that subdued the world,  
in leisure ;  
Counting no days that were not feasts,  
no cost  
Too dear to purchase finer forms of  
pleasure ;  
Yet, while for him stood still the sun,  
The restless world rolled on,  
And shook from off its skirts Cæsar and  
Cæsar's treasure.

## IX.

Less than he sought will we : a moon of  
peace,  
To feed the mind on Fancy's airy diet ;  
Soft airs that come like memories of  
Greece,  
Nights that renew the old Phœnician  
quiet :  
Escape from yonder burning crest  
That stirs with new unrest,  
And in its lava-streams keeps hot the  
endless riot.

## X.

Here, from the wars of Gaul, the strife  
of Rome,  
May we, meek citizens, a summer  
screen us :  
Here find with milder Earth a perfect  
home,  
Once, ere she puts profounder rest  
between us :  
Here break the sacred laurel bough  
Still for Apollo's brow,  
And bind the myrtle buds to crown a  
purer Venus.

## THE TWO GREETINGS.

## I. — SALVE !

SCARCE from the void of shadows taken,  
We hail thine opening eyelids, boy !  
Be welcome to the world ! Awaken  
To strength and beauty, and to joy !

Within those orbs of empty wonder  
Let life its starry fires increase,  
And curve those tender lips asunder  
With faintest smiles of baby peace .

Sealed in their buds, the beauteous senses  
Shall gladden thee as they unfold :  
With soft allurements, stern defences,  
Thy riper being they shall mould.

Far-eyed desires and hopes unbounded  
Within thy narrow nest are furled :  
Behold, for thee how fair is rounded  
The circle of the sunlit world !

The oceans and the winds invite thee,  
The peopled lands thy coming wait :  
No wreck nor storm shall long affright  
thee,  
For all are parts of thine estate.

Advance to every triumph wrested  
By plough and pencil, pen and sword,  
For, with thy robes of action vested,  
Though slaves be others, thou art  
lord !

Thy breath be love, thy growth be duty  
To end in peace as they began :  
Pre-human in thy helpless beauty,  
Become more beautiful, as Man !

## II. — VALE !

Now fold thy rich experience round  
thee,  
To shield therewith the sinking heart :  
The sunset-gold of Day hath crowned  
thee :  
The dark gate opens, — so depart !

What growth the leafy years could ren-  
der  
No more into its bud returns ;  
It clothes thee still with faded splendor  
As banks are clothed by autumn ferns.

All spring could dream or summer fash-  
ion,  
If ripened, or untimely cast,  
The harvest of thy toil and passion —  
Thy sheaf of life — is bound at last.

What scattered ears thy field encloses,  
What tares unweeded, now behold ;  
And here the poppies, there the roses,  
Send withered fragrance through the  
gold.

Lo ! as thou camest, so thou goest,  
From bright Unknown to bright Un-  
known,



Save that the light thou forward throw-  
est,  
Was fainter then behind thee thrown.

Again be glad ! through tears and laugh-  
ter,  
And deed and failure, thou art strong :  
Thy Here presages thy Hereafter,  
And neither sphere shall do thee  
wrong !

To mother-breasts of nurture fonder  
Go, child ! — once more in beauty  
young :  
And hear our *Vale* ! echoed yonder  
As *Salve* ! in a sweeter tongue !

### TO MY DAUGHTER.

LEARN to live, and live to learn,  
Ignorance like a fire doth burn,  
Little tasks make large return.

In thy labors patient be,  
Afterward, released and free,  
Nature will be bright to thee.

Toil, when willing, groweth less ;  
"Always play" may seem to bless,  
Yet the end is weariness.

Live to learn, and learn to live,  
Only this content can give ;  
Reckless joys are fugitive !

### A LOVER'S TEST.

I SAT to-day beneath the pine  
And saw the long lake shine.  
The wind was weary, and the day  
Sank languidly away  
Behind the forest's purple rim :  
The sun was fair for me, I lived for him !

I did not miss you. All was sweet,  
Sky, earth, and soul complete  
In harmony, which could afford  
No more, nor spoil the chord.  
Could I be blest, and you afar,  
Were other I, or you, than what we are ?

The sifted silver of the night  
Rained down a strange delight ;  
The moon's moist beams on meadows  
made  
Pale bars athwart the shade,

And murmurs crept from tree to tree,  
Mysterious whispers — not from you to  
me !

I stirred the embers, roused the brand  
And mused : on either hand  
The pedigree of human thought  
Sang, censured, cheered, or taught.  
Pausing at each Titanic line,  
I caught no echo of your soul to mine !

At last, when life recast its form  
To passive rest and warm,  
Ere the soft, lingering senses cease  
In sleep's half-conscious peace,  
The wish I might have fashioned died  
In dreams that never brought you to my  
side !

Farewell ! my nature's highest stress  
Mine equal shall possess.  
'T is easier to renounce, or wait,  
Haply, the perfect fate.  
My coldness is the haughty fire  
That naught consumes except its full  
desire !

### A FRIEND'S GREETING.

TO J. G. WHITTIER, FOR HIS SEVEN-  
TIETH BIRTHDAY.

SNOW-BOUND for earth, but summer-  
souled for thee,  
Thy natal morning shines :  
Hail, Friend and Poet. Give thy hand  
to me,  
And let me read its lines !

For skilled in Fancy's palmistry am I,  
When years have set their crown ;  
When Life gives light to read its secrets  
by,  
And deed explains renown.

So, looking backward from thy seven  
tieth year  
On service grand and free,  
The pictures of thy spirit's Past are  
clear,  
And each interprets thee.

I see thee, first, on hills our Aryan sires  
In Time's lost morning knew,  
Kindling, as priest, the lonely altar-fires  
That from Earth's darkness grew.

Then, wise with secrets of Chaldæan  
lore,  
In high Akkadian fane ;  
Or pacing slow by Egypt's river-shore,  
In Thothmes' glorious reign.

I hear thee, wroth with all iniquities  
That Judah's kings betrayed,  
Preach from Ain-Jidi's rock thy God's  
decrees,  
Or Mamre's terebinth shade.

And, ah! — most piteous vision of the  
Past,  
Drawn by thy being's law,  
I see thee, martyr, in the arena cast,  
Beneath the lion's paw.

Yet, afterwards, how rang thy sword  
upon  
The Paynim helm and shield !  
How shone with Godfrey, and at Aska-  
lon,  
Thy white plume o'er the field !

Strange contradiction ! — where the  
sand-waves spread  
The boundless desert sea,  
The Bedouin spearmen found their des-  
tined head,  
Their dark-eyed chief — in thee !

And thou wert friar in Cluny's saintly  
cell,  
And Skald by Norway's foam,  
Ere fate of Poet fixed thy soul, to  
dwell  
In this New England home.

Here art thou Poet, — more than warrior,  
priest ;  
And here thy quiet years  
Yield more to us than sacrifice or feast,  
Or clash of swords or spears.

The faith that lifts, the courage that  
sustains,  
These thou wert sent to teach :  
Hot blood of battle, beating in thy  
veins,  
Is turned to gentle speech.

Not less, but more, than others hast thou  
striven ;  
Thy victories remain :  
The scars of ancient hate, long since for-  
given,  
Have lost their power to pain.

Apostle pure of Freedom and of Right,  
Thou had'st thy one reward :  
Thy prayers were heard, and flashed  
upon thy sight  
The Coming of the Lord !

Now, sheathed in myrtle of thy tender  
songs,  
Slumbers the blade of truth ;  
But Age's wisdom, crowning thee, pro-  
longs  
The eager hope of Youth !

Another line upon thy hand I trace,  
All destinies above :  
Men know thee most as one that loves  
his race,  
And bless thee with their love !

## PEACH-BLOSSOM.

## I.

NIGHTLY the hoar-frost freezes  
The young grass of the field,  
Nor yet have blander breezes  
The buds of the oak unsealed :  
Not yet pours out the pine  
His airy resinous wine ;  
But over the southern slope,  
In the heat and hurry of hope,  
The wands of the peach-tree first  
Into rosy beauty burst :  
A breath, and the sweet buds open  
A day, and the orchards bare,  
Like maids in haste to be fair,  
Lightly themselves adorn  
With a scarf the Spring at the door  
Has sportively flung before,  
Or a stranded cloud of the morn !

## II.

What spirit of Persia cometh  
And saith to the buds, " Unclose !"  
Ere ever the first bee hummeth,  
Or woodland wild flower blows ?  
What prescient soul in the sod  
Garlands each barren rod  
With fringes of bloom that speak  
Of the baby's tender breast,  
And the boy's pure lip unpressed,  
And the pink of the maiden's cheek ?  
The swift, keen Orient so  
Prophecies as of old,  
While the apple's blood is cold,  
Remembering the snow.

## III.

Afar, through the mellow hazes

Where the dreams of June are stayed,  
The hills, in their vanishing mazes,

Carry the flush, and fade !  
Southward they fall, and reach  
To the bay and the ocean beach,  
Where the soft, half-Syrian air  
Blows from the Chesapeake's  
Inlets and coves and creeks  
On the fields of Delaware !  
And the rosy lakes of flowers,  
That here alone are ours,  
Spread into seas that pour  
Billow and spray of pink  
Even to the blue wave's brink,  
All down the Eastern Shore !

## IV.

Pain, Doubt, and Death are over !

Who thinks, to-day, of toil ?  
The fields are certain of clover,  
The gardens of wine and oil.  
What though the sap of the North  
Drowsily peereth forth  
In the orchards, and still delays ?  
The peach and the poet know  
Under the chill the glow,  
And the token of golden days !

## V.

What fool, to-day, would rather  
In wintry memories dwell ?  
What miser reach to gather  
The fruit these boughs foretell ?  
No, no ! — the heart has room  
For present joy alone,  
Light shed and sweetness blown,  
For odor and color and bloom !  
As the earth in the shining sky,  
Our lives in their own bliss lie ;  
Whatever is taught or told,  
However men moan and sigh,  
Love never shall grow cold,  
And Life shall never die !

## ASSYRIAN NIGHT-SONG.

## I.

THERE is naught, on either hand,  
But the moon upon the sand.  
Pale and glimmering, far and dim,  
To the Desert's utmost rim,  
Flows the inundating light

Over all the lands of Night.  
Bel, the burning lord, has fled :  
In her blue, uncurtained bed,  
Ishtar, bending from above,  
Seeks her Babylonian love.  
Silver-browed, forever fair,  
Goddess of the dusky hair  
And the jewel-sprinkled breast,  
Give me love, or give me rest !

## II.

I have wandered lone and far  
As the ship of Izdubar,  
When the gathered waters rose  
High on Nizir's mountain snows,  
Drifting where the torrent sped  
Over life and glory dead.  
Hear me now ! I stretch my hands  
From the moon-sea of the sands  
Unto thee, or any star  
That was guide to Izdubar !  
Where the bulls with kingly heads  
Guard the way to palace-beds,  
Once I saw a woman go,  
Swift as air and soft as snow,  
Making swan and cypress one,  
Steel and honey, night and sun, —  
Once of death I knew the sting :  
Beauty queen — and I not king !

## III.

Where the Hanging Gardens soar  
Over the Euphrates' shore,  
And from palm and clinging vine  
Lift aloft the Median pine,  
Torches flame and wine is poured,  
And the child of Bel is lord !  
I am here alone with thee,  
Ishtar, daughter of the Sea,  
Who of woven dew and air  
Spread'st an ocean, phantom-fair,  
With a slow pulse beating through  
Wave of air and foam of dew.  
As I stand, I seem to drift  
With its noiseless fall and lift,  
While a veil of lightest lawn,  
Or a floating form withdrawn,  
Or a glimpse of beckoning hands  
Gleams and fades above the sands.

## IV.

Day, that mixed my soul with men,  
Has it died forever, then ?  
Is there any world but this ?  
If the god deny his bliss,



And the goddess cannot give,  
 What are gods, that men should live ?  
 Lo ! the sand beneath my feet  
 Hoards the bounty of its heat,  
 And thy silver cheeks I see  
 Bright with him who burns for thee.  
 Give the airy semblance form,  
 Bid the dream be near and warm ;  
 Or, if dreams but flash and die  
 As a mock to heart and eye,  
 Then descend thyself, and be,  
 Ishtar, sacred bride to me !

## MY PROLOGUE.

## I.

If heat of youth, 'tis heat suppressed  
 That fills my breast :  
 The childhood of a voiceless lyre  
 Preserves my fire.  
 I chanted not while I was young ;  
 But ere age chill, I liberate my tongue !

## II.

Apart from stormy ways of men,  
 Maine's loneliest glen  
 Held me as banished, and unheard  
 I saved my word :  
 I would not know the bitter taste  
 Of the crude fame which falls to them  
 that haste.

## III.

On each impatient year I tossed  
 A holocaust  
 Of effort, ashes ere it burned,  
 And justly spurned.  
 If now I own maturer days,  
 I know not : dust to me is passing praise.

## IV.

But out of life arises song,  
 Clear, vital, strong, —  
 The speech men pray for when they  
 pine,  
 The speech divine  
 No other can interpret : grand  
 And permanent as time and race and  
 land.

## V.

I dreamed I spake it : do I dream,  
 In pride supreme,

Or, like late lovers, found the bride  
 Their youth denied,  
 'Is this my stinted passion's flow ?  
 It well may be ; and they that read will  
 know.

## GABRIEL.

## I.

ONCE let the Angel blow ! —  
 A peal from the parted heaven,  
 The first of seven !  
 For the time is come that was foretold  
 So long ago !  
 As the avalanche gathers, huge and cold,  
 From the down of the harmless snow,  
 The years and the ages gather and  
 hang  
 Till the day when the word is spoken :  
 When they that dwell in the end of  
 time  
 Are smitten alike for the early crime  
 As the vials of wrath are broken !

## II.

Yea, the time hath come ;  
 Though Earth is rich, her children are  
 dumb !  
 Ye cry : Beware  
 Of the dancer's floating hair,  
 And the cymbal's clash, and the sound  
 of pipe and drum !  
 But the Prophet cries : Beware  
 Of the hymn unheard, the unanswered  
 prayer ;  
 For ignorance is past,  
 And knowledge comes at last,  
 And the burden it brings to you how  
 can ye bear ?

## III.

Again let the Angel blow !  
 The seals are loosened that seemed to  
 bind  
 The Future's bliss and woe !  
 For a shrinking soul, an uncertain mind,  
 For eyes that see, but are growing blind,  
 Your landmarks fade and change :  
 The colors to-day you borrow  
 Take another hue to-morrow ;  
 The forms of your faith are wild and  
 strange !  
 Walking, you stagger to and fro :  
 So, let the Angel blow !

## IV.

Ah, shall the Angel blow?  
 Something must have remained,  
 Something fresh and unstained,  
 Sprung from the common soil where the  
     virtues grow:  
 Nay, it is not so!  
 Art succumbs to the coarser sense,  
 Greed o'ercometh sweet abstinence;  
 Of vices young men talk,  
 In scarlet your women walk,  
 And the soul of honor that made you  
     proud,  
 The loftier grace your lives avowed,  
 Are a passive corpse and a tattered  
     shroud:  
 What you forget, can your children  
     know?  
 So, let the Angel blow!

## V.

Yes, let the Angel blow!  
 A peal from the parted heaven,  
 The first of seven; —  
 The warning, not yet the sign, of woe!  
 That men arise  
 And look about them with wakened eyes,  
 Behold on their garments the dust and  
     slime,  
 Refrain, forbear,  
 Accept the weight of a nobler care  
 And take reproach from the fallen time!

## THE LOST CARYATID.

WHEN over Salamis stands Homer's  
     moon,  
 And from the wasted wave  
 Of spent Ilissus falls no liquid croon,  
 But tears that wet a grave;  
 When on Pentelicus the quarried scars  
     Are dusk as dying stars;  
 When Attica's gray olives blend and  
     gleam  
 Like sea-mists o'er the plain;  
 And, islanded in Time's eternal stream,  
 Only Athenë's fane  
 Shines forth, when every light of heaven  
     must kiss  
 Art's one Acropolis:  
 Then, unto him — the modern Hellenes  
     say —  
 In whom old dreams survive;

For whom the force of each immortal  
     day

Earth knew, is yet alive —  
 To him who waits and listens there alone,  
 Rises a strange, sweet moan.

The voice of broken marble, the com-  
     plaint

Of beauty nigh despair,  
 In the thick wilderness of years grown  
     faint

For lack of rite and prayer,  
 Since all perfection, making her sublime,  
 Provoked her evil time.

It floats around the Panathenaic frieze  
 Till every triglyph sings,  
 While up from Dionysian chairs the  
     breeze

A murmurous answer brings;  
 But most it gathers voice, and rests  
     upon  
 The spoiled Erechtheion.

There the white architrave that fronts  
     the east

Lightly five sisters hold  
 As blossom-baskets at a bridal feast,  
 Or jars of Samian gold:  
 Each proud and pure, and still a glorious  
     wraith  
 Of Beauty wed to Faith!

The sixth has vanished, from the service  
     torn,

Long since, by savage hands,  
 And keeps dumb vigil where the misty  
     morn

Creeps o'er Cimmerian lands;  
 While they, in pallid lip and dew-damp  
     cheek

Lament, and seem to speak:

"Where art thou, sister? Thee, the  
     sparkling day,

The moonbeam, finds no more,  
 Save in some hall where darker gods  
     decay

On some barbarian shore!

Ah, where, beyond Poseidon's bitter  
     foam,

Hear'st thou the voice of home?

"Where, when, as now, the night's mys-  
     terious hush

Our ancient life renews,  
 Or when the tops of Corydallus flush  
     O'er the departing dews —

And lovely Attica, in silver spread,  
Forgets that she is dead —

"Bidest thou in exile? Speak! Our  
being cold, —  
Thou knowest! — yet retains  
The thrill of choric strophes, flutes of  
gold,  
And all victorious strains.  
Dark is the world that knows not us  
divine;  
But, ah! what fate is thine?"

Lo! from afar, across unmeasured seas  
An answering sound is blown,  
As when some wind-god's ghost moves  
Thessaly's  
Tall pines to solemn tone;  
Yet happy, as a sole Arcadian flute,  
When harvest-fields are mute.

"I hear ye, sisters!" — thus the answer  
falls:

"My marble sends reply  
To you, who guard the fair, immortal  
halls  
Beneath our ancient sky;  
Yet give no sadder echo to your moan, —  
I am not here alone!

"Dark walls surround me; that keen  
azure fire  
Of day and night is fled;  
Yet worship clothes me, and the old de-  
sire  
That round your feet is dead:  
I see glad eyes, I feel fresh spirits  
burn,  
And beauteous faith return!

What idle hand or scornful set me  
here  
I heed no longer now;  
Men know my loveliness, and, half in  
fear,  
Touch mine insulted brow:  
In me the glory of the gods discrowned  
The race again has found.

'More proudly, sisters, bear your archi-  
trave  
Without me, whom ye miss!  
Truth finds her second birthplace, not  
her grave,  
On our Acropolis!  
And children here, while there but aliens  
roam,  
Shall build once more our home."

## THE VILLAGE STORK.

THE old Hercynian Forest sent  
His weather on the plain;  
Wahlwinkel's orchards writhed and bent  
In whirls of wind and rain.  
Within her nest, upon the roof,  
For generations tempest-proof,  
Wahlwinkel's stork with her young ones  
lay,  
When the hand of the hurricane tore  
away  
The house and the home that held  
them.

The storm passed by; the happy trees  
Stood up, and kissed the sun;  
And from the birds new melodies  
Came fluting one by one.  
The stork, upon the paths below,  
Went sadly pacing to and fro,  
With dripping plumes and head de-  
pressed,  
For she thought of the spoiled ancestral  
nest,  
And the old, inherited honor.

"Behold her now!" the throistle sang  
From out the linden tree;  
"Who knows from what a line she  
sprang,  
Beyond the unknown sea?"  
"If she could sing, perchance her tale  
Might move us," chirruped the nightin-  
gale.  
"Sing? She can only rattle and creak!"  
Whistled the bullfinch, with silver beak,  
Within the wires of his prison.

And all birds there, or loud or low,  
Were one in scoff and scorn;  
But still the stork paced to and fro,  
As utterly forlorn.  
Then suddenly, in turn of eye,  
She saw a poet passing by,  
And the thought in his brain was an  
arrow of fire,  
That pierced her with passion, and pride,  
and ire,  
And gave her a voice to answer.

She raised her head and shook her wings,  
And faced the piping crowd.  
"Best service," said she, "never sings.  
True honor is not loud.  
My kindred carol not, nor boast;  
Yet we are loved and welcomed most,



And our ancient race is dearest and first,  
And the hand that hurts us is held ac-  
cursed

In every home of Wahlwinkel !

"Beneath a sky forever fair,  
And with a summer sod,  
The land I come from smiles — and  
there

My brother was a god !  
My nest upon a temple stands  
And sees the shine of desert lands ;  
And the palm and the tamarisk cool  
my wings,  
When the blazing beam of the noonday  
stings,

And I drink from the holy river !

"There I am sacred, even as here ;  
Yet dare I not be lost,  
When meads are bright, hearts full of  
cheer,

At blithesome Pentecost.  
Then from mine obelisk I depart,  
Guided by something in my heart,  
And sweep in a line over Libyan sands  
To the blossoming olives of Grecian lands,  
And rest on the Cretan Ida !

"Parnassus sees me as I sail ;  
I cross the Adrian brine ;  
The distant summits fade and fail,  
Dalmatian, Apennine ;  
The Alpine snows beneath me gleam,  
I see the yellow Danube stream ;  
But I hasten on till my spent wings fall  
Where I bring a blessing to each and all,  
And babes to the wives of Wahlwin-  
kel !"

She drooped her head and spake no  
more ;

The birds on either hand  
Sang louder, lustier than before —  
They could not understand.  
Thus mused the stork, with snap of beak :  
"Better be silent, than so speak !  
Highest being can never be taught :  
They have their voices, I my thought ;  
And they were never in Egypt !"

#### SONNET.

Who, harnessed in his mail of Self, de-  
mands  
To be men's master and their sovran  
guide ? —

Proclaims his place, and by sole right of  
pride

A candidate for love and reverence  
stands,

As if the power within his empty hands  
Had fallen from the sky, with all beside,  
So oft to longing and to toil denied,  
That makes the leaders and the lords of  
lands ?

He who would lead must first himself  
be led ;

Who would be loved be capable of love  
Beyond the utmost he receives ; who  
claims

The rod of power must first have bowed  
his head,

And, being honored, honor what's above :  
This know the men who leave the world  
their names.

#### FROM THE NORTH.

ONCE more without you ! Sighing, Dear,  
once more,

For all the sweet, accustomed ministries  
Of wife and mother : not as when the  
seas

That parted us my tender message bore  
From the gray olives of the Cretan shore  
To those that hide the broken Phidian  
frieze

Of our Athenian home, — but far de-  
grees,

Wide plains, great forests, part us now.  
My door

Looks on the rushing Neva, cold and  
clear :

The swelling domes in hovering splendor  
lie

Like golden bubbles, eager to be gone ;  
But the chill crystal of the atmosphere  
Withholds them, and along the northern  
sky

The amber midnight smiles in dreams  
of dawn.

#### A WEDDING SONNET.

TO T. B. A. AND L. W.

SAD Autumn, drop thy weedy crown  
forlorn,

Put off thy cloak of cloud, thy scarf of  
mist,

And dress in gauzy gold and amethyst  
A day benign, of sunniest influence born,

As may befit a Poet's marriage morn !  
 Give buds another dream, another tryst  
 To loving hearts, and print on lips un-  
   kissed  
 Betrothal-kisses, laughing Spring to  
   scorn !  
 Yet, if unfriendly thou, with sullen skies,  
 Bleak rains, or moaning winds, dost  
   menace wrong,  
 Here art thou foiled : a bridal sun shall  
   rise  
 And bridal emblems unto these belong.  
 Round her the sunshine of her beauty  
   lies,  
 And breathes round him the spring-time  
   of his song !

## CHRISTMAS SONNETS.

## I.

TO G. H. B.

If that my hand, like yours, dear  
   George, were skilled  
 To win from Wordsworth's scanty plot  
   of ground  
 A shining harvest, such as you have  
   found,  
 Where strength and grace, fraternally  
   fulfilled,  
 As in those sheaves whose rustling  
   glories gild  
 The hills of August, folded are, and  
   bound ;  
 So would I draw my loving tillage round  
 Its borders, bid the gentlest rains be  
   spilled,  
 The goldenest suns its happy growth  
   compel,  
 And bind for you the ripe, redundant  
   grain :  
 But, ah ! you stand amid your songful  
   sheaves,  
 So rich, this weed-born flower you might  
   disdain,  
 Save that of me its growth and color tell,  
 And of my love some perfume haunt  
   its leaves !

## II.

TO R. H. S.

THE years go by, old Friend ! Each,  
   as it fleets,  
 Moves to a farther, fairer realm, the time

When first we twain the pleasant land  
   of Rhyme  
 Discovered, choosing side by side our  
   seats  
 Below our separate Gods : in midnight  
   streets  
 And haunted attics flattered by the  
   chime  
 Of silver words, and, fed by faith sublime,  
 I Shelley's mantle wore, you that of  
   Keats, —  
 Dear dreams, that marked the Muse's  
   childhood then,  
 Nor now to be disowned ! The years go  
   by ;  
 The clear-eyed Goddess flatters us no  
   more ;  
 And yet, I think, in soberer aims of men,  
 And Song's severer service, you and I  
 Are nearer, dearer, faithfuller than be-  
   fore.

## III.

TO E. C. S.

WHEN days were long, and o'er that  
   farm of mine,  
 Green Cedarcroft, the summer breezes  
   blew,  
 And from the walnut shadows I and you,  
 Dear Edmund, saw the red lawn-roses  
   shine,  
 Or followed our idyllic Brandywine  
 Through meadows flecked with many a  
   flowery hue,  
 To where with wild Arcadian pomp I  
   drew  
 Your Bacchic march among the startled  
   kine,  
 You gave me, linked with old Mæonides,  
 Your loving sonnet, — record dear and  
   true  
 Of days as dear : and now, when suns  
   are brief,  
 And Christmas snows are on the naked  
   trees,  
 I give you this, — a withered winter leaf,  
 Yet with your blossom from one root it  
   grew.

## IV.

TO J. L. G.

If I could touch with Petrarch's pen  
   this strain  
 Of graver song, and shape to liquid flow

Of soft Italian syllables the glow  
 That warms my heart, my tribute were  
   not vain :  
 But how shall I such measured sweet-  
   ness gain  
 As may your golden nature fitly show,  
 And with the heart-light shine, that fills  
   you so,  
 It pales the graces of the cultured brain ?  
 Long have I known, Love better is than  
   Fame,  
 And Love hath crowned you : yet if  
   any bay  
 Cling to my chaplet when the years  
   have fled,  
 And I am dust, may this which bears  
   your name  
 Cling latest, that my love's result shall  
   stay  
 When that which mine ambition wrought  
   is dead !

#### A STATESMAN.

He knew the mask of principle to wear,  
 And power accept while seeming to de-  
   cline :  
 So cunningly he wrought, with tools so  
   fine,  
 Setting his courses with so frank an air,  
 (Yet most secure when seeming most to  
   dare,)  
 He did deceive us all : with mien benign  
 His malice smiled, his cowardice the sign  
 Of courage took, his selfishness grew  
   fair,  
 So deftly could his foiled ambition show  
 As modest acquiescence. Now, 't is  
   clear  
 What man he is, — how false his high  
   report ;  
 Mean to the friend, caressing to the foe ;  
 Plotting the mischief which he feigns to  
   fear :  
 Chief Eunuch, were but ours the Sul-  
   tan's court !

#### A PRESIDENT.

Thou, whom the slave-lords with con-  
   temptuous feet  
 Spurned in their double insult — taunt-  
   ing thee,  
 As born of Labor and of Poverty,  
 With scorn in thine abasement most un-  
   meet,

How dost thou find their false embraces  
   sweet !  
 How, so insanely blind, thou canst not  
   see  
 What shameless scoffs in their applauses  
   be ?  
 So took the drunken slave, in Roman  
   street,  
 The homage of his master's mocking  
   mirth :  
 And thou, who mightst have lifted up  
   thy race,  
 Dost rather take from Toil its dignity,  
 And unto ignorance addest fresh dis-  
   grace.  
 But we shall sweep that system from  
   the earth  
 Which gave us Treason, war, and lastly  
   — thee !

#### SONNET.

WHERE should the Poet's home and  
   household be ?  
 Beneath what skies, in what untroubled  
   air  
 Sings he for very joy of songs so fair  
 That in their steadfast laws he most is  
   free ?  
 In woods remote, where darkly tree on  
   tree  
 Let fall their curtained shadows, to en-  
   snare  
 His dreams, or hid in Fancy's happiest  
   lair, —  
 Some laughing island of the stormless  
   sea ?  
 Ah, never such to him their welcome  
   gave !  
 But, flattered by the gods in finer scorn,  
 He drifts upon the world's unresting  
   wave,  
 As drifts a sea-flower, by the tempest  
   torn  
 From sheltered porches of the coral cave  
 Where it expands, of calm and silence  
   born.

#### TO MARIE.

WITH A COPY OF THE TRANSLATION OF  
   FAUST.

THIS plant, it may be, grew from vigor-  
   ous seed,  
 Within the field of study set by Song ;



Sent from its sprouting germ, perchance,  
     a throng  
 Of roots even to that depth where pas-  
     sions breed ;  
 Chose its own time, and of its place took  
     heed ;  
 Sucked fittest nutriment to make it  
     strong : —  
 But you from every wayward season's  
     wrong

Did guard it, showering, at its changing  
     need,  
 Or dew of sympathy, or summer glow  
 Of apprehension of the finer toil,  
 And gave it, so, the nature that endures.  
 Our secret this, the world can never  
     know :  
 You were the breeze and sunshine, I the  
     soil :  
 The form is mine, color and odor yours !



# ODES.





# ODES.

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## GETTYSBURG ODE.

DEDICATION OF THE NATIONAL MONUMENT, JULY 1, 1869

### I.

AFTER the eyes that looked, the lips that spake  
Here, from the shadows of impending death,  
Those words of solemn breath,  
What voice may fitly break  
The silence, doubly hallowed, left by him ?  
We can but bow the head, with eyes grown dim,  
And, as a Nation's litany, repeat  
The phrase his martyrdom hath made complete,  
Noble as then, but now more sadly-sweet :  
" Let us, the Living, rather dedicate  
Ourselves to the unfinished work, which they  
Thus far advanced so nobly on its way,  
And save the perilled State !  
Let us, upon this field where they, the brave,  
Their last full measure of devotion gave,  
Highly resolve they have not died in vain ! —  
That, under God, the Nation's later birth  
Of Freedom, and the people's gain  
Of their own Sovereignty, shall never wane  
And perish from the circle of the earth ! "  
From such a perfect text, shall Song aspire  
To light her faded fire,  
And into wandering music turn  
Its virtue, simple, sorrowful, and stern ?  
His voice all elegies anticipated ;  
For, whatsoe'er the strain,  
We hear that one refrain :  
" We consecrate ourselves to them, the Consecrated ! "

### II.

After the thunder-storm our heaven is blue :  
Far-off, along the borders of the sky,  
In silver folds the clouds of battle lie,  
With soft, consoling sunlight shining through ;  
And round the sweeping circle of your hills  
The crashing cannon-thrills  
Have faded from the memory of the air ;  
And Summer pours from unexhausted fountains  
Her bliss on yonder mountains :  
The camps are tenantless, the breastworks bare :

Earth keeps no stain where hero-blood was poured :  
 The hornets, humming on their wings of lead,  
 Have ceased to sting, their angry swarms are dead,  
 And, harmless in its scabbard, rusts the sword !

## III.

Oh, not till now, — Oh, now we dare, at last,  
 To give our heroes fitting consecration !  
 Not till the soreness of the strife is past,  
 And Peace hath comforted the weary Nation !  
 So long her sad, indignant spirit held  
 One keen regret, one throb of pain, unquelled ;  
 So long the land about her feet was waste,  
 The ashes of the burning lay upon her,  
 We stood beside their graves with brows abased,  
 Waiting the purer mood to do them honor !  
 They, through the flames of this dread holocaust,  
 The patriot's wrath, the soldier's ardor, lost :  
 They sit above us and above our passion,  
 Disparaged even by our human tears, —  
 Beholding truth our race, perchance, may fashion  
 In the slow process of the creeping years.  
 We saw the still reproof upon their faces ;  
 We heard them whisper from the shining spaces :  
 " To-day ye grieve : come not to us with sorrow !  
 Wait for the glad, the reconciled To-morrow !  
 Your grief but clouds the ether where we dwell ;  
 Your anger keeps your souls and ours apart :  
 But come with peace and pardon, all is well !  
 And come with love, we touch you, heart to heart ! "

## IV.

Immortal Brothers, we have heard !  
 Our lips declare the reconciling word :  
 For Battle taught, that set us face to face,  
 The stubborn temper of the race,  
 And both, from fields no longer alien, come,  
 To grander action equally invited, —  
 Marshalled by Learning's trump, by Labor's drum,  
 In strife that purifies and makes united !  
 We force to build, the powers that would destroy ;  
 The muscles, hardened by the sabre's grasp,  
 Now give our hands a firmer clasp :  
 We bring not grief to you, but solemn joy !  
 And, feeling you so near,  
 Look forward with your eyes, divinely clear,  
 To some sublimely-perfect, sacred year,  
 When sons of fathers whom ye overcame  
 Forget in mutual pride the partial blame,  
 And join with us, to set the final crown  
 Upon your dear renown, —  
 The People's Union in heart and name !

## V.

And yet, ye Dead ! — and yet  
 Our clouded natures cling to one regret :



We are not all resigned  
 To yield, with even mind,  
 Our scarcely-risen stars, that here untimely set.  
 We needs must think of History that waits  
 For lines that live but in their proud beginning, —  
 Arrested promises and cheated fates, —  
 Youth's boundless venture and its single winning !  
 We see the ghosts of deeds they might have done,  
 The phantom homes that beacons their endeavor ;  
 The seeds of countless lives, in them begun,  
 That might have multiplied for us forever !  
 We grudge the better strain of men  
 That proved itself, and was extinguished then —  
 The field, with strength and hope so thickly sown,  
 Wherefrom no other harvest shall be mown :  
 For all the land, within its clasping seas,  
 Is poorer now in bravery and beauty,  
 Such wealth of manly loves and energies  
 Was given to teach us all the freeman's sacred duty !

## VI.

Again 't is they, the Dead,  
 By whom our hearts are comforted.  
 Deep as the land-blown murmurs of the waves  
 The answer cometh from a thousand graves :  
 "Not so ! we are not orphaned of our fate !  
 Though life were warmest, and though love were sweetest,  
 We still have portion in their best estate :  
 Our fortune is the fairest and completest !  
 Our homes are everywhere : our loves are set  
 In hearts of man and woman, sweet and vernal :  
 Courage and Truth, the children we beget,  
 Unmixed of baser earth, shall be eternal.  
 A finer spirit in the blood shall give  
 The token of the lines wherein we live, —  
 Unselfish force, unconscious nobleness  
 That in the shocks of fortune stands unshaken, —  
 The hopes that in their very being bless,  
 The aspirations that to deeds awaken !  
 If aught of finer virtue ye allow  
 To us, that faith alone its like shall win you ;  
 So, trust like ours shall ever lift the brow ;  
 And strength like ours shall ever steel the sinew !  
 We are the blossoms which the storm has cast  
 From the Spring promise of our Freedom's tree,  
 Pruning its overgrowths, that so, at last,  
 Its later fruit more bountiful shall be ! —  
 Content, if, when the balm of Time assuages  
 The branch's hurt, some fragrance of our lives  
 In all the land survives,  
 And makes their memory sweet through still expanding ages !"

## VII.

Thus grandly, they we mourn, themselves console us ;  
 And, as their spirits conquer and control us,  
 We hear, from some high realm that lies beyond,  
 The hero-voices of the Past respond.

From every State that reached a broader right  
 Through fiery gates of battle ; from the shock  
 Of old invasions on the People's rock ;  
 From tribes that stood, in Kings' and Priests' despite ;  
 From graves, forgotten in the Syrian sand,  
 Or nameless barrows of the Northern strand,  
 Or gorges of the Alps and Pyrenees,  
 Or the dark bowels of devouring seas, —  
 Wherever Man for Man's sake died, — wherever  
 Death stayed the march of upward-climbing feet,  
     Leaving their Present incomplete,  
 But through far Futures crowning their endeavor, —  
 Their ghostly voices to our ears are sent,  
 As when the high note of a trumpet wrings  
     Æolian answers from the strings  
 Of many a mute, unfingered instrument !  
 Plataean cymbals thrill for us to-day ;  
 The horns of Sempach in our echoes play,  
 And nearer yet, and sharper, and more stern,  
 The slogan rings that startled Bannockburn ;  
 Till from the field, made green with kindred deed,  
     The shields are clashed in exultation  
     Above the dauntless Nation,  
 That for a Continent has fought its Runnymede !

## VIII.

Aye, for a Continent ! The heart that beats  
     With such rich blood of sacrifice  
 Shall, from the Tropics, drowsed with languid heats,  
     To the blue ramparts of the Northern ice,  
 Make felt its pulses, all this young world over ! —  
     Shall thrill, and shake, and sway  
 Each land that bourgeons in the Western day,  
 Whatever flag may float, whatever shield may cover !  
 With fuller manhood every wind is rife,  
     In every soil are sown the seeds of valor,  
 Since out of death came forth such boundless life,  
     Such ruddy beauty out of anguished pallor !  
 And that first deed, along the Southern wave,  
     Spoiled not the sister-land, but lent an arm to save !

## IX.

Now, in her seat secure,  
 Where distant menaces no more can reach her,  
     Our land, in undivided freedom pure,  
 Becomes the unwilling world's unconscious teacher ;  
 And, day by day, beneath serener skies,  
 The unshaken pillars of her palace rise, —  
 The Doric shafts, that lightly upward press,  
 And hide in grace their giant massiveness.  
 What though the sword has hewn each corner-stone,  
     And precious blood cements the deep foundation !  
 Never by other force have empires grown ;  
     From other basis never rose a nation !  
 For strength is born of struggle, faith of doubt,  
     Of discord law, and freedom of oppression :

We hail from Pisgah, with exulting shout,  
 The Promised Land below us, bright with sun,  
     And deem its pastures won,  
 Ere toil and blood have earned us their possession !  
 Each aspiration of our human earth  
 Becomes an act through keenest pangs of birth ;  
 Each force, to bless, must cease to be a dream,  
 And conquer life through agony supreme ;  
 Each inborn right must outwardly be tested  
     By stern material weapons, ere it stand  
     In the enduring fabric of the land,  
 Secured for these who yielded it, and those who wrested !

## X.

This they have done for us who slumber here, —  
     Awake, alive, though now so dumbly sleeping ;  
 Spreading the board, but tasting not its cheer,  
     Sowing, but never reaping ; —  
 Building, but never sitting in the shade  
 Of the strong mansion they have made ; —  
 Speaking their word of life with mighty tongue,  
 But hearing not the echo, million-voiced,  
     Of brothers who rejoiced,  
 From all our river vales and mountains flung !  
 So take them, Heroes of the songful Past !  
 Open your ranks, let every shining troop  
     Its phantom banners droop,  
 To hail Earth's noblest martyrs, and her last !  
     Take them, O Fatherland !  
     Who, dying, conquered in thy name ;  
     And, with a grateful hand,  
 Inscribe their deed who took away thy blame, —  
 Give, for their grandest all, thine insufficient fame !  
     Take them, O God ! our Brave,  
 The glad fulfillers of Thy dread decree ;  
 Who grasped the sword for Peace, and smote to save,  
 And, dying here for Freedom, also died for Thee !

## SHAKESPEARE'S STATUE.

CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK, MAY 23, 1872.

## I.

IN this free Pantheon of the air and sun,  
 Where stubborn granite grudgingly gives place  
 To petted turf, the garden's daintier race  
     Of flowers, and Art hath slowly won  
 A smile from grim, primeval barrenness,  
     What alien Form doth stand ?  
 Where scarcely yet the heroes of the land,  
 As in their future's haven, from the stress  
 Of all conflicting tides, find quiet deep  
     Of bronze or marble sleep,  
 What stranger comes, to join the scanty band ?  
     Who pauses here, as one that muses  
     While centuries of men go by,

And unto all our questioning refuses  
 His clear, infallible reply ?  
 Who hath his will of us, beneath our new-world sky ?

## II.

Here, in his right, he stands !  
 No breadth of earth-dividing seas can bar  
 The breeze of morning, or the morning star,  
     From visiting our lands :  
 His wit, the breeze, his wisdom, as the star,  
 Shone where our earliest life was set, and blew  
     To freshen hope and plan  
     In brains American, —  
 To urge, resist, encourage, and subdue !  
 He came, a household ghost we could not ban :  
 He sat, on winter nights, by cabin fires ;  
 His summer fairies linked their hands  
     Along our yellow sands ;  
 He preached within the shadow of our spires ;  
 And when the certain Fate drew nigh, to cleave  
 The birth-cord, and a separate being leave,  
 He, in our ranks of patient-hearted men,  
 Wrought with the boundless forces of his fame,  
     Victorious, and became  
 The Master of our thought, the land's first Citizen !

## III.

If, here, his image seem  
 Of softer scenes and grayer skies to dream,  
 Thatched cot and rustic tavern, ivied hall,  
     The cuckoo's April call  
 And cowslip-meads beside the Avon stream,  
 He shall not fail that other home to find  
     We could not leave behind !  
 The forms of Passion, which his fancy drew,  
     In us their ancient likenesses beget :  
 So, from our lives forever born anew,  
     He stands amid his own creations yet !  
 Here comes lean Cassius, of conventions tired ;  
     Here, in his coach, luxurious Antony  
 Beside his Egypt, still of men admired ;  
     And Brutus plans some purer liberty !  
 A thousand Shylocks, Jew and Christian, pass ;  
     A hundred Hamlets, by their times betrayed ;  
 And sweet Anne Page comes tripping o'er the grass,  
     And antlered Falstaff pants beneath the shade.  
 Here toss upon the wanton summer wind  
     The locks of Rosalind ;  
 Here some gay glove the damnèd spot conceals  
     Which Lady Macbeth feels :  
 His ease here smiling smooth Iago takes,  
     And outcast Lear gives passage to his woe,  
 And here some foiled Reformer sadly breaks  
     His wand of Prospero !  
     In liveried splendor, side by side,  
     Nick Bottom and Titania ride ;



And Portia, flushed with cheers of men,  
 Disdains dear, faithful Imogen ;  
 And Puck, beside the form of Morse,  
 Stops on his forty-minute course ;  
 And Ariel from his swinging bough  
 A blossom casts on Bryant's brow,  
 Until, as summoned from his brooding brain,  
 He sees his children all again,  
 In us, as on our lips, each fresh, immortal strain !

## IV.

Be welcome, Master ! In our active air  
 Keep the calm strength we need to learn of thee !  
 A steadfast anchor be  
 Mid passions that exhaust, and times that wear .  
 Thy kindred race, that scarcely knows  
 What power is in Repose,  
 What permanence in Patience, what renown  
 In silent faith and plodding toil of Art  
 That shyly works apart,  
 All these in thee unconsciously doth crown !

## V.

The Many grow, through honor to the One ·  
 And what of loftier life we do not live,  
 This Form shall help to give,  
 In our free Pantheon of the air and sun !  
 Here, where the noise of Trade is loudest,  
 It builds a shrine august,  
 To show, while pomp of wealth is proudest,  
 How brief is gilded dust :  
 How Art succeeds, though long,  
 And o'er the tumult of the generations,  
 The strong, enduring spirit of the nations,  
 How speaks the voice of Song !  
 Our City, at her gateways of the sea,  
 Twines bay around the mural crown upon her  
 And wins new grace and dearer dignity,  
 Giving our race's Poet honor !  
 If such as he  
 Again may ever be,  
 And our humanity another crown  
 Find in some equal, late renown,  
 The reverence of what he was shall call it down

## GOETHE.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 28, 1875.

## I.

WHOSE voice shall so invade the spheres  
 That, ere it die, the Master hears ?  
 Whose arm is now so strong  
 To fling the votive garland of a song,

That some fresh odor of a world he knew  
 With large enjoyment, and may yet  
 Not utterly forget,  
 Shall reach his place, and whisper whence it grew ?  
 Dare we invoke him, that he pause  
 On trails divine of unimagined laws,  
 And bend the luminous eyes  
 Experience could not dim, nor Fate surprise,  
 On these late honors, where we fondly seem,  
 Him thus exalting, like him to aspire,  
 And reach, in our desire,  
**The triumph of his toil, the beauty of his dream !**

## II.

God moulds no second poet from the clay  
 Time once hath cut in marble : when, at last,  
 The veil is plucked away,  
 We see no face familiar to the Past.  
 New mixtures of the elements,  
 And fresh espousals of the soul and sense,  
 At first disguise  
 The un conjectured Genius to our eyes,  
 Till self-nursed faith and self-encouraged power  
 Win the despotic hour  
**That bids our doubting race accept and recognize !**

## III.

Ah, who shall say what cloud of disregard,  
 Cast by the savage ancient fame  
 Of some forgotten name,  
 Mantled the Chian bard ?  
 He walked beside the strong, prophetic sea,  
 Indifferent as itself, and nobly free ;  
 While roll of waves and rhythmic sound of oars  
 Along Ionian shores,  
 To Troy's high story chimed in undertone,  
 And gave his song the accent of their own !  
 What classic ghost severe was summoned up  
 To threaten Dante, when the bitter bread  
 Of exile on his board was spread,  
 The bitter wine of bounty filled his cup ?  
 We need not ask : the unpropitious years,  
 The hate of Guelf, the lordly sneers  
 Of Della Scala's court, the Roman ban,  
 Were but as eddying dust  
 To his firm-centred trust ;  
 For through that air without a star  
 Burned one unwavering beacon from afar,  
**That kept him his and ours, the stern, immortal man !**  
 What courtier, stuffed with smooth, accepted lore  
 Of Song's patrician line,  
 But shrugged his velvet shoulders all the more,  
 And heard, with bland, indulgent face,  
 As who bestows a grace,  
 The homely phrase that Shakespeare made divine ?  
 So, now, the dainty souls that crave

Light stepping-stones across a shallow wave,  
 Shrink from the deeps of Goethe's soundless song !  
 So, now, the weak, imperfect fire  
 That knows but half of passion and desire  
 Betrays itself, to do the Master wrong ; —  
 Turns, dazzled by his white, uncolored glow,  
 And deems his sevenfold heat the wintry flash of snow !

## IV.

Fate, like a grudging child,  
 Herself once reconciled  
 To power by loss, by suffering to fame ;  
 Weighing the Poet's name  
 With blindness, exile, want, and aims denied ;  
 Or let faint spirits perish in their pride ;  
 Or gave her justice when its need had died ;  
 But as if weary she  
 Of struggle crowned by victory,  
 Him with the largesse of her gifts she tried !  
 Proud beauty to the boy she gave :  
 A lip that bubbled song, yet lured the bee ;  
 An eye of light, a forehead pure and free ;  
 Strength as of streams, and grace as of the wave !  
 Round him the morning air  
 Of life she charmed, and made his pathway fair ;  
 Lent Love her lightest chain,  
 That laid no bondage on the haughty brain,  
 And cheapened honors with a new disdain :  
 Kept, through the shocks of Time ;  
 For him the haven of a peace sublime,  
 And let his sight forerun  
 The sown achievement, to the harvest won !

## V.

But Fortune's darling stood unspoiled :  
 Caressing Love and Pleasure,  
 He let not go the imperishable treasure :  
 He thought, and sported ; carolled free, and toiled  
 He stretched wide arms to clasp the joy of Earth,  
 But delved in every field  
 Of knowledge, conquering all clear worth  
 Of action, that ennobles through the sense  
 Of wholly used intelligence :  
 From loftiest pinnacles, that shone revealed  
 In pure poetic ether, he could bend  
 To win the little store  
 Of humblest Labor's lore,  
 And give each face of Life the greeting of a friend !  
 He taught, and governed, — knew the thankless days  
 Of service and dispraise ;  
 He followed Science on her stony ways ;  
 He turned from princely state to heed  
 The single nature's need,  
 And, through the chill of hostile years,  
 Never unlearned the noble shame of tears !  
 Faced by fulfilled Ideals, he aspired

To win the perished secret of their grace, —  
 To dower the earnest children of a race  
 Toil never tamed, nor acquisition tired,  
 With Freedom born of Beauty ! — and for them  
     His Titan soul combined  
     The passions of the mind,  
 Which blood and time so long had held apart,  
 Till the white blossom of the Grecian Art  
 The world saw shine once more, upon a Gothic stem !

## VI.

His measure would we mete ?  
 It is a sea that murmurs at our feet.  
     Wait, first, upon the strand :  
 A far shore glimmers — “ knowest thou the land ? ”  
 Whence these gay flowers that breathe beside the water ?  
     Ask thou the Erl-King's daughter !  
 It is no cloud that darkens thus the shore :  
     Faust on his mantle passes o'er.  
     The water roars, the water heaves,  
     The trembling waves divide :  
     A shape of beauty, rising, cleaves  
     The green translucent tide.  
 The shape is a charm, the voice is a spell ;  
 We yield, and dip in the gentle swell.  
 Then billowy arms our limbs entwine,  
 And, chill as the hidden heat of wine,  
 We meet the shock of the sturdy brine ;  
 And we feel, beneath the surface-flow,  
 The tug of the powerful undertow,  
     That ceaselessly gathers and sweeps  
 To broader surges and darker deeps ;  
 Till, faint and breathless, we can but float  
 Idly, and listen to many a note  
 From horns of the Tritons flung afar ;  
     And see, on the watery rim,  
     The circling Dorides swim,  
 And Cypris, poised on her dove-drawn car !  
     Torn from the deepest caves,  
     Sea-blooms brighten the waves :  
 The breaker throws pearls on the sand,  
 And inlets pierce to the heart of the land,  
     Winding by dorf and mill,  
 Where the shores are green and the waters still,  
     And the force, but now so wild,  
 Mirrors the maiden and sports with the child !  
     Spent from the sea, we gain its brink,  
     With soul aroused and limbs aflame :  
 Half are we drawn, and half we sink,  
     But rise no more the same.

## VII.

O meadows threaded by the silver Main !  
     O Saxon hills of pine,  
 Witch-haunted Hartz, and thou,  
     Deep vale of Ilmenau !



Ye knew your poet ; and not only ye :  
     The purple Tyrrhene Sea  
 Not murmurs Virgil less, but him the more ;  
     The Lar of haughty Rome  
     Gave the high guest a home :  
 He dwells with Tasso on Sorrento's shore !  
 The dewy wild-rose of his German lays,  
     Beside the classic cyclamen,  
     In many a Sabine glen,  
     Sweetens the calm Italian days.  
 But pass the hoary ridge of Lebanon,  
     To where the sacred sun  
 Beams on Schirâz ; and lo ! before the gates,  
     Goethe, the heir of Hafiz, waits.  
 Know ye the turbaned brow, the Persian guise,  
 The bearded lips, the deep yet laughing eyes ?  
     A cadence strange and strong  
     Fills each voluptuous song,  
 And kindles energy from old repose ;  
     Even as first, amid the throes  
     Of the unquiet West,  
 He breathed repose to heal the old unrest !

## VIII.

Dear is the Minstrel, yet the Man is more ;  
 But should I turn the pages of his brain,  
 The lighter muscle of my verse would strain  
     And break beneath his lore.  
 How charge with music powers so vast and free,  
     Save one be great as he ?  
 Behold him, as ye jostle with the throng  
 Through narrow ways, that do your beings wrong,  
     Self-chosen lanes, wherein ye press  
     In louder Storm and Stress,  
     Passing the lesser bounty by  
     Because the greater seems too high,  
     And that sublimest joy forego,  
     To seek, aspire, and know !  
 Behold in him, since our strong line began,  
     The first full-statured man !  
 Dear is the Minstrel, even to hearts of prose ;  
 But he who sets all aspiration free  
     Is dearer to humanity.  
 Still through our age the shadowy Leader goes ;  
 Still whispers cheer, or waves his warning sign ;  
     The man who, most of men,  
 Heeded the parable from lips divine,  
     And made one talent ten !

## THE NATIONAL ODE.

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1876.

## I. — 1.

SUN of the stately Day  
 Let Asia into the shadow drift,  
 Let Europe bask in thy ripened ray,  
 And over the severing ocean lift  
     A brow of broader splendor !  
     Give light to the eager eyes  
 Of the Land that waits to behold thee rise ;  
     The gladness of morning lend her,  
     With the triumph of noon attend her,  
     And the peace of the vesper skies !  
     For, lo ! she cometh now  
 With hope on the lip and pride on the brow,  
     Stronger, and dearer, and fairer,  
     To smile on the love we bear her, —  
 To live, as we dreamed her and sought her,  
     Liberty's latest daughter !  
 In the clefts of the rocks, in the secret places,  
     We found her traces ;  
 On the hills, in the crash of woods that fall,  
     We heard her call ;  
     When the lines of battle broke,  
 We saw her face in the fiery smoke ;  
 Through toil, and anguish, and desolation,  
     We followed, and found her  
     With the grace of a virgin Nation  
     As a sacred zone around her !  
     Who shall rejoice  
     With a righteous voice,  
 Far-heard through the ages, if not she ?  
     For the menace is dumb that defied her,  
     The doubt is dead that denied her,  
 And she stands acknowledged, and strong, and free .

## II. — 1.

Ah, hark ! the solemn undertone,  
 On every wind of human story blown.  
     A large, divinely-moulded Fate  
 Questions the right and purpose of a State,  
     And in its plan sublime  
     Our eras are the dust of Time.  
     The far-off Yesterday of power  
     Creeps back with stealthy feet,  
     Invades the lordship of the hour,  
 And at our banquet takes the unbidden seat.  
 From all unchronicled and silent ages  
 Before the Future first begot the Past,  
     Till History dared, at last,  
 To write eternal words on granite pages ;  
 From Egypt's tawny drift, and Assur's mound,  
     And where, uplifted white and far,

Earth highest yearns to meet a star,  
 And Man his manhood by the Ganges found, —  
 Imperial heads, of old millennial sway,  
 And still by some pale splendor crowned,  
 Chill as a corpse-light in our full-orbed day,  
 In ghostly grandeur rise  
 And say, through stony lips and vacant eyes :  
 “Thou that assertest freedom, power, and fame,  
 Declare to us thy claim !”

## I. — 2.

On the shores of a Continent cast,  
 She won the inviolate soil  
 By loss of heirdom of all the Past,  
 And faith in the royal right of Toil !  
 She planted homes on the savage sod :  
 Into the wilderness lone  
 She walked with fearless feet,  
 In her hand the divining-rod,  
 Till the veins of the mountains beat  
 With fire of metal and force of stone !  
 She set the speed of the river-head  
 To turn the mills of her bread ;  
 She drove her ploughshare deep  
 Through the prairie's thousand-centuried sleep  
 To the South, and West, and North,  
 She called Pathfinder forth,  
 Her faithful and sole companion  
 Where the flushed Sierra, snow-starred,  
 Her way to the sunset barred,  
 And the nameless rivers in thunder and foam  
 Channelled the terrible canyon !  
 Nor paused, till her uttermost home  
 Was built, in the smile of a softer sky  
 And the glory of beauty still to be,  
 Where the haunted waves of Asia die  
 On the strand of the world-wide sea !

## II. — 2.

The race, in conquering,  
 Some fierce, Titanic joy of conquest knows ;  
 Whether in veins of serf or king,  
 Our ancient blood beats restless in repose.  
 Challenge of Nature unsubdued  
 Awaits not Man's defiant answer long ;  
 For hardship, even as wrong,  
 Provokes the level-eyed heroic mood.  
 This for herself she did ; but that which lies,  
 As over earth the skies,  
 Blending all forms in one benignant glow, —  
 Crowned conscience, tender care,  
 Justice that answers every bondman's prayer,  
 Freedom where Faith may lead and Thought may dare,  
 The power of minds that know,  
 Passion of hearts that feel,  
 Purchased by blood and woe,  
 Guarded by fire and steel, —

Hath she secured ? What blazon on her shield,  
 In the clear Century's light  
 Shines to the world revealed,  
 Declaring nobler triumph, born of Right ?

## I. — 3.

Foreseen in the vision of sages,  
 Foretold when martyrs bled,  
 She was born of the longing of ages,  
 By the truth of the noble dead  
 And the faith of the living fed !  
 No blood in her lightest veins  
 Frets at remembered chains,  
 Nor shame of bondage has bowed her head.  
 In her form and features still  
 The unblenching Puritan will,  
 Cavalier honor, Huguenot grace,  
 The Quaker truth and sweetness,  
 And the strength of the danger-girdled race  
 Of Holland, blend in a proud completeness.  
 From the homes of all, where her being began,  
 She took what she gave to Man ;  
 Justice, that knew no station,  
 Belief, as soul decreed,  
 Free air for aspiration,  
 Free force for independent deed !  
 She takes, but to give again,  
 As the sea returns the rivers in rain ;  
 And gathers the chosen of her seed  
 From the hunted of every crown and creed.  
 Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine ;  
 Her Ireland sees the old sunburst shine ;  
 Her France pursues some dream divine ;  
 Her Norway keeps his mountain pine ;  
 Her Italy waits by the western brine ;  
 And, broad-based under all,  
 Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,  
 As rich in fortitude  
 As e'er went worldward from the island-wall !  
 Fused in her candid light,  
 To one strong race all races here unite :  
 Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen  
 Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan :  
 'T was glory, once, to be a Roman :  
 She makes it glory, now, to be a man !

## II. — 3.

Bow down !  
 Doff thine æonian crown !  
 One hour forget  
 The glory, and recall the debt :  
 Make expiation,  
 Of humbler mood,  
 For the pride of thine exultation  
 O'er peril conquered and strife subdued !  
 But half the right is wrested  
 When victory yields her prize.



And half the marrow tested  
 When old endurance dies.  
 In the sight of them that love thee,  
 Bow to the Greater above thee!  
 He faileth not to smite  
 The idle ownership of Right,  
 Nor spares to sinews fresh from trial,  
 And virtue schooled in long denial,  
 The tests that wait for thee  
 In larger perils of prosperity.  
 Here, at the Century's awful shrine,  
 Bow to thy Father's God, and thine!

## I. — 4.

Behold! she bendeth now,  
 Humbling the chaplet of her hundred years:  
 There is a solemn sweetness on her brow,  
 And in her eyes are sacred tears.  
 Can she forget,  
 In present joy, the burden of her debt,  
 When for a captive race  
 She grandly staked, and won,  
 The total promise of her power begun,  
 And bared her bosom's grace  
 To the sharp wound that inly tortures yet?  
 Can she forget  
 The million graves her young devotion set,  
 The hands that clasp above,  
 From either side, in sad, returning love?  
 Can she forget,  
 Here, where the Ruler of to-day,  
 The Citizen of to-morrow,  
 And equal thousands to rejoice and pray  
 Beside these holy walls are met,  
 Her birth-cry, mixed of keenest bliss and sorrow?  
 Where, on July's immortal morn  
 Held forth, the People saw her head  
 And shouted to the world: "The King is dead,  
 But, lo! the Heir is born!"  
 When fire of Youth, and sober trust of Age,  
 In Farmer, Soldier, Priest, and Sage,  
 Arose and cast upon her  
 Baptismal garments, — never robes so fair  
 Clad prince in Old-World air, —  
 Their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor!

## II. — 4.

Arise! Recrown thy head,  
 Radiant with blessing of the Dead!  
 Bear from this hallowed place  
 The prayer that purifies thy lips,  
 The light of courage that defies eclipse,  
 The rose of Man's new morning on thy face!  
 Let no iconoclast  
 Invade thy rising Pantheon of the Past,  
 To make a blank where Adams stood,

To touch the Father's sheathed and sacred blade,  
 Spoil crowns on Jefferson and Franklin laid,  
 Or wash from Freedom's feet the stain of Lincoln's blood !  
     Hearken, as from that haunted Hall  
     Their voices call :  
     " We lived and died for thee ;  
 We greatly dared that thou might'st be :  
     So, from thy children still  
 We claim denials which at last fulfil,  
 And freedom yielded to preserve thee free !  
     Beside clear-hearted Right  
     That smiles at Power's uplifted rod,  
     Plant Duties that requite,  
 And Order that sustains, upon thy sod,  
     And stand in stainless might  
 Above all self, and only less than God !

## III. — 1.

Here may thy solemn challenge end,  
 All-proving Past, and each discordance die  
     Of doubtful augury,  
 Or in one choral with the Present blend,  
     And that half-heard, sweet harmony  
 Of something nobler that our sons may see !  
     Though poignant memories burn  
 Of days that were, and may again return,  
 When thy fleet foot, O Huntress of the Woods,  
     The slippery brinks of danger knew,  
     And dim the eyesight grew  
 That was so sure in thine old solitudes, —  
     Yet stays some richer sense  
 Won from the mixture of thine elements,  
     To guide the vagrant scheme,  
 And winnow truth from each conflicting dream !  
     Yet in thy blood shall live  
 Some force unspent, some essence primitive,  
     To seize the highest use of things ;  
     For Fate, to mould thee to her plan,  
     Denied thee food of kings,  
 Withheld the udder and the orchard-fruits,  
     Fed thee with savage roots,  
 And forced thy harsher milk from barren breasts of man !

## III. — 2.

O sacred Woman-Form,  
 Of the first People's need and passion wrought, —  
     No thin, pale ghost of Thought,  
 But fair as Morning and as heart's-blood warm, —  
 Wearing thy priestly tiar on Judah's hills ;  
 Clear-eyed beneath Athene's helm of gold ;  
     Or from Rome's central seat  
 Hearing the pulses of the Continents beat  
     In thunder where her legions rolled ;  
 Compact of high heroic hearts and wills,  
     Whose being circles all  
 The selfless aims of men, and all fulfils ;

Thyself not free, so long as one is thrall ;  
 Goddess, that as a Nation lives,  
     And as a Nation dies,  
 That for her children as a man defies,  
 And to her children as a mother gives, —  
     Take our fresh fealty now !  
 No more a Chieftainess, with wampum-zone  
     And feather-cinctured brow, —  
     No more a new Britannia, grown  
 To spread an equal banner to the breeze,  
 And lift thy trident o'er the double seas ;  
     But with unborrowed crest,  
     In thine own native beauty dressed, —  
**The front of pure command, the unflinching eye, thine own !**

## III. — 3.

Look up, look forth, and on !  
 There 's light in the dawning sky :  
 The clouds are parting, the night is gone :  
 Prepare for the work of the day !  
 Fallow thy pastures lie,  
 And far thy shepherds stray,  
 And the fields of thy vast domain  
 Are waiting for purer seed  
 Of knowledge, desire, and deed,  
 For keener sunshine and mellow rain !  
 But keep thy garments pure :  
 Pluck them back, with the old disdain,  
 From touch of the hands that stain !  
 So shall thy strength endure.  
 Transmute into good the gold of Gain,  
 Compel to beauty thy ruder powers,  
 Till the bounty of coming hours  
 Shall plant, on thy fields apart,  
 With the oak of Toil, the rose of Art !  
 Be watchful, and keep us so :  
 Be strong, and fear no foe :  
 Be just, and the world shall know !  
 With the same love love us, as we give ;  
 And the day shall never come,  
 That finds us weak or dumb  
 To join and smite and cry  
 In the great task, for thee to die,  
 And the greater task, for thee to live !

## THE OBSEQUIES IN ROME.

JANUARY 17, 1878.

## I.

**VICTOR EMANUEL !** — of prophetic name,  
 Who, crowned in sore defeat,  
 Caught out of blood, disaster, and retreat,  
 With wounded hands, a soldier's simple fame, —  
     Content, had that been all,  
 And most content, victoriously to fall : —  
**Life saved thee for a people's holiest aim,**

And leaves thee VICTOR, in thy pall !  
 "GOD WITH US" may that people say,  
 Who walk behind thy conquering dust, to-day :  
 Yea, all thine Italy  
 Made one, at last, and proudly free,  
 Blesses thy sire's baptismal prophecy !

## II.

Since, over-coarse to be the Empire's lord,  
 Herulian Odoàker fell  
 Among spilled goblets, by the Gothic sword,  
 In old Ravenna's palace citadel ;  
 And, after him, Theodoric strove  
 To own the land he could not choose but love ; —  
 And both, from no deficiency of power,  
 But failing heart and brain  
 That might revivify the beauty slain,  
 Buildd barbaric thrones for one brief hour ; —  
 Since, in a glorious vision cast  
 By some narcotic opiate of the Past,  
 Rienzi sought to be  
 Brutus in deed, Cæsar in victory, —  
 The Italy, that once was Rome,  
 Dismembered, sighed for her deliverance,  
 Saw her Republics die,  
 Leaned vainly on the broken reed of France,  
 Till, when despair seemed nigh,  
 She knew herself, and, starting from her trance,  
 Summoned the Victor, who hath led her home !

## III.

He knew his people, and his soul was strong  
 To wait till they knew him :  
 The hand that holds a sceptre dare not shake  
 From the quick blood that burns at every wrong.  
 With Europe watchful, cold and grim  
 Behind him, and the triple-hooded snake  
 Coiled in his path, he went  
 Through changing gusts of doubt and discontent,  
 Till all he could have dreamed of, came to him !  
 But now his people know him ! — now,  
 Since Death's pure coronet is on his brow,  
 Italian eyes are dim !  
 Now to her ancient glories sovereign Rome  
 Adds one more glory : sorrow falls  
 O'er all the circuit of the Aurelian walls, —  
 Even from Montorio on Saint Peter's dome :  
 And where on warm Pamfili-Dorian meads  
 Fresh dew the daisy feeds ;  
 And breathes in every tall Borghese pine,  
 And moans on Aventine ;  
 And — could the voice of all desire awake  
 That once was loud for Italy's dear sake, —  
 A hymn would burst from each dumb burial-stone  
 Beside the Cestian pyramid,  
 Where Keats's, Shelley's dust is hid,  
 In dithyrambic triumph o'er his own !



## IV.

Who walk behind his bier?  
 Behold the solemn phantoms! — who are they,  
 The stern precursors that arise, to-day,  
     Breathing of many a fiery year  
 And clad in drapery of a darker time?  
     These are the dead who saw,  
     Too soon, the world's diviner law, —  
 Too early dreamed their people's dream sublime!  
 He follows them, who lived to make that dream  
     A principle supreme,  
 Dome-browed Mazzini, — he, who planted sure  
     Its corner-stone, Cavour!  
 Then, first among the living, that gray chief  
 Who wears, at last, his Roman laurel's leaf,  
 To conquer which he rent and shattered down  
     His rich Sicilian crown.  
 Ah, bend thee, Garibaldi! — be not loth  
 To trust the son of him thou gav'st a land,  
     Or kiss the stainless hand  
 Of her whose name is pearl and daisy both!  
     Such love, to-day, thy people give  
 To him who died, such trust to them who live.

## V.

Cunning nor Force shall overthrow  
 The State whose fabric has been builded so.  
     Under the Pantheon's dome,  
     The undying Victor still shall reign  
 O'er one free land that dare not feel a chain, —  
     Whose mighty heart is Rome!  
 Still, from the ramparts of the Rhætian snow,  
     Far down the realms of corn and wine,  
     Back-boned by Apennine,  
 To capes that breast the warm Calabrian Sea,  
     A single race shall know  
     One love, one right, one loyalty: —  
 Still from his ashes Italy shall grow,  
     Who made her Italy!

## EPICEDIUM.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## I.

SAY, who shall mourn him first,  
 Who sang in days for Song so evil-starred,  
 Shielding from adverse winds the flame he nursed, —  
     Our Country's earliest Bard?  
     For all he sang survives  
 In stream, and tree, and bird, and mountain-crest,  
 And consecration of uplifted lives  
     To Duty's stern behest;  
 Till, like an echo falling late and far

As unto Earth the answer from a star,  
 Along his thought's so nigh unnoted track  
     Our people's heart o'ertakes  
 His pure design, and hears him, and awakes  
     To breathe its music back !  
 Approach, sad Forms, now fitly to employ  
 The grave, sweet stops of all melodious sound,  
     Yet undertoned with joy ;  
 For him ye lose, at last is truly found.

## II.

Scarce darkened by the shadow of these hours,  
     The Manitou of Flowers,  
     Crowned with the Painted-cup, that shakes  
 Its gleam of war-paint on his dusky cheek,  
     Goes by, but cannot speak ;  
 Yet tear or dew-drop 'neath his coronal breaks,  
     And in his drooping hand  
 The azure eyelids of the gentian die  
     That loves the yellow autumn land ;  
     The wind-flower, golden-rod,  
     With phlox and orchis, nod ;  
 And every blossom frail and shy  
     No careless loiterer sees,  
     But poet, sun and breeze,  
 And the bright countenance of our western sky.  
     They know who loved them ; they, if all  
     Forgot to dress his pall,  
     Or strew his couch of long repose,  
 Would from the prairies and the central snows  
     The sighing west-wind call,  
 Their withered petals, even as tears, to bear,  
     And, like a Niobe of air,  
 Upon his sea-side grave to let them fall !

## III.

Next you, ye many Streams,  
 That make a music through his cold green land !  
     Whether ye scour the granite slides  
 In broken spray-light or in sheeted gleams,  
     Or in dark basins stand,  
 Your bard's fond spirit in your own abides.  
     Not yours the wail of woe,  
 Whose joy is in your wild and wanton flow, —  
     Chill, beautiful Undines  
 That flash white hands behind your thicket-screens,  
 And charm the wildwood and the cloven flumes  
     To hide you in their glooms !  
 But he hath kissed you, and his lips betray  
     Your coyest secrets ; now, no more  
     Your bickering, winking tides shall stray  
     Through August's idle day,  
 Or showered with leaves from brown November's floor,  
     Untamed, and rich in mystery  
     As ye were wont to be !  
 From where the dells of Greylock feed

Your thin, young life, to where the Sangamon  
 Breaks with his winding green the Western mead,  
     Delay to hasten on !  
     Ask not the clouds and hills  
 To swell the veins of your obedient rills,  
 And brim your banks with turbid overflow ;  
     But calmly, soothly go,  
 Soft as a sigh and limpid as a tear,  
     So that ye seem to borrow  
     The voice and the visage of sorrow,  
 For he gave you glory and made you dear !

## IV.

Strong Winds and mighty Mountains, sovereign Sea,  
     What shall your dirges be ?  
 The slow, great billow, far down the shore,  
 Booms in its breaking : "Dare — and despair !"   
 The fetterless winds, as they gather and roar,  
 Are evermore crying : "Where, oh where ?"  
 The mountain summits, with ages hoar,  
 Say : "Near and austere, but far and fair !"  
     Shall ye in your sorrow droop,  
 Who are strong and sad, and who cannot stoop ?  
 Two may sing to him where he lies,  
 But the third is hidden behind the skies.  
     Ye cannot take what he stole,  
 And made his own in his inmost soul !  
     The pulse of the endless Wave  
 Beauty and breadth to his strophes gave ;  
     The Winds with their hands unseen  
 Held him poised at a height serene ;  
 And the world that wooed him, he smiled to o'ercome it ;  
     Whose being the Mountains made so strong, —  
 Whose forehead arose like a sunlighted summit  
     Over eyes that were fountains of thought and song !

## V.

And last, ye Forms, with shrouded face  
     Hiding the features of your woe,  
 That on the fresh sod of his burial-place  
     Your myrtle, oak, and laurel throw, —  
     Who are ye ? — whence your silent sorrow ?  
 Strange is your aspect, alien your attire :  
     Shall we, who knew him, borrow  
 Your unknown speech for Grief's august desire ?  
     Lo ! one, with lifted brow  
 Says : "Nay, he knew and loved me : I am Spain !"   
     Another : "I am Germany,  
     Drawn sadly nearer now  
 By songs of his and mine that make one strain,  
 Though parted by the world-dividing sea !"  
     And from the hills of Greece there blew  
 A wind that shook the olives of Peru,  
     Till all the world that knew,  
 Or, knowing not, shall yet awake to know  
 The sweet humanity that fused his song, —  
     The haughty challenge unto Wrong,

And for the trampled Truth his fearless blow, —  
 Acknowledge his exalted mood  
 Of faith achieved in song-born solitude,  
 And give him high acclaim  
 With those who followed Good, and found it Fame!

## VI.

Ah, no! — why should we mourn  
 The noble life, that wore its crown of years?  
 Why drop these tender, unavailing tears  
 Upon a fate of no fulfilment shorn?  
 He was too proud to seek  
 That which should come unasked; and came,  
 Kindling and brightening as a wind-blown flame  
 When he had waited long,  
 And life — but never art — was weak,  
 But youthful will and sympathy were strong  
 In white-browed eye and hoary-bearded cheek;  
 Until, when called at last  
 That later life to celebrate,  
 Wherein, dear Italy, for thine estate,  
 The glorious Present joined the glorious Past,  
 He fell, and ceased to be!  
 We could not yield him grandlier than thus,  
 When, for thy hero speaking, he  
 Spake equally for us! —  
 His last word, as his first, was Liberty!  
 His last word, as his first, for Truth  
 Struck to the heart of age and youth:  
 He sought her everywhere,  
 In the loud city, forest, sea, and air:  
 He bowed to wisdom other than his own,  
 To wisdom and to law,  
 Concealed or dimly shown  
 In all he knew not, all he knew and saw,  
 Trusting the Present, tolerant of the Past,  
 Firm-faithed in what shall come  
 When the vain noises of these days are dumb;  
 And his first word was noble as his last!

**BERLIN, September, 18'3.**



**THE**  
**PICTURE OF ST. JOHN.**



## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

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IN regard to the subject of this poem I have nothing to say. It grew naturally out of certain developments in my own mind ; and the story, unsuggested by any legend or detached incident whatever, shaped itself to suit the theme. The work of time, written only as its own necessity prompted, and finished with the care and conscience which such a venture demands, I surrender it to the judgment of the reader.

The form of the stanza which I have adopted, however, requires a word of explanation. I have endeavored to strike a middle course between the almost inevitable monotony of an unvarying stanza, in a poem of this length, and the loose character which the heroic measure assumes when arbitrarily rhymed, without the check of regularly recurring divisions. It seemed to me that this object might be best accomplished by adhering rigidly to the measure and limit of the stanza, yet allowing myself freedom of rhyme within that limit. The *ottava rima* is undoubtedly better adapted for the purposes of a romantic epic than either the Spenserian stanza or the heroic couplet ; but it needs the element of humor (as in Byron's "Don Juan") to relieve its uniform sweetness. On the other hand, the proper compactness and strength of rhythm can with difficulty be preserved in a poem where all form of stanza is discarded. My aim has been, as far as possible, to combine the advantages and lessen the objections of both.

I know of but one instance in which the experiment has been even partially tried, — the "Oberon" of Wieland, wherein the rhymes are wilfully varied, and sometimes the measure, the stanza almost invariably closing with an Alexandrine. In the present case, I have been unable to detect any prohibitory rule in the genius of our language ; and the only doubt which suggested itself to my mind was that the ear, becoming swiftly accustomed to the arrangement of rhyme in one stanza, might expect to find it reproduced in the next. I believe, however, that such disappointment, if it should now and then occur, will be very transitory, — that even an unusually delicate ear will soon adjust itself to the changing order, and find that the varied harmony at which I have aimed (imperfectly as I may have succeeded) compensates for the lack of regularity. At times, I confess, the temptation to close with an Alexandrine was very great ; but it was necessary to balance the one apparent license by a rigid adherence to the customary form in all other respects. Hence, also, I have endeavored, as frequently as possible, to use but three rhymes in a stanza, in order to strengthen my experiment with an increased effect of melody. I have found, since the completion of the poem, that it contains more than seventy variations in the order of rhyme, not all of which, of course, can be pronounced equally agreeable : nor does this freedom involve less labor than a single form of stanza, because the variations must be so arranged as to relieve and support each other. My object has been, not to escape the laws which Poetry imposes, but to select a form which gives greater appearance of unrestrained movement, and more readily reflects the varying moods of the poem.





# PROEM.

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## TO THE ARTISTS.

### I.

BECAUSE no other dream my childhood knew  
Than your bright Goddess sends, — that earliest  
Her face I saw, and from her bounteous breast,  
All others dry, the earliest nurture drew;  
And since the hope, so lovely, was not true,  
To write my life in colors, — win a place  
Among your ranks, though humble, yet with grace  
That might accord me brotherhood with you :

### II.

Because the dream, thus cherished, gave my life  
Its first faint sense of beauty, and became,  
Even when the growing years to other strife  
Led forth my feet, a shy, secluded flame :  
And ye received me, when our pathways met,  
As one long parted, but of kindred fate ;  
And in one heaven our kindred stars are set ;  
To you, my Brethren, this be dedicate !

### III.

And though some sportive nymph the channel turned,  
And led to other fields mine infant rill,  
The sense of fancied destination still  
Leaps in its waves, and will not be unlearned.  
I charge not Fate with having done me wrong ;  
Much hath she granted, though so much was spurned ;  
But leave the keys of Color, silent long,  
And pour my being through the stops of Song !

### IV.

Even as one breath the organ-pipe compels  
To yield that note which through the minster swells  
In chorded thunder, and the hollow lyre  
Beneath its gentler touches to awake  
The airy monotones that fan desire,  
And thrills the life with blood of battle, — so  
Our natures from one source their music take,  
And side by side to one far Beauty flow !

## V.

And I have measured, in fraternal pride,  
 Your reverence, your faith, your patient power  
 Of stern self-abnegation; and have tried  
 The range between your brightest, darkest hour,  
 The path of chill neglect, and that so fair  
 With praise upspringing like a wind-sown flower:  
 But, whether thorns or amaranths ye wear,  
 Your speech is mine, your sacrifice, your prayer!

## VI.

Permit me, therefore, ye who nearest stand,  
 Among the worthiest, and kindest known  
 In contact of our lives, to take the hand  
 Whose grasp assures me I am not alone;  
 For thus companioned, I shall find the tone  
 Of flowing song, and all my breath command.  
 Your names I veil from those who should not see,  
 Not from yourselves, my Friends, and not from me!

## VII.

You, underneath whose brush the autumn day  
 Draws near the sunset which it never finds, —  
 Whose art the smoke of Indian Summer binds  
 Beyond the west-wind's power to breathe away:  
 Who fix the breakers in their gifted grace  
 And stretch the sea-horizon, dim and gray,  
 I'll call you OPAL, — so your tints enchain  
 The pearly atmospheres wherein they play.

## VIII.

And you, who love the brown October field,  
 The lingering leaves that flutter as they cling,  
 And each forlorn but ever-lovely thing, —  
 To whom elegiac Autumn hath revealed  
 Her sweetest dirges, BLOODSTONE: for the hue  
 Of sombre meadows to your palette cleaves,  
 And lowering skies, with sunlight breaking through,  
 And flecks of crimson on the scattered leaves!

## IX.

You, TOPAZ, clasp the full-blown opulence  
 Of Summer: many a misty mountain-range  
 Or smoky valley, specked with warrior-tents,  
 Basks on your canvas: then, with grander change,  
 We climb to where your mountain twilight gleams  
 In spectral pomp, or nurse the easeful sense  
 Which through your Golden Day forever dreams  
 By lakes and sunny hills, and falling streams.

## X.

You banish color from your cheerful cell,  
 O PAROS! but a stern imperial form

Stands in the marble moonlight where you dwell,  
 A Poet's head, with grand Ionian beard,  
 And Phidian dreams, that shine against the storm  
 Of toilful life, the white robe o'er them cast  
 Of breathless Beauty : yours the art, endeared  
 To men and gods, first born, enduring last.

## XI.

You, too, whom how to name I may not guess,  
 Except the jacinth and the ruby, blent,  
 The native warmth of life might represent,  
 Which, drawn from barns and homesteads, you express,  
 Or vintage revels, round the maple-tree ;  
 Or when the dusky race you quaintly dress  
 In art that gives them finer liberty, —  
 Made by your pencil, ere by battle, free !

## XII.

Where'er my feet have strayed, whatever shore  
 I visit, there your venturous footprints cling.  
 From Chimborazo unto Labrador  
 One sweeps the Continent with eagle wing,  
 To dip his brush in tropic noon, or fires  
 Of Arctic night ; one sets his seal upon  
 Far Colorado's cleft, colossal spires,  
 And lone, snow-kindled cones of Oregon !

## XIII.

Another through the mystic moonlight floats  
 That silvers Venice ; and another sees  
 The blazoned galleys and the gilded boats  
 Bring home her Doges : Andalusian leas,  
 Gray olive-slopes, and mountains sun-embrowned  
 Entice another, and from ruder ground  
 Of old Westphalian homes another brings  
 Enchanted memories of the meanest things.

## XIV.

To each and all, the hand of fellowship !  
 A poet's homage (should that title fall  
 From other lips than mine) to each and all !  
 For, whether this pale star of Song shall dip  
 To swift forgetfulness, or burn beside  
 Accepted lamps of Art's high festival,  
 Its flame was kindled at our shrines allied,  
 In double faith, and from a twofold call :





# THE PICTURE OF ST. JOHN

## BOOK I.

### THE ARTIST.

#### I.

COMPLETE the altar stands: my task is done.

Awhile from sacred toil and silent prayer  
I rest, and never shone the vale so fair  
As now, beneath the mellow autumn  
sun,

And overbreathed by tinted autumn air!  
In drowsy murmurs slide the mountain  
rills,

And, save of light, the whole wide heaven  
is bare

Above the happy slumber of the hills.

#### II.

Here, as a traveller whose feet have  
clomb

A weary mountain-slope, may choose  
his seat,

And resting, track the ways that he  
hath come, —

The broken landscapes, level far below,  
The turf that kissed, the flints that tore  
his feet,

And each dim speck that once was bliss  
or woe, —

I breathe a space, between two Sundered  
livès,

And view what now is ended, what sur-  
vives.

#### III.

Such as I am, I am: in soul and sense  
Distinct, existing in my separate right,  
And though a Power, beyond my  
clouded sight,

Spun from a thousand gathered fila-  
ments

My cord of life, within its inmost core  
That life is mine: its torture, its delight,

Repeat not those that ever were before  
Or ever shall be: mine are Day and  
Night.

#### IV.

God gives to most an order which sup-  
plies

Their passive substance, and they move  
therein.

To some He grants the beating wings  
that rise

In endless aspiration, till they win

An awful vision of a deeper sin

And loftier virtue, other earth and skies:  
And those their common help from each

may draw,

But these must perish, save they find  
the law.

#### V.

Vain to evade and useless to bewail

My fortune! One among the scattered  
few

Am I: by sharper lightning, sweeter dew  
Refreshed or blasted, — on a wilder  
gale

Caught up and whirled aloft, till, hither  
borne,

My story pauses. Ere I drop the veil

Once let me take the Past in calm re-  
view,

Then eastward turn, and front the ripen  
morn.

#### VI.

What sire begat me, and what mother  
nursed,

What hills the blue frontiers of Earth I  
thought,

Or how my young ambition scaled them  
first,

It matters not: but I was finely wrought

Beyond their elements from whom I  
came.

A nimbler life informed mine infant  
frame :

The gauzy wings some Psyche-fancy  
taught

To flutter, soulless custom could not  
tame.

## VII.

Our state was humble, — yet above the  
dust,

If deep below the stars, — the state that  
feeds

Impatience, hinting yet denying needs,  
And thus, on one side ever forward  
thrust

And on the other cruelly repressed,  
My nature grew, — a wild-flower in the  
weeds, —

And hurt by ignorant love, that fain  
had blessed,

I sought some other bliss wherein to rest.

## VIII.

And, wandering forth, a child that could  
not know

The thing for which he pined, in sombre  
woods

And echo-haunted mountain-solitudes  
I learned a rapture from the blended  
show

Of form and color, felt the soul that  
broods

In lonely scenes, the moods that come  
and go

O'er wayward Nature, making her the  
haunt

Of Art's forerunner, Love's eternal  
want.

## IX.

Long ere the growing instinct reached  
my hand,

It filled my brain : a pang of joy was  
born,

When, soft as dew, across the dewy land  
Of Summer, leaned the crystal-hearted  
Morn ;

And when the lessening day shone  
yellow-cold

On fallow glebe and stubble, I would  
stand

And feel a dumb despair its wings un-  
fold,

And wring my hands, and weep as one  
forlorn.

## X.

At first in play, but soon with heat and  
stir

Of joy that hails discovered power, I  
tried

To mimic form, and taught mine eye to  
guide

The unskilled fingers. Praise became  
a spur

To overtake success, for in that vale  
The simple people's wonder did not fail,

Nor vulgar prophecies, which yet confer  
The first delicious thrills of faith and

pride.

## XI.

So, as on shining pinions lifted o'er  
The perilous bridge of boyhood, I ad-  
vanced.

In warmer air the misty Mænads danced,  
And Sirens sang on many a rising shore,  
And Glory's handmaids beckoned me to  
choose

The freshest of the unworn wreaths  
they bore ;

So gracious Fortune showed, so fair the  
hues

Wherewith she paints her cloud-built  
avenues !

## XII.

Ere up through all this airy ecstasy  
The clamorous pulses of the senses beat,

And half the twofold man, maturing  
first,

Usurped its share of life, and bade me  
see

The ways of pleasure opening for my  
feet,

I stood alone : the tender breast that  
nursed,

The loins from whence I sprang, alike  
were cold,

And mine the humble roof, the scanty  
gold.

## XIII.

The pale, cold azure of my mountain  
sky

Became a darkness : Arber's head un-  
shorn

No temple crowned, — not here could  
fame be born ;

And, nor with gold nor knowledge  
weighted, I

Set forth, and o'er the green Bavarian  
land,

A happy wanderer, fared : the hour was  
 nigh  
 When, in the home of Art, my feet  
 should stand  
 Where Time and Power have kissed the  
 Painter's hand !

## XIV.

Oh, sweet it was, when, from that bleak  
 abode  
 Where avalanches grind the pines to  
 dust,  
 And crouching glaciers down the hol-  
 lows thrust  
 Their glittering claws, I took the sun-  
 ward road,  
 Making my guide the torrent, that be-  
 fore  
 My steps ran shouting, giddy with its  
 joy,  
 And tossed its white hands like a game-  
 some boy,  
 And sprayed its rainbow frolics o'er and  
 o'er !

## XV.

Full-orbed, in rosy dusk, the perfect  
 moon  
 That evening shone : the torrent's noise,  
 afar,  
 No longer menaced, but with mellow  
 tune  
 Sang to the twinkle of a silver star,  
 Above the opening valley. "Italy !"  
 The moon, the star, the torrent, said to  
 me, —  
 "Sleep thou in peace, the morning will  
 unbar  
 These Alpine gates, and give thy world  
 to thee !"

## XVI.

And morning did unfold the jutting capes  
 Or chestnut-wooded hills, that held em-  
 bayed  
 Warm coves of fruit, the pine's Æolian  
 shade,  
 Or pillared bowers, blue with suspended  
 grapes ; —  
 A land whose forms some livelier grace  
 betrayed ;  
 Where motion sang and cheerful color  
 laughed,  
 And only gloomed, amid the dancing  
 shapes  
 Of vine and bough, the pointed cypress-  
 shaft !

## XVII.

On, — on, through broadening vale and  
 brightening sun  
 I walked, and hoary in their old repose  
 The olives twinkled : many a terrace  
 rose,  
 With marbles crowned and jasmine  
 overrun,  
 And orchards where the ivory silk-worm  
 spun.  
 On leafy palms outspread, its pulpy fruit  
 The fig-tree held ; and last, the charm  
 to close,  
 A dark-eyed shepherd piped a reedy  
 flute.

## XVIII.

My heart beat loud : I walked as in a  
 dream  
 Where simplest actions, touched with  
 marvel, seem  
 Enchanted yet familiar : for I knew  
 The orchards, terraces, and breathing  
 flowers,  
 The tree from Adam's garden, and the  
 blue  
 Sweet sky behind the light aerial  
 towers ;  
 And that young faun that piped, had  
 piped before, —  
 I knew my home : the exile now was  
 o'er !

## XIX.

And when the third rich day declined  
 his lids,  
 I floated where the emerald waters fold  
 Gem-gardens, fairy island-pyramids,  
 Whereon the orange hangs his globes of  
 gold, —  
 Which aloes crown with white, colossal  
 plume,  
 Above the beds where lavish Nature bids  
 Her sylphs of odor endless revel hold.  
 Her zones of flowers in balmy congress  
 bloom !

## XX.

I hailed them all, and hailed beyond, the  
 plain ;  
 The palace-fronts, on distant hills uplift,  
 White as the morning-star ; the streams  
 that drift  
 In sandy channels to the Adrian main :  
 Till one still eve, with duplicated stain  
 Of crimson sky and wave, disclosed to  
 me



The domes of Venice, anchored on the  
sea,  
Far-off, — an airy city of the brain !

## XXI.

Forth from the shores of Earth we  
seemed to float,  
Drawn by that vision, — hardly felt the  
breeze  
That left one glassy ripple from the boat  
To break the smoothness of the silken  
seas ;  
And far and near, as from the lucent  
air,  
Came vesper chimes and wave-born  
melodies.  
So might one die, if Death his soul could  
bear  
So gently, Heaven before him float so  
fair !

## XXII.

This was the gate to Artists' Fairyland.  
The palpitating waters kissed the shores,  
Gurgled in sparkling coils beneath the  
oars,  
And lapped the marble stairs on either  
hand,  
Summoning Beauty to her holiday ;  
While noiseless gondolas at palace-doors  
Waited, and over all, in charmed de-  
lay,  
San Marco's moon gazed from her  
golden stand !

## XXIII.

A silent city ! where no clattering wheels  
Jar the white pavement : cool the streets,  
and dumb,  
Save for a million whispering waves,  
which come  
To light their mellow darkness : where  
the peals  
Of Trade's harsh clarions never vex the  
ear,  
But the wide blue above, the green be-  
low,  
Her pure Palladian palaces insphere, —  
Piles, on whose steps the grass shall  
never grow !

## XXIV.

I sat within the courts of Veronese  
And saw his figures breathe luxurious  
air,

And felt the sunshine of their lustrous  
hair.  
Beneath the shade of Titian's awful  
trees  
I stood, and watched the Martyr's brow  
grow cold :  
Then came Giorgione, with his brush of  
gold,  
To paint the dames that make his mem-  
ory fair, —  
The happy dames that never shall be  
old !

## XXV.

But most I lingered in that matchless  
hall  
Where soars Madonna with adoring  
arms  
Outspread, while deepening glories round  
her fall,  
And every feature of her mortal charms  
Becomes immortal, at the Father's call :  
Beneath her, silver-shining cherubs fold  
The clouds that bear her, slowly heav-  
enward rolled :  
The Sacred Mystery broodeth over all !

## XXVI.

And still, as one asleep, I turned away  
To see the crimson of her mantle burn  
In sunset clouds, the pearly deeps of  
day  
Filled with cherubic faces, — ah, to  
spurn  
My hopeless charts of pictures yet to be,  
And feed the fancies of a swift despair,  
Which mocked me from the azure arch  
of air,  
And from the twinkling beryl of the  
sea !

## XXVII.

If this bright bloom were inaccessible  
Which clad the world, and thus my  
senses stung,  
How could I catch the mingled tints  
that clung  
To cheek and throat, and softly down-  
ward fell  
In poise of shoulders and the breathing  
swell  
Of woman's bosom ? How the life in  
eyes,  
The glory on the loosened hair that  
lies,  
The nameless music o'er her being  
flung ?



## XXVIII.

Or how create anew the sterner grace  
 In man's heroic muscles sheathed or  
   shown,  
 Whether he stoops from the immortal  
   zone  
 Bare and majestic, god in limbs and face;  
 Or lies, a faun, beside his mountain  
   flock;  
 Or clasps, a satyr, nymphs among the  
   vine;  
 Or kneels, a hermit, in his cell of rock;  
 Or sees, a saint, his palms of glory shine!

## XXIX.

I took a fisher from the Lido's strand,  
 A youthful shape, by toil and vice un-  
   worn,  
 Upon his limbs a golden flush like morn,  
 And on his mellow cheek the roses  
   tanned  
 Of health and joy. Perchance the soul  
   I missed,  
 From mine exalted fancy might be born:  
 With eye upraised and locks by sunshine  
   kissed,  
 I painted him as the Evangelist.

## XXX.

In vain! — the severance of his lips ex-  
   pressed  
 Kisses of love whereon his fancy fed,  
 And the warm tints each other sweetly  
   wed  
 In slender limb and balanced arch of  
   breast,  
 So keen with life, so marked in every  
   line  
 With unideal nature, none had guessed  
 The dream that cheered me and the  
   faith that led;  
 But human all I would have made di-  
   vine!

## XXXI.

I found a girl before San Marco's shrine  
 Kneeling in gilded gloom: her tawny  
   hair  
 Rippled across voluptuous shoulders  
   bare,  
 And something in the altar-taper's shine  
 Sparkled like falling tears. This girl  
   shall be  
 My sorrowing Magdalen, as guilty-  
   sweet,

I said, as when, pure Christ! she knelt  
   to thee,  
 And laid her blushing forehead on thy  
   feet!

## XXXII.

She sat before me. Like a sunny brook  
 Poured the unbraided ripples softly  
   round  
 The balmy dells, but left one snowy  
   mound  
 Bare in its beauty: then I met her  
   look,—  
 The conquering gaze of those bold eyes,  
   which made,  
 Ah, God! the unrepented sin more fair  
 Than Magdalen kneeling with her hum-  
   bled hair,  
 Or Agatha beneath the quæstor's blade!

## XXXIII.

What if my chaste ambition wavered  
   then?  
 What if the veil from mine own nature  
   fell  
 And I obeyed the old Circean spell,  
 And lived for living, not for painted men?  
 Youth follows Life, as bees the honey-  
   bell,  
 And nightingales the northward march  
   of Spring,  
 And once, a dazzled moth, must try his  
   wing,  
 Though but to scorch it in the blaze of  
   Hell!

## XXXIV.

Why only mimic what I might possess?  
 The cheated sense that revels in delight  
 Mocked at my long denial: touch and  
   sight,  
 The warmth of wine, the sensuous love-  
   liness  
 Of offered lips and bosoms breaking  
   through  
 The parted boddice: winds whose faint  
   caress  
 And wandering hands the daintiest  
   dreams renew:  
 The sea's absorbing and embracing blue:

## XXXV.

Of these are woven our being's outward  
   veil  
 Of rich sensation, which has power to  
   part

The pure, untroubled soul and drunken  
heart, —  
A screen of gossamer, but giants fail  
The bright, enchanted web to rend in  
twain.  
Two spirits dwell in us: one chaste and  
pale,  
A still recluse, whose garments know no  
stain,  
Whose patient lips are closed upon her  
pain :

## XXXVI.

The other bounding to her cymbal's  
clang,  
A bold Bacchante, panting with the race  
Of joy, the triumph and the swift em-  
brace,  
And gathering in one cup the grapes  
that hang  
From every vine of Youth: around her  
head  
The royal roses bare their hearts of red ;  
Music is on her lips, and from her face  
Fierce freedom shines and wild, allur-  
ing grace !

## XXXVII.

Who shall declare that ever side by side  
To weave harmonious fate these spirits  
wrought ?  
To whom came ever one's diviner pride  
And one's full measure of delight, un-  
sought ?  
Who dares the cells of blood enrich,  
exhaust,  
Or trust his fortune unto either guide ? —  
So interbalanced hangs the equal cost  
Of what is ordered and of what is  
taught !

## XXXVIII.

Surprised to Passion, my awakened life  
Whirled onward in a warm, delirious  
maze,  
At first reluctant, and with pangs of  
strife  
That dashed their bitter o'er my honeyed  
days,  
Until my soul's affrighted nun withdrew  
And left me free : for light that other's  
chains  
As garlands seemed, and fresh her wine  
as dew,  
And wide her robes to hide the banquet-  
stains !

## XXXIX.

Those were the days of Summer which  
intrude  
Their sultry fervor on the realm of  
Spring,  
And push its buds to sudden blossom-  
ing ;  
When earth and air, with panting love  
imbued,  
O'erpower the subject life, and ceaseless  
dart  
All round the warm horizon of the  
heart  
Heat-lightnings in the sky of youth,  
which first  
Regains its freshness when the bolts  
have burst.

## XL.

And thus, when that Sirocco's breath  
had passed,  
A reflux wind of health swept o'er my  
brain,  
Cold, swift, and searching ; and before  
it fast  
Fled the uncertain, misty shapes which  
cast  
Their glory on my dreams. The ardor  
vain  
That would have snatched, unearned,  
slow labor's crown,  
Was dimmed ; and half with courage,  
half with pain,  
I guessed the path that led to old re-  
nown.

## XLI.

I turned my pictures, pitying the while  
My boyish folly, for I could not yet  
The dear deception of my youth forget,  
And though it parted from me like an  
isle  
Of the blue sea behind some rushing  
keel,  
Still from the cliffs its temple seemed to  
smile,  
Fairer in fading : future morns reveal  
No bowers so bright as yesterdays con-  
ceal.

## XLII.

The laughing boys that on the marble  
piers  
Lounge with their dangling feet above  
the wave ;  
The tawny faces of the gondoliers ;

The low-browed girl, whose scarce-unfolded years  
But half the lightning of her glances gave; —  
I sketched in turn, with busy hand and brave,  
And crushed my clouded hope's recurring pang,  
And sweet "*Ti voglio bene assai*" sang.

## XLIII.

Then came the hour when I must say farewell  
To silent Venice in her crystal nest, —  
When with the last peals of San Marco's bell  
Her hushed and splendid pageant closed, and fell  
Like her own jewel in the ocean's breast.  
Belfry, and dome, and the superb array  
Of wave-born temples floated far away,  
And the dull shores received me in the west.

## XLIV.

And past the Euganean hills, that break  
The Adrian plain, I wandered to the Po,  
And saw Ferrara, vacant in her woe,  
Clasp the dim cell wherein her children take  
A ghastly pride from her immortal shame;  
And hailed Bologna, for Caracci's sake, —  
The master bold, who scorned to court his fame,  
But bared his arm and dipped his brush in flame.

## XLV.

Through many a dark-red dell of Apennine,  
With chestnut-shadows in its brookless bed,  
By flinty slopes whose only dew is wine,  
And hills the olives gave a hoary head,  
I climbed to seek the sunny vale where flows  
The Tuscan river, — where, when Art was dead,  
Lorenzo's spring thawed out the ages' snows,  
And green with life the eternal plant arose!

## XLVI.

At last, from Pratolino's sloping crest,  
I saw the far, aerial, purple gleam,

As from Earth's edge a fairer orb might seem  
In softer air and sunnier beauty drest,  
And onward swift with panting bosom pressed,  
Like one whose wavering will pursues a dream  
And shrinks from waking; but the vision grew  
With every step distinct in form and hue:

## XLVII.

Till on the brink of ancient Fiesolè,  
Mute, breathless, hanging o'er the dazzling deeps  
Of broad Val d'Arno, which the sinking day  
Drowned in an airy bath of rosy ray, —  
An atmosphere more dream-imbued than Sleep's, —  
My feet were stayed; with sweet and sudden tears,  
And startled lifting of the cloud that lay  
Upon the landscape of the future years!

## XLVIII.

I leaned against a cypress-bole, afraid  
With blind foretaste of coming ecstasy,  
So rarely on the soul the joy to be  
Prophetic dawns, so frequent falls the shade  
Of near misfortune! All my senses sang,  
And lark-like soared and jubilant and free  
The flock of dreams, that from my bosom sprang,  
O'er yonder towers to hover and to hang!

## XLIX.

Then, as the dusty road I downward paced,  
A phantom arch was ever builded nigh  
To span my coming, luminous and high;  
And airy columns, crowned with censors, graced  
The dreamful pomp, — with many a starry bell  
From garlands woven in the fading sky,  
And noiseless fountains shimmered, as they fell,  
Like meteor-fires that haunt a fairy dell!



## L

Two maids, upon a terrace that o'er-  
 hung  
 The highway, lightly strove in laughing  
 play  
 Each one the other's wreath to snatch  
 away,  
 With backward-bending heads, and arms  
 that clung  
 In intertwining beauty. Both were  
 young,  
 And one as my Madonna-dream was  
 fair;  
 And she the garland from the other's  
 hair  
 Caught with a cunning hand, and poised,  
 and flung.

## LI.

A fragrant ring of jasmine flowers, it  
 sped,  
 Dropping their elfin trumpets in its  
 flight,  
 And downward circling, on my startled  
 head  
 Some angel bade the diadem alight!  
 The cool green leaves and breathing  
 blossoms white  
 Embraced my brow with dainty, mute  
 caress:  
 I stood in rapt amazement, soul and  
 sight  
 Surrendered to that vision's loveliness.

## LII.

She, too, stood, smitten with the won-  
 drous chance  
 Whereby the freak of her unwitting  
 hand  
 A stranger's forehead crowned. I saw  
 her stand,  
 Most like some flying Hour, that, in her  
 dance  
 Perceives a god, and drops her courser's  
 rein:  
 Then, while I drank the fulness of her  
 glance,  
 Crept over throat and cheek a bashful  
 stain;—  
 She fled, yet flying turned, and looked  
 again.

## LIII.

And I went forward, consecrated, blest,  
 And garlanded like some returning Faun

From Pan's green revels in the wood  
 land's breast.

Here was a crown to give Ambition rest  
 A wreath for infant Love to slumber on  
 And blended, both in mine enchantment  
 shone,  
 Till Love was only Fame familiar  
 grown,  
 And Fame but Love triumphantly ex-  
 pressed!

## LIV.

Such moments come to all whom Art  
 elects  
 To serve her, — Poet, Painter, Sculptor,  
 feel,  
 Once in their lives the shadows which  
 conceal  
 Achievement lifted, and the world's neg-  
 lects  
 Are spurned behind them, like the idle  
 dust  
 Whirled from Hyperion's golden chariot-  
 wheel:  
 Once vexing doubt is dumb, and long  
 disgust  
 Allayed, and Time and Fate and Fame  
 are just!

## LV.

It is enough, if underneath our rags  
 A single hour the monarch's purple  
 shows.  
 In dearth of praise no true ambition  
 flags,  
 And by his self-belief the student knows  
 The master: nor was ever wholly dark  
 The Artist's life. Though timid fortune  
 lags  
 Behind his hope, there comes a day to  
 mark  
 The late renown that round his name  
 shall close.

## LVI.

I dared not question my prophetic pride,  
 But entered Florence as a conqueror,  
 To whom should ope the Tribune's  
 sacred door,  
 Hearing his step afar. On every side  
 Great works fed faith in greatness that  
 endured  
 Irrecognition, patient to abide  
 Neglect that stung, temptations that  
 allured,—  
 Supremely proud and in itself secured



## LVII.

From the warm bodies Titian loved to paint,  
Where life still palpitates in languid glow;  
From Raphael's heads of Virgin and of Saint,  
Bright with divinest message; from the slow  
And patient grandeur Leonardo wrought;  
From soft, effeminate Carlo Dolce, faint  
With vapid sweetness, to the Titan thought  
That shaped the dreams of Michel Angelo:

## LVIII.

From each and all, through varied speech, I drew  
One sole, immortal revelation. They  
No longer mocked me with the hopeless view  
Of power that with them died, but gave anew  
The hope of power that cannot pass away  
While Beauty lives: the passion of the brain  
Demands possession, nor shall yearn in vain:  
Its nymph, though coy, did never yet betray.

## LIX.

It is not much to earn the windy praise  
That fans our early promise: every child  
Wears childhood's grace: in unbelieving days  
One spark of earnest faith left undefiled  
Will burn and brighten like the lamps of old,  
And men cry out in haste: "Behold, a star!"  
Deeming some glow-worm light, that soon is cold,  
The radiant god's approaching avatar!

## LX.

So I was hailed: and something fawn-like, shy,  
Caught from the loneliness of mountain-glens,  
That clung around me, drew the stranger's eye  
And held my life apart from other men's.

Their prophecies were sweet, and if they breathed  
But ignorant hope and shallow pleasure, I  
No less from them already saw bequeathed  
The crown by avaricious Glory wreathed.

## LXI.

And, climbing up to San Miniato's height,  
Among the cypresses I made a nest  
For wandering fancy: down the shimmering west  
The Arno slid in creeping coils of light:  
O'er Boboli's fan-like pines the city lay  
In tints that freshly blossomed on the sight,  
Enringed with olive-orchards, thin and gray,  
Like moonlight falling in the lap of day.

## LXII.

There sprang, before me, Giotto's ivory tower;  
There hung, a planet, Brunelleschi's dome:  
Of living dreams Val d'Arno seemed the home,  
From far Careggi's dim-seen laurel bower  
To Bellosguardo, smiling o'er the vale;  
And pomp and beauty and supremest power,  
Blending and brightening in their bridal hour,  
Made even the blue of Tuscan summers pale!

## LXIII.

Immortal Masters! Ye who drank this air  
And made it spirit, as the must makes wine,  
Be ye the intercessors of my prayer,  
Pure Saints of Art, around her holy shrine!  
The purpose of your lives bestow on mine,—  
The child-like heart, the true, laborious hand  
And pious vision,—that my soul may dare  
One day to climb the summits where ye stand!

## LXIV.

Say, shall my memory walk in yonder  
street  
Beside your own, ye ever-living shades?  
Shall pilgrims come, gray men and pen-  
sive maids,  
To pluck this moss because it knew my  
feet,  
And forms of mine move o'er the poet's  
mind  
In thoughts that still to haunting music  
beat,  
And Love and Grief and Adoration find  
Their speech in pictures I shall leave  
behind?

## LXV.

Ah! they, the Masters, toiled where I  
but dreamed!  
The crown was ready ere they dared to  
claim  
One leaf of honor: then, around them  
gleamed  
No Past, where rival souls of splendid  
name  
At once inspire and bring despair of  
fame.  
A naked heaven was o'er them, where  
to set  
Their kindled stars; and thus the palest  
yet  
Exalted burns o'er all that later came.

## LXVI.

They unto me were gods: for, though I  
felt  
That nobler 't was, creating, even to fail  
Than grandly imitate, my spirit knelt,  
Unquestioning, to their authority.  
I learned their lives, intent to find a tale  
Resembling mine, and deemed my vision  
free  
When most their names obscured with  
flattering veil  
That light of Art which first arose in  
me.

## LXVII.

And less for Beauty's single sake in-  
spired  
Than old interpretations to attain,  
I sought with restless hand and heated  
brain  
Their truth to reach, — by his example  
fired

Who sketched his mountain-goats on  
rock or sand,  
And his, the wondrous boy, beneath  
whose hand,  
Conferring sanctity with sweet disdain,  
A cask became a shrine, a hut a fane.

## LXVIII.

My studio was the street, the market-  
place:  
I snared the golden spirit of the sun  
Amid his noonday freedom, — swiftly  
won  
The unconscious gift from many a pass-  
ing face, —  
The spoils of color caught from dazzling  
things,  
From unsuspecting forms the sudden  
grace,  
Alive with hope to find the hidden wings  
Of the Divine that from the Human  
springs.

## LXIX.

A jasmine garland hung above my  
bed,  
Withered and dry: beneath, a picture  
hung, —  
A shadowy likeness of the maid who  
flung  
That crown of welcome. On my sleep-  
ing head  
The glory of the vanished sunset fell,  
And still the leaves reviving fragrance  
shed,  
And dreams crept out of every jasmine-  
bell,  
Inebriate with their fairy hydromel.

## LXX.

Where was my lost Armida? She had  
grown  
A phantom shape, a star of dreams,  
alone;  
And I no longer dared to touch the  
dim  
Unfinished features, lest my brush  
should mar  
A memory swift as wings of cherubim  
That unto saints in prayer may flash  
afar  
Up the long steep of rifted cloudy  
walls,  
Wherethrough the overpowering glory  
falls.

## LXXI.

But, as the Rose will lend its excellence  
To the unlovely earth in which it grows,  
Until the sweet earth says, "I serve the  
Rose,"

So, penetrant with her was every sense.  
She filled me as the moon a sleeping  
sea,

That shows the night her orb reflected  
thence,

Yet deems itself all darkness: silently  
The dream of her betrayed itself in me.

## LXXII.

I had a cherished canvas, whereupon  
An antique form of inspiration grew  
To other life: beneath a sky of blue,  
Filled with the sun and limpid yet with  
dawn,

A palm-tree rose: its glittering leaves  
were bowed

As though to let no ray of sunlight  
through

Their folded shade, and kept the early  
dew

On all the flowers within its hovering  
cloud.

## LXXIII.

Madonna's girlish form, arrested there  
With poised foot, and parted lips, and  
eyes

With innocent wonder bright and glad  
surprise,

And hands half-clasped in rapture or in  
prayer,

Met the Announcing Angel. On her  
sight

He burst in splendor from the sunny  
air,

Making it dim around his perfect light,  
And in his hand the lily-stem he bare.

## LXXIV.

Naught else, save, nestling near the  
Virgin's feet,

A single lamb that wandered from its  
flock,

And one white dove, upon a splintered  
rock

Above the yawning valleys, dim with  
heat.

Beyond, the rifted hills of Gilead flung  
Their phantom shadows on the burning  
veil,

And, far away, one solitary, pale  
Vermilion cloud above the Desert hung.

## LXXV.

I painted her, a budding, spotless maid,  
That has not dreamed of man,—for  
God's high choice

Too humble, yet too pure to be afraid,  
And from the music of the Angel's voice  
And from the lily's breathing heart of  
gold

Inspired to feel the mystic beauty laid  
Upon her life: the secret is untold,  
Unconsciously the message is obeyed.

## LXXVI.

How much I failed, myself alone could  
know;

How much achieved, the world. My  
picture took

Its place with others in the public show,  
And many passed, and some remained  
to look.

While I, in flushed expectancy and  
fear,

Stood by to watch the gazers come and  
go,

To note each pausing face, perchance to  
hear

A careless whisper tell me Fame was  
near.

## LXXVII.

"'T is Ghirlandajo's echo!" some would  
say;

And others, "Here one sees a pupil's  
hand:"

"An innovation, crude, but fairly  
planned,"

Remarked the connoisseur, and moved  
away,

Sublimely grave: but one, sometimes,  
would stand

Silent, with brightening face. No more  
than this,

Though voiceless praise, ambition could  
demand,

And for an hour I felt the Artist's bliss.

## LXXVIII.

One day, a man of haughty port drew  
nigh,—

A man beyond his prime, but still un-  
bent,



Though the first flakes of age already  
 lent  
 Their softness to his brow: his wander-  
 ing eye  
 Allowed its stately patronage to glide  
 Along the pictures, till, with gaze in-  
 tent  
 He fixed on mine, and startled wonder-  
 ment  
 Displaced his air of cold, indifferent  
 pride.

## LXXIX.

"Signor Marchese!" cried, approaching,  
 one  
 Who seemed a courtly comrade, "can it  
 be  
 That in these daubs the touch of Art  
 you see, —  
 These foreign moons that ape our native  
 sun?"  
 To whom he said: "the Virgin, Count!  
 'Tis she,  
 My Clelia! like a portrait just begun,  
 Where the design is yet but half avowed,  
 And shimmers on you through a misty  
 cloud:

## LXXX.

"So, here, I find her. 'Tis a marvel-  
 lous chance.  
 Your painters choose some peasant  
 beauty's face  
 For their Madonnas, striving to enhance  
 By softer tints her coarse plebeian grace  
 To something heavenly. Here, the  
 features wear  
 A noble stamp: who painted this, is  
 fit  
 That Clelia's self beside his canvas sit, —  
 His hand, methinks, might fix her  
 shadow there."

## LXXXI.

"'Tis true, — you wed her then, as I  
 have heard,  
 And to the young Colonna?" "Even  
 so:  
 We made the family compact long ago.  
 A wilful blade, they say, but every  
 bird  
 Is wiser when he owns a nested mate;  
 And I shall lose her ere the winter's  
 snow  
 Falls on the Apennine, — a father's fate!  
 But from these two my house again  
 may grow.

## LXXXII.

"She lost, her picture in the lonely hall  
 Shall speak, from silent lips, her sweet  
 'good-night!'  
 And soothe my childless fancy. I'll in-  
 vite  
 This painter to the work: his brush has  
 all  
 The graces of a hand which takes de-  
 light  
 In noble forms, — and thus may best re-  
 call,  
 Though nameless he, what Palma's brush  
 divine  
 Found in the beauteous mothers of her  
 line!"

## LXXXIII.

I heard; but trembling, turned away to  
 hide  
 An ecstasy no longer to be quelled, —  
 The lover's longing and the artist's  
 pride:  
 For, though the growing truth of life  
 dispelled  
 My rash ideal, my very blood had caught  
 The fine infection: from my heart it  
 welled,  
 Colored each feeling, perfumed every  
 thought,  
 And gave desire what hope had left un-  
 sought!

## LXXXIV.

'T was blind, unthinking rapture. Who  
 was she,  
 Pandolfo's daughter, young Colonna's  
 bride,  
 The pampered maiden of a house of  
 pride,  
 That I, though but in thought, should  
 bend the knee  
 Before her beauty? She was set too  
 high,  
 And her white lustre wore patrician  
 stains,  
 Like sunshine falling through heraldic  
 panes  
 That rise between the altar and the sky

## LXXXV.

Next day the Marquis came. With an-  
 tique air  
 Of nicest courtesy, his words did sue



The while his tone commanded: could  
 I spare  
 Some hours?—a portrait only, it was  
 true,  
 But the Great Masters painted portraits  
 too,  
 Even Raffaëlo: at his palace, then!  
 The Lady Clelia would await me there:  
 His thanks,—to-morrow, should it be?  
 — at ten.

## LXXXVI.

But when the hour approached, and o'er  
 me hung  
 The shadow of the high Palladian walls,  
 My heart beat fast in feverish intervals:  
 I half drew back: the lackeys open flung  
 The brazen portals,—broad before me  
 rose  
 The marble stairs,—above them gleamed  
 the halls,  
 And I ascended, as a man who goes  
 To see some unknown gate of life un-  
 close.

## LXXXVII.

They bore my easel to a spacious room  
 Whose northern windows curbed the  
 eager day,  
 But under them a sunny garden lay:  
 A fountain sprang: the myrtles were in  
 bloom,  
 And I remembered,—“ere the winter’s  
 snow  
 Cloaks Apennine” Colonna bears away  
 Her who shall wear them. ’Tis a wom-  
 an’s doom,  
 I laughed,—she seeks no other: let her  
 go!

## LXXXVIII.

Lo! rustling forward with a silken sound,  
 Her living self advanced!—as fair and  
 frail  
 As May’s first lily in a Northern vale,  
 As light in airy grace, as when she  
 crowned  
 Her painter’s head,—the Genius of my  
 Fame!  
 Ah, words are vain where Music’s tongue  
 would fail,

And Color’s brightest miracles be found  
 Imperfect, cold, to match her as she  
 came!

## LXXXIX.

The blood that gathered, stifling, at my  
 heart,  
 Surged back again, and burned on cheek  
 and brow.  
 “Your model!” smiled the Marquis,  
 “you’ll avow  
 That she is not unworthy of your art.  
 I see you note the likeness,—it is  
 strange:  
 But since you dreamed her face so near-  
 ly, now  
 You’ll paint it,—as she is,—I want  
 no change:”  
 Then left, with wave of hand and stately  
 bow.

## XC.

A girlish wonder dawned in Clelia’s face.  
 Her frank, pure glances seemed to ques-  
 tion mine,  
 Or scanned my features, seeking to re-  
 trace  
 Her way to me along some gossamer  
 line  
 Of memory, almost found, then lost  
 again.  
 Meanwhile, I set my canvas in its place,  
 Recalled the artist-nature, though with  
 pain,  
 And tamed to work the tumult of my  
 brain.

## XCI.

“I give you trouble,” then she gently  
 said.  
 My brow was damp, my hand unsteady.  
 “Nay,”  
 I answered: “’tis the grateful price I  
 pay  
 For that fair wreath you cast upon my  
 head.”  
 She started, blushing: all at once she  
 found  
 The shining clew,—her silvery laughter  
 made  
 The prelude to her words: “the flowers  
 will fade,  
 But by your hand am I forever  
 crowned!”

## BOOK II.

## THE WOMAN.

## I.

Oh give not Beauty to an artist's eye  
 And deem his heart, untroubled, can  
     withstand  
 Her necromancy, changing earth and  
     sky  
 To one wide net wherein her captives  
     lie! —  
 Nor, since his mind the measure takes,  
     his hand  
 Essays the semblance of each hue and  
     line,  
 That cold his pulses beat, as if he  
     scanned  
 Her marble death and not her life di-  
     vine!

## II.

How could I view the sombre-shining  
     hair  
 Without the tingling, passionate wish  
     to feel  
 Its silken smoothness? How the golden-  
     pale  
 Pure oval of the face, the forehead  
     fair,  
 The light of eyes whose dusky depths  
     conceal  
 Love's yet unkindled torch, and wear  
     the mail  
 Of cruel Art, that bade me mimic bliss  
 And only paint the mouth I burned to  
     kiss?

## III.

So near, the airy wave her voice set  
     free  
 Smote warm against my cheek! So  
     near, I heard  
 The folds that hid her bosom, as they  
     stirred  
 Above the heart-beat measuring now,  
     for me,  
 Life's only music! Ah, so near, and  
     yet  
 Between us rose a wall I could not see,  
 To dash me back, — before the wings  
     that fret  
 For love's release, a crystal barrier set.

## IV.

I kissed, in thought, each clear, delicious  
     tint  
 That lured my mocking hand: my pas-  
     sion flung  
 Its lurking sweetness over every print  
 Of the soft brush that to her beauty  
     clung,  
 And fondled while it toiled, — and day  
     by day  
 The canvas brightened with her bright-  
     ening face:  
 The artist gloried in the picture's grace,  
 But, ah! the lover's chances lapsed  
     away.

## V.

And now, — the last! The grapes al-  
     ready wore  
 Victorious purple, ere their trodden  
     death,  
 The olives darkened through their  
     branches hoar,  
 And from below the tuberoses' breath  
 Died round the casement, from the spicy  
     shore  
 Of ripened summer, passionate as the  
     sigh  
 I stifled: and my heart said, — "Speak  
     or die!  
 The moment's fate stands fixed forever-  
     more."

## VI.

The naked glare of breezeless after-  
     noon  
 Dazzled without: the garden swooned  
     in heat.  
 The old duenna drooped her head, and  
     soon  
 Behind the curtain slumbered in her  
     seat.  
 Within my breast the crowded, panting  
     beat  
 Disturbed my hand: the pencil fell: I  
     turned,  
 And with imploring eyes and tears that  
     burned  
 Sank in despairing silence at her feet.

## VII.

I did not dare look up, but knelt, as  
waits  
A foiled tyrannicide the headsman's  
blow :  
At first a frightened hush, — the  
stealthy, slow,  
Soft rustle of her dress, — a step like  
Fate's  
To crown or smite : but now descended,  
where  
Her garland fell, her hand upon my  
hair,  
And, light as floating leaf of orchard-  
snow  
Looked by the pulse of Spring, it trem-  
bled there.

## VIII.

Then I looked up, — Oh, grace of God !  
to feel  
Her answering tears like dew upon my  
brow ;  
To touch and kiss her blessing hand ;  
to seal  
Without a word the one eternal vow  
Of man and woman, when their lives  
unite  
Thenceforth forever, soul and body  
shared,  
Like those the Grecian goddess, pitying,  
paired  
To form the young, divine Hermaphro-  
dite.

## IX.

I breathed " You do not love Colonna ? "  
" No,"  
She whispered, " aid me, I am yours to  
save ! "  
" I yours to help, your lover and your  
slave, —  
My soul, my blood is yours," I mur-  
mured low.  
The old duenna stirred : " when ? where ?  
one hour  
For your commands ! " As hurriedly  
she gave  
Reply : " The garden, — yonder dark-  
est bower,  
When midnight tolls from Santa Croce's  
tower ! "

## X.

Ere the immortal light had time to fade  
In either's eyes, the old Marchese came.

I veiled, in toil, the flush that still be-  
trayed,  
And Clelia, strong to hide her maiden  
shame,  
The motion of her father's hand obeyed  
And left us. Gravely he my work sur-  
veyed :  
" 'T is done, I think, — 't is she, indeed,"  
he said :  
" 'T was time," he muttered, as he turned  
his head.

## XI.

I bowed in silence, took his offered gold,  
And down the marble stairs, through  
doors that cried,  
On scornful hinges, of their owner's  
pride,  
Passed on my way : my happy heart did  
fold  
Pandolfo's treasure in its secret hold,  
And every bell that chimed the feeble  
day  
Down to its crimson burial, seemed to  
say :  
" Not yet, not yet, for Love our tongues  
have tolled ! "

## XII.

More slowly rolled the silver disk above  
The hiding hills, than ever moon came  
up :  
The sky's begemmed and sapphire-tinted  
cup  
Spilled o'er its dew, and Heaven in nup-  
tial love  
Stretched forth his mystic arms, and  
crouched beside  
The yearning Earth, his dusky-featured  
bride :  
The pulses of the Night began to move,  
And Life's eternal secret ruled the tide.

## XIII.

Along the shadow of the garden-walls  
I crept: the streets were still, or only  
beat  
To wavering echoes by unsteady feet  
Of wine-flushed revellers from banquet  
halls.  
They saw me not: the yielding door I  
gained,  
And glided down a darksome alley, sweet  
With slumbering roses, to the shy retreat  
Of bashful bliss and yearning unpro-  
faned.



## XIV.

The amorous odors of the moveless  
 air, —  
 Jasmine and tuberoses and gillyflower,  
 Carnation, heliotrope, and purpling  
 shower  
 Of Persian roses, — kissed my senses  
 there  
 To keenest passion, clad my limbs with  
 power  
 Like some young god's, when at the banquet  
 first  
 He drinks fresh deity with eager thirst, —  
 And midnight rang from Santa Croce's  
 tower!

## XV.

She came! a stealthy, startled, milk-  
 white fawn,  
 Thridding the tangled bloom: a balmy  
 wave  
 Foreran her coming, and the blushful  
 dawn  
 Of Love its color to the moonlight gave,  
 And Night grew splendid. In a trance  
 divine,  
 Hand locked in hand, with kissing pulse,  
 we clung,  
 Then heart to heart; and all her being  
 flung  
 Its sweetness to the lips, and mixed with  
 mine.

## XVI.

Immortal Hour, whose starry torch did  
 guide  
 Eternal Love to his embalmèd nest  
 In virgin bosoms, — Hour, supremely  
 blest  
 Beyond thy sisters, lift thy brow in pride,  
 And say to her whose muffled beams in-  
 vest  
 The bed where Strength lies down at  
 Beauty's side,  
 "Before my holier lamp thy forehead  
 hide:  
 Give up thy crown: the joy I bring is  
 best!"

## XVII.

"O saved, not lost, — Madonna, bless thy  
 child!"  
 She murmured then; and I as fondly,  
 "Death  
 Come now, and close my over-happy  
 breath  
 On sacred lips, that shall not be defiled

By grosser kisses!" "Fail me not,"  
 she said,  
 And clung the closer, — "God is over-  
 head,  
 And hears you." "Yea," I whispered  
 wild,  
 "And may His thunder strike the false  
 one dead!"

## XVIII.

No thought had she of lineage or of  
 place:  
 Love washed the colors from her blaz-  
 oned shield  
 To make a mirror for her lover's face,  
 Unto patrician ignorance revealed  
 The bliss to give, the ecstasy to yield,  
 And now, descended from her stately  
 dream,  
 She trod the happy level of her race,  
 In perfect, sweet surrender, faith su-  
 preme.

## XIX.

With cautious feet, in dewy sandals  
 shod,  
 And sidelong look, the perfumed Hours  
 went by;  
 Until the azure darkness of the sky  
 Withered aloft, and shameless Morning  
 trod  
 Her clashing bells. Our paradise was  
 past,  
 And yet to part was bitterer than to  
 die.  
 We rose: we turned: we held each other  
 fast,  
 Each kiss the fonder as it seemed the  
 last.

## XX.

O happy Earth! To Love's triumphant  
 heart  
 Thou still art convoyed by the singing  
 stars  
 That hailed thy birth: Heaven's beau-  
 teous counterpart,  
 No shadow dims thee, no convulsion  
 mars  
 Thy fair green bosom: on thy forehead  
 shine  
 The golden lilies of the bridegroom  
 Day,  
 Thy hoary forests take the bloom of  
 May,  
 Thy seas the sparkle of the autumn's  
 wine!



## XXI.

Serenely beautiful, the brightening morn  
 Led on the march of mine enchanted  
 round  
 Of days, wherein the world was freshly  
 born,  
 And men with primal purity recrowned :  
 So deep my drunkenness of heart and  
 brain,  
 That Art, o'ershadowed, sat as if forlorn  
 In Love's excess of glory, and in vain  
 Essayed my old allegiance to regain.

## XXII.

She to the regions o'er our lives unfurled  
 Is turned : from that which never is, she  
 draws  
 Her best achievements and her finest  
 laws,  
 And more enriches than she owes, the  
 world, —  
 Whence, leading Life, she rules ; till  
 Life, in turn,  
 Feels in its veins the warmer ether burn,  
 Asserts itself, and bids its service pause,  
 To be the beauty it was vowed to earn !

## XXIII.

And my transfigured heart no baby-love,  
 With dimpled face, had taken to its nest,  
 But that Titanic, pre-Olympian guest,  
 The elder god, who bears his slaves  
 above  
 The fret of Time, the frowns of Circum-  
 stance ;  
 And, twin with Will, engendered in my  
 breast  
 A certain vision of a life in rest,  
 And love secured against the shocks of  
 chance.

## XXIV.

It was enough to feel his potent arm  
 Lift me aloft, like giant Christopher,  
 Above the flood. Could he the dragon  
 charm  
 Whose fanged and gilded strength still  
 guarded her ?  
 The crumbling pride of twice three hun-  
 dred years,  
 Trembling in dotage at the ghost of  
 harm,  
 Could he subdue ? Ah, wherefore sum-  
 mon fears  
 To vex the faith that never reappears !

## XXV.

But she the more, whose swift-approach-  
 ing fate  
 Shamed the exulting bliss that made me  
 free,  
 And clouded hers, thereon did meditate.  
 When next she met me at the garden-  
 gate,  
 Its chilling shadow fell upon me  
 "See !"  
 She said, and dangled in the balmy dark  
 (The moon was down) a chain of jewel-  
 ry,  
 That, snake-like, burned with many a  
 diamond spark.

## XXVI.

"His bridal gift !" she whispered : "he  
 will come,  
 Erelong, to claim me. Speech, and tears,  
 and prayer,  
 Are vain my father's will to overbear,  
 And better were it, had my lips been  
 dumb.  
 Incredulous, he heard with wondering  
 stare  
 My pleading : 'keep me, father, at your  
 side !  
 I will not be that wanton prince's  
 bride, —  
 Unwed, your lonely palace let me share !"

## XXVII.

"Much more I said, not daring to re-  
 veal  
 Our secret ; but, alas ! I spoke in vain.  
 He coldly smiled and raised me : 'do  
 not kneel, —  
 'T is useless : here's a pretty, childish  
 rain  
 For nothing, but the sun will shine anon.  
 What ails the girl ? the compact shall  
 remain.  
 Pandolfo's name is not so newly won,  
 That we can smutch it, and not feel the  
 stain.'

## XXVIII.

"He spoke my doom ; but death were  
 sweeter now,  
 Since, O my best-belovèd, life alone  
 Is where your eyes, your lips, can meet  
 my own,  
 And Heaven commands, that registered  
 your vow,

To save me, and fulfil it!" Then,  
     around  
 My neck her white, imploring arms were  
     thrown;  
 Her heart beat in mine ears with plain-  
     tive sound,  
 So close and piteously she held me  
     bound.

## XXIX.

Ah me! 't was needless further to re-  
     hearse  
 The old romance, that life has ne'er be-  
     lied,  
 The old offence which love repeats to  
     pride,—  
 The strife, the supplication, and the  
     curse  
 Hung like a thunder-cloud above the  
     dawn,  
 To threat the day: it better seemed, to fly  
 Beyond the circle of that sullen sky,  
 And storms let idly loose when we were  
     gone.

## XXX.

"Darling," I answered, staking all my  
     fate  
 On the sole chance within my beggared  
     hands,—  
 "Darling, the wealth of love is my es-  
     tate,  
 Save one poor home, that in a valley  
     stands,  
 Cool, dark, and lonesome, far beyond  
     the line  
 Of wintry peaks that guard the summer  
     lands;  
 But shelter safe, though paler suns may  
     shine,  
 And Paradise, when once 't is yours and  
     mine!

## XXXI.

"See! I am all I give: I cannot ask  
 That you should leave the laurel and the  
     rose,  
 And halls of yellowing marble, meant  
     to bask  
 In endless sun, and airs of old repose  
 That fan the beauteous ages, elsewhere  
     lost,—  
 To see the world put on its deathly  
     mask  
 Of low, gray sky and ever-deepening  
     snows,  
 And dip its bowers in darkness and in  
     frost."

## XXXII.

"Nay, let" (she cried) "his mellow  
     marbles shine  
 In Roman noons,—his fountains flap  
     the airs,  
 And rank and splendor crowd his gilded  
     stairs,  
 Wait in his halls, or drink his banquet-  
     wine,—  
 So ne'er the hateful pomp I spurn be  
     mine;  
 But take me, love! for ah, the father,  
     too,  
 Who for his early claims my later cares,  
 Is leagued with him,—and I am left to  
     you!"

## XXXIII.

"So, then, shall Summer cross the Al-  
     pine chain  
 And scare the autumn crocus from the  
     meads;  
 And the wan naiads, 'mid their brittle  
     reeds,  
 Feel the chill wave its languid pulse re-  
     gain,  
 Wooing the azure brook-flowers into  
     bloom  
 To greet your coming; and the golden  
     rain  
 Of beechen forests shall your path il-  
     lume,  
 Till the Year's bonfire burn away its  
     gloom!"

## XXXIV.

Thus, at her words, my sudden rapture  
     threw  
 Its glory on the scene so bleak before,  
 As to the nightly mariner a shore  
 That out of hollow darkness slowly  
     grew,  
 Seeming huge cliffs that menaced with  
     the roar  
 Of hungry surf, when Morning lifts her  
     torch  
 Flashes at once to gardens dim with dew,  
 And homes and temples fair with pil-  
     lared porch.

## XXXV.

"Away!" was Love's command, and  
     we obeyed;  
 And Chance assisted, ere three times the  
     sun

Looked o'er the planet's verge, that  
 swiftly spun  
 To bring the hour, so perilously delayed  
 My fortune with Colonna's now was  
 weighed;  
 But that brief time of love's last lib-  
 erty —  
 Pandolfo called to Rome, ere aught be-  
 trayed  
 His daughter's secret — turned the scale  
 to me.

## XXXVI.

My mules were waiting by the city gate,  
 With Gianni, quick to lead a lover's  
 fate  
 Along the bridle-paths of Apennine, —  
 A gallant contadino, whom I knew  
 From crown to sole, each joint and clear-  
 drawn line  
 Of plaited muscle, healthy, firm, and  
 true;  
 And midnight struck, as from the gar-  
 den came  
 She who forsook for me her home and  
 name.

## XXXVII.

With them she laid aside her silken shell  
 And jewel-sparks, and chains of moony  
 pearl, —  
 Bright, babbling toys, that of her rank  
 might tell, —  
 And wore, to cheat the drowsy sentinel,  
 The scarlet bodice of a peasant-girl,  
 Her wealth the golden dagger in her  
 hair:  
 The haughty vestures from her beauty  
 fell,  
 Leaving her woman, simply pure and  
 fair.

## XXXVIII.

The gate was passed: before us, through  
 the night,  
 We traced the dusky road, and far away,  
 Where ceased the stars, we knew the  
 mountains lay.  
 There must we climb before their shoul-  
 ders, white  
 With autumn rime, should redden to the  
 day;  
 But now a line of faintly-scattered light  
 Plays o'er the dust, and the old olives  
 calls  
 To ghostly life above the orchard-walls.

## XXXIX.

A little chapel, built by pious hands,  
 That foot-sore pilgrims from the blister-  
 ing soil  
 May turn, or laborers from summer toil  
 To rest that breathes of God, it open  
 stands;  
 And there her shrine with daily flowers  
 is drest,  
 Her lamp is nightly trimmed and fed  
 with oil,  
 The Mater Dolorosa, in whose breast,  
 Bleeding, the seven swords of woe are  
 pressed.

## XL.

"Stay!" whispered Clelia, as the nar-  
 row vault  
 Yawned with its faded frescoes, and the  
 lamp  
 Revealed, untouched by rust or blurred  
 with damp,  
 The Virgin's face: it beckoned us to  
 halt  
 And lay our love before her feet divine,  
 A priestless sacrament, — so kneeling  
 there  
 In self-bestowed espousal, Clelia's prayer  
 Spake to the Mother's heart her trust in  
 mine.

## XLI.

"O Sorrowing Mother! Heaven's ex-  
 alted Queen!  
 Star of the Sea! Lily among the  
 Thorns!  
 Clothed with the sun, while round Thy  
 feet serene  
 The crescent planet curves her silver  
 horns,  
 Be Thou my star to still this trembling  
 sea  
 Within my bosom, — let the love that  
 mourns  
 One with the love that here rejoices, be,  
 Soothed in Thy peace, acceptable to  
 Thee!

## XLII.

"Thou who dost hide the maiden's vir-  
 gin fear  
 In thine enclosed garden, Fountain  
 sealed  
 Of Woman's holiest secrets, bend Thine  
 ear  
 To these weak words of one whose heart  
 must yield



This temple of the body Thou didst  
 wear  
 To love,—and by Thy pity, oft re-  
 vealed,  
 Pure Priestess, hearken to Thy daugh-  
 ter's prayer,  
 And bless the bond, of other blessing  
 bare!

## XLIII.

“Mother of Wisdom, in whose heart  
 are thrust  
 The seven swords of Sorrow, in whose  
 pain  
 Thy chaste Divinity draws near again  
 To maids and mothers, crying from the  
 dust,—  
 Who ne'er forgettest any human woe,  
 Once doubly Thine, Thy grace and  
 comfort show,  
 And perfect make, O Star above the  
 Sea,  
 These nuptial pledges, only heard by  
 Thee!”

## XLIV.

Then Clelia's hand entrusted she to  
 mine,  
 Who knelt beside her, and the vow she  
 spoke,  
 Weeping: “I take him, Mother, at Thy  
 shrine.  
 Home, country, father, leave I for his  
 sake,  
 Give my pure name, my maiden honor  
 break  
 For him, my spouse!” And I: “I give  
 my life,  
 Chaste, faithful to the end, to her, my  
 wife,  
 Whom here, O Mother, at Thy hands I  
 take!”

## XLV.

Thus, in the lack of Earth's ordaining  
 rite,  
 Did our own selves our union conse-  
 crate;  
 But God was listening from the hollow  
 Night.  
 Beyond the stars we felt his smile create  
 Dawn in the doubtful twilight of our  
 fate:  
 Peace touched our hearts and sacredest  
 content:  
 The veil was lifted from our perfect  
 light  
 Of nuptial love, pure-burning, reverent.

## XLVI.

The Sorrowing Mother gazed. So pur-  
 the kiss  
 I gave, Her own divinest lips had ta'en  
 From mine no trace of sense-reflected  
 stain;  
 But Gianni called us from the dream of  
 bliss.  
 “Haste, Signor, haste!” he cried: “the  
 Bear drops low:  
 Soon will the cocks in all the gardens  
 crow  
 The morning watch: day comes, and  
 night again,  
 But come to part, not mate, unless you  
 go!”

## XLVII.

Then silent, side by side, we forward  
 fled  
 Through the chill airs of night: each  
 falling hoof  
 Beat like a flail beneath the thresher's  
 roof,  
 In quick, unvarying time: and rosy-  
 red  
 Crept o'er the gray, as nimbly Gianni  
 led  
 Our devious flight along the barren  
 steeps,  
 Till, far beyond the sinking, misty  
 deeps,  
 The sun forsook his Adriatic bed.

## XLVIII.

There is a village perched, as you  
 emerge  
 From the Santerno's long and winding  
 vale  
 Towards Imola, upon the cliffy verge  
 Of the last northern prop of Apen-  
 nine,—  
 Old, yellow houses, hinting many a tale  
 Of ducal days and Este's tragic line,  
 And over all uplifted, orange-pale  
 Against the blue, a belfry slim and fine.

## XLIX.

With weary climbing of the rocky stair  
 Thither we came, and in a hostel rude  
 Sat down, outworn, to breathe securer  
 air,  
 Our guide dismissed, nor eyes that might  
 intrude,  
 Among the simple inmates of the place



The brightest stars of heaven watched  
o'er us there  
In sweet conjunction, every dread to  
chase,  
To close the Past, and make the Future  
fair.

## L.

Ah, had we dared to linger in that  
nest, —  
To watch from under overhanging eaves,  
The loaded vines, the poplars' twinkling  
leaves, —  
Afar, the breadth of the Romagna's  
breast  
And Massa's, Lugo's towers, — the little  
stir  
Of innocent life, caress and be caressed,  
Rank, Art, and Fame among the things  
that were,  
And all her bliss in me, as mine in her !

## LI.

But Florence was too near : my purpose  
held  
To bear and hide our happiness afar  
In the dark mountains, lonely, greenest-  
delled ;  
And still, each night, the never-setting  
star  
We followed took in heaven a loftier  
stand, —  
Sparkled on other rivers, other towns,  
Glinting from icy horns and snowy  
crowns  
Until we trod the green Bavarian land !

## LII.

And evermore, behind us on the road,  
Pursuit, a phantom, drove. If we de-  
layed,  
Some coward pulse our meeting bosoms  
frayed ;  
Our tale the breezes blew, the sunshine  
glowed ;  
The stars our secret ecstasies betrayed :  
Drunk with our passion's vintage, we  
must fill  
The cup too full, and tremble lest it  
spill, —  
Obeying, thus, the law we would evade.

## LIII.

Now, from that finer ether sinking down  
Into the humble, universal air,

The images of many a human care  
That, wren-like, build beneath the thatch  
of love,  
Came round us. O'er the watery levels,  
brown  
With autumn stubble, the departing dove  
Cooed her farewell to summer : rainy-  
cold  
Through rocky gates the yellow Danube  
rolled.

## LIV.

Grim were the mountains, with their  
dripping pines  
Planted in sodden moss, and swiftly o'er  
Their crests the clouds their flying  
fleeces tore :  
The herd-boy, from his lair of furze and  
vines  
Peered out, beside his dogs ; and forms  
uncouth,  
The axemen, from the steeps descend-  
ing, wore  
The strength of manhood, but its grace  
no more, —  
The lust, without the loveliness, of  
youth !

## LV.

The swollen streams careered beside us,  
hoarse  
As warning prophets in an evil age,  
And through the stormy fastnesses our  
course,  
Blown, buffeted with elemental rage,  
Fell, with the falling night, to that lone  
vale  
I pictured, with its meads of crocus-  
bloom, —  
Ah me, engulfed and lost in drowning  
gloom,  
The helpless sport and shipwreck of the  
gale !

## LVI.

Where now the bright autumnal bon-  
fires ? Where  
The gold of beechen woods, the prodigal  
And dazzling waste of color in its fall ?  
The brook-flowers, bluer than the morn-  
ing-air ?  
“ My pomp of welcome mocked you,  
love ! ” I sighed :  
“ The sign was false, the flattering dream  
denied :  
Unkind is Nature, yet all skies are fair  
To trusting hearts, when once their  
truth is tried ! ”

## LVII.

But Clelia shuddered, clinging to my  
heart  
When the low roof received us, and the  
sound  
Of threshing branches boomed and  
whistled round  
Our cot, that stood a little way apart  
Against the forest, from the village  
strayed,  
Where cunning workmen in their pris-  
ons bound  
The roaring Fiend of Fire, and forced  
his aid  
To mould the crystal wonders of their  
trade.

## LVIII.

Poor was our home, and when the rainy  
sky  
Brought forth a child of Night, an  
Ethiop day,  
And still the turbid torrents thundered  
by,  
From the drear landscape she would turn  
away, —  
Her thoughts, perchance, where gilded  
Florence lay, —  
To hide a tear, or crush a rising sigh,  
Then sing the sweet Italian songs, where  
run  
Twin rills of words and music into one.

## LIX.

I, too, beneath the low-hung rafters,  
saw  
In dusk that filtered through the narrow  
panes,  
My palette spread with colors dull and  
raw,  
Once ripe and juicy-fresh as blossom-  
stains.  
The dim, beclouded season never brought  
The light that flatters; but its mists and  
rains  
Like eating rust upon my canvas  
wrought,  
And turned to substance cold the tinted  
thought.

## LX.

Around me moved a rough and simple  
race  
Whose natures, fresh and uncontami-  
nate,

Gave truth to life, and smoothed their  
toilful fate  
With honesty and love — but lacked the  
grace  
Of strength allied to beauty, or the free,  
Unconscious charm of Southern sym-  
metry,  
And motions measured by a rhythmic  
elate  
And joyous as the cadence of the sea.

## LXI.

For if, at times, among the slaves who  
fed  
The ever-burning kilns, in fiercest glow  
Some naked torso momentarily would show  
Like Hell's strong angel, dipped in lurid  
red,  
No model this for Saviour, seraph, saint,  
Ensphered in golden ether: Labor's  
taint  
Defaced the form, and here 't were vain,  
I said,  
Some lovely hint to find, and finding,  
paint!

## LXII.

Ah, Art and Love! Immortal brother-  
gods,  
That will not dwell together, nor apart,  
But make your temple in your servant's  
heart  
A house of battle. One his forehead  
nods  
In drowsy bliss, and will not be dis-  
turbed,  
The other's eager forces work uncurbed,  
Yet most in each the other lives; and  
each  
Mounts by the other's help his crown to  
reach.

## LXIII.

To Love my debt was greatest: I com-  
pelled  
Back to their sleep the dreams that stung  
in vain,  
And folded Clelia in a love which held  
The heart all fire, although its flame was  
nursed  
By embers borrowed from the smouldering  
brain.  
For her had Art aspired; but now, re-  
versed  
The duty, Art for her must abnegate  
Its restless, proud resolves, and idly  
wait.

## LXIV.

The rains had whitened in the upper  
air,  
And left their chill memorials glittering  
now  
On Arber's shoulders, Ossa's hornèd  
brow;  
The summer forest of its gold was bare;  
Loud o'er the changeless pines Novem-  
ber drove  
His frosty steeds, through narrowing  
days that wear  
No light; and Winter settled from  
above,  
White, heavy, cold, around our nest of  
love.

## LXV.

The sportive fantasies of wind and snow,  
The corniced billows which they love to  
pile,  
The ermined woods, with boughs de-  
pending low,  
To buttress frozenly each darksome aisle,  
The spectral hills which twilight veils  
in dun,  
The season's hushing sounds, — my  
Clelia won  
From haunting memories, and stayed  
awhile  
Her homesick pining for the Tuscan  
sun.

## LXVI.

Only, when after briefest day, the moon  
Poured down an icy light, and all around  
Came from the iron woods a crackling  
sound,  
As from the stealthy steps of Cold, and  
soon  
The long-drawn howl of famished wolf  
was heard  
Far in the mountains, like a shuddering  
bird  
Beside my heart a nestling place she  
found,  
And smiled to hear my fond, assuring  
word.

## LXVII.

So drifted on, till Death's white shadow  
passed  
From edged air and stony earth, our  
fate:  
Then from the milder cloud and loosen-  
ing blast  
Unto his sunnier nooks returning late,

Came Life, and let his flowery footprint  
stand.  
Softer than wing of dove, the winds at  
last  
Kissed where they smote; the skies were  
blue and bland,  
And in their lap reposed the ravished  
land.

## LXVIII.

Then tears of gummy crystal wept the  
pine,  
And like a phantom plume, the sea-green  
larch  
Was dropped along the mountain's lifted  
arch,  
And morning on the meadows seemed  
to shine,  
All day, in blossoms: cuckoo-songs were  
sweet,  
And sweet the pastoral music of the  
kine  
Chiming a thousand bells aloft, to meet  
The herdsman's horn, the young lamb's  
wandering bleat!

## LXIX.

Under the forest's sombre eaves there  
slept  
No darkness, but a balsam-breathing  
shade,  
Rained through with light: the hurry-  
ing waters made  
Music amid the solitude, and swept  
Their noise of liquid laughter from  
afar,  
Through smells of sprouting leaf and  
trampled grass,  
And thousand tints of flowery bell and  
star,  
To sing the year's one idyl ere it pass!

## LXX.

And down the happy valleys wandered  
we,  
Released and glad, the children of the  
sun, —  
I by adoption and by nature she, —  
And still our love a ripper color won  
From the strong god in whom all colors  
burn.  
The Earth regained her ancient alch emy  
To cheat our souls with dreams of what  
might be,  
And never is, — yet, wherefore these  
unlearn?



## LXXI.

For they reclothe us with a mantle, lent  
 From the bright wardrobe of the Gods :  
     the powers,  
 The glories of the Possible are ours :  
 We breathe the pure, sustaining element  
 Above the dust of life, — steal fresh content  
 From distant gleams of never-gathered flowers, —  
 Believing, rise : our very failures wear  
 Immortal grace from what we vainly dare !

## LXXII.

From dreams like these is shaped the splendid act  
 In painters', poets' brains : we let them grow,  
 And as the season rolled in richer flow  
 To summer, from their waves a wondrous fact  
 Uprose, and shamed them with diviner glow, —  
 A tremulous secret, mystic, scarce-confessed,  
 That, star-like, throbs within the coarsest breast,  
 And sets God's joy beside His creature's woe.

## LXXIII.

As one may see, along some April rill,  
 By richest mould and softest dew-fall fed,  
 The daybreak blossom of a daffodil  
 Send from its heart a tenderer blossom still,  
 Flower bearing flower, so fair a marvel shed  
 Its bliss on Clelia's being ; and she smiled  
 With those prophetic raptures which fulfil  
 The mother's nature ere she clasps her child.

## LXXIV.

Between our hearts, embracing both,  
     there stole  
 A silent Presence, like to that which reigns  
 In Heaven, when God another world ordains.  
 Here, in its genesis, a formless soul

Waited the living garment it should wear  
 Of holiest flesh, though ours were dark with stains, —  
 Yet clouds that blot the blue, eternal air,  
 Upon their folds the rainbow's beauty bear !

## LXXV.

And none of all the folk we moved among  
 In that lone valley, whether man or maid,  
 Or weary woman, prematurely wrung  
 To bear the lusty flock that round her played,  
 But spake to Clelia in a gentler tongue  
 And unto her their timid reverence paid,  
 As, in her life repeated, one might see  
 Madonna's pure maternal sanctity !

## LXXVI.

All knew the lady, beautiful and tall, —  
 Dark, yet so pale in her strange loveliness,  
 Whom oft they saw with gliding footstep press  
 The meads, the forest's golden floor ;  
     and all  
 Knew the enchanted voice, whose alien song  
 Silenced the mountains, till the woodman lone  
 His axe let fall, and dreamed and listened long, —  
 The key-flower plucked, the fairy gold his own !

## LXXVII.

Never, they said, did year its bounty shower  
 So plenteously upon their fields, as now.  
 The lady brought their fortune : many a vow  
 Would rise to help her in her woman's hour  
 Of pain and joy, and what their hands could do  
 (The will was boundless, though so mean the power)  
 Was hers, — their queen, the fairest thing they knew  
 Within the circle of the mountains blue.



## LXXVIII.

And Autumn came, like him from  
Edom, him  
With garments dyed, from Bozrah, glo-  
rious  
In his apparel; yet his gold was dim,  
His crimsons pale, beside the splendors  
warm  
Wherewith the ripened time transfigured  
us.  
The precious atoms drawn from heaven  
and earth,  
And rocked by Love's own music into  
form,  
Compacted lived: a soul awaited birth.

## LXXIX.

A soul was born. The hazy-mantled sun  
Looked in on Clelia, radiant as a saint  
Who triumphs over torture, pale and  
faint  
From parted life, — and kissed the life  
begun  
With tender light, as quick to recognize  
His child, in exile: the unconscious  
one, —  
Stray lamb of heaven, whom tears might  
best baptize, —  
Closed on her happy breast his mother's  
eyes.

## LXXX.

Her eyes they were: her fresh-born  
beauty took  
Its seat in man, that woman's heart  
might bow  
One day, before the magic of that look  
Which conquered man and held him  
captive now.  
The frail and precious mould which  
drew from me  
Naught but its sex, her likeness did en-  
dow  
With breathing grace and witching sym-  
metry,  
As once in baby demigod might be.

## LXXXI.

So came from him — as in Correggio's  
"Night"  
The body of the Holy Child illumines  
The stable dark, the starry Syrian  
glooms,  
The rapt, adoring faces, — sudden light

For that dark season when the sun hung  
low;  
And warmth, when earth again lay cold  
and white;  
And peace, Love reconciled with Life to  
know;  
And promise, kindling Art to rosier  
glow.

## LXXXII.

Here dawned the inspiration, long de-  
layed,  
The light of loftier fancy. As she  
pressed,  
Cradled against her balmy mother-  
breast,  
The child — a pink on sun-kissed lilies  
laid —  
I saw the type of old achievement won  
In them, the holy hint their forms con-  
veyed:  
And lovelier never God's Elected Maid  
And Goddess-Mother dreamed Urbino's  
son!

## LXXXIII.

But she — when first mine eager hand  
would seize  
Her perfect beauty — troubled grew,  
and pale.  
"Dear Egon, No!" she said: "my heart  
would fail,  
Alarmed for love that wraps in sancti-  
ties  
Its earthly form: for see! the babe may  
lie  
With white, untainted soul, and in his  
eye  
The light of Heaven, and pure as al-  
mond-flowers  
His dimpling flesh, — but, Egon, he is  
ours!

## LXXXIV.

"If blessing may be forfeited, to set  
A child, the loveliest, in the place di-  
vine  
Of Infant God, it were more impious  
yet  
To veil the Mother's countenance in  
mine:  
Ah, how should I, to human love though  
fair,  
Assume her grace and with her pity  
shine, —  
Profane usurpress of her sacred shrine,  
To cheat the vow and intercept the  
prayer!"

## LXXXV.

A woman's causeless fancy! What I  
 said  
 I scarce remember,—that the face I  
 stole  
 Had brought herself, and if the half so  
 wrought,  
 A surer blessing now must bring the  
 whole,  
 And laurel cast, not jasmine, on my  
 head.  
 The profanation was a thing of thought,  
 Or touched the artist only: who could  
 paint,  
 If saint alone dare model be for saint?

## LXXXVI.

And so, by Art possessed, I would not  
 see  
 Forebodings which in woman's finer  
 sense  
 Arise, and draw their own fulfilment  
 thence,—  
 Light clouds, yet hide the bolts of Des-  
 tiny  
 And darken life, ere long. I gave, in joy,  
 To fleeting grace immortal permanence,  
 And dreamed of coming fame for all the  
 three,  
 Myself, the fairest mother, and the boy!

## LXXXVII.

She sat, in crimson robe and mantle  
 blue,  
 Fondling the child in holy nakedness,  
 Resigned and calm,—alas! I could not  
 guess  
 The haunting fear that daily deeper  
 grew  
 In the sweet face that would its fear  
 subdue,  
 Nor make my hand's creative rapture  
 less:  
 But cold her kisses to my own replied,  
 And when the work completed stood—  
 she sighed.

## LXXXVIII.

And from that hour a shadow seemed  
 to hang  
 Around her life: our idyl breathed no  
 more  
 Its flute-like joy in every strain she  
 sang:

Her step the measures of an anthem  
 wore,  
 That hushes, soothes, yet makes not  
 wholly sad;  
 And if, at times, my heart confessed a  
 pang  
 To note the haunted gleam her features  
 had,  
 I failed to read the prophecy it bore.

## LXXXIX.

Again the summer beckoned from the  
 hills,  
 And back from Daulis came the night-  
 ingale;  
 But when the willows shook by meadow-  
 rills  
 Their sheeted silver, Clelia's cheek grew  
 pale.  
 She spoke not; but I knew her fancy  
 said  
 So shook the olives now in Arno's vale,  
 So flashed the brook along its pebbly bed,  
 Through bosky oleanders, roofed with  
 red!

## XC.

This cheer I gave: "Be sure my fame  
 awaits  
 The work of love: this cloud will break,  
 and we  
 Walk in the golden airs of Tuscany,  
 Guarded by that renown which conse-  
 crates  
 Our fault, if love be such; and fame  
 shall be  
 My shield, to shame your father's her-  
 aldry,  
 And set you in your ancient halls.  
 Take heart,  
 And as my love you trusted, trust my  
 art!"

## XCI.

She faintly smiled,—if smile the lips  
 could stir  
 Which more of yearning than of hope  
 expressed;  
 A filmy mask to hide the warning guest  
 Of thought which evermore abode in her:  
 And then she kissed me,—not, as once,  
 with fire  
 And lingering sweetness drawn from  
 love's desire,  
 But soft, as Heaven's angelic messenger  
 Might touch the lips of prayer, and make  
 them blest!

## BOOK III.

## THE CHILD.

## I.

SAD Son of Earth, if ever to thy care  
 Some god entrust the dazzling gift of  
 joy,  
 Within thy trembling hands the burden  
 bear  
 As if the frailest crystal shell it were,  
 One thrill of exultation might destroy!  
 Look to thy feet, take heed where thou  
 shalt stand,  
 And arm thine eyes with fear, thy heart  
 with prayer,  
 Like one who travels in a hostile land!

## II.

For, ever hovering in the heart of day  
 Unseen, above thee wait the Powers  
 malign,  
 Who scent thy bliss as vultures scent  
 decay:  
 Unveil thy secret, give one gladsome  
 sign,  
 Send up one thought to chant beside  
 the lark  
 In airy poise, and lo! the sky is dark  
 With swooping wings,—thy gift is  
 snatched away  
 Ere dies the rapture which proclaimed  
 it thine!

## III.

We plan the houses which are never  
 built:  
 The volumes which our precious thoughts  
 enclose  
 Are never written: in the falchion's  
 hilt  
 Sleeps nobler daring than the nero  
 shows:  
 And never Fate allows a life to give  
 The measure of a soul,—but incom-  
 plete  
 Expression and imperfect action meet,  
 To form the tintless sketch of what we  
 live.

## IV.

I would not see the path that led apart  
 My Clelia's feet, as 't were on hills of  
 cloud,  
 But deemed the saintlier light, whereto I  
 bowed  
 In reverence of mine adoring heart,  
 The mother's nature: day by day I  
 smiled,  
 As higher, further drawn, my dreams  
 avowed  
 Diviner types of beauty,—whence be-  
 guiled,  
 Her robes of heaven I wrapped around  
 her child.

## V.

Our daily miracle was he: a bud  
 Steeped in the scents of Eden, balmy-  
 fair,  
 The world's pure morning bright upon  
 his hair,  
 And life's unopened roses in his blood!  
 In the blank eyes of birth a timorous  
 star  
 Of wonder sparkled, as the soul awoke,  
 And from his tongue a brook-like bab-  
 bling broke,—  
 A strange, melodious language from afar!

## VI.

His body showed, in every dimpled swell,  
 The pink and pearl of Ocean's loveliest  
 shell,  
 And swift the little pulses throbbed  
 along  
 Their turquoise paths, the soft breast  
 rose and fell  
 As to the music of a dancing song,  
 And all the darling graces which be-  
 long  
 To babyhood, and breathe from every  
 limb,  
 Made life more beautiful, revealed in  
 him.



## VII.

His mother's face I dared not paint  
again,  
For now, infected by her mystic dread,  
The picture smote me with reproachful  
pain;  
But often, bending o'er his cradle-bed  
To learn by heart the wondrous tints  
and lines  
That charmed me so, my kindling fancy  
said :  
"By thee, my Cherub, shall mine art be  
led  
To clasp the Truth it now but half  
divines !

## VIII.

"If I have sinned, to set thee in the  
place  
Of Infant God, the hand that here  
offends  
Shall owe its cunning to thy growing  
grace,  
And from thy loveliness make late  
amends.  
Six summers more, and I shall bid thee  
stand  
Before me, with uplift, prophetic face,  
And there St. John shall grow beneath  
my hand, —  
A bright boy-angel in a desert land !

## IX.

"Six summers more, and then, as Gany-  
mede's,  
Thy rosy limbs against the dark-blue  
sky  
Shall press the eagle's plumage as he  
speeds ;  
Or darling Hylas, 'mid Scamander's  
reeds,  
Borrow thy beauty : six again, and I  
Shall from thy lithesome adolescence  
take  
My young St. George, my victor knight,  
and make  
Beneath thy sword once more the  
Dragon die !

## X.

"Art thou not mine ? and wilt thou not  
repay  
My love with help unconsciously be-  
stowed ?  
In thy fresh being, in its bright abode,

Shall I not find my morning-star, my  
day ?  
Rejoice ! one life, at least, shall death-  
less be, —  
One perfect form grow ripe, but not  
decay :  
Through mine own blood shall I my  
triumph see,  
And give to glory what I steal from  
thee !"

## XI.

One day, in indolence of sheer despair,  
I sat with hanging arm, the colors dried  
Upon my palette : sudden, at my side  
Knelt Clelia, lifting through her falling  
hair  
A look that stabbed me with its tearful  
care ;  
And words that came like swiftly-drop-  
ping tears  
Made my heart ache and shiver in mine  
ears,  
As thus in sorrow and in love she cried :

## XII.

"O Egon, mine the fault ! I should  
have dared  
Defy the compact, — should have set  
you, love,  
As far in station as in soul above  
These mocking wants — mine idle fort-  
une shared  
With your achievement ! Coward heart,  
that fled  
The post of righteous battle, and pre-  
pared  
For you, whose hand and brain I could  
not wed,  
Meaning to bless, a martyrdom instead !

## XIII.

"I hold you back, alas ! when you as-  
pire ;  
I chain your spirit when it pants to  
soar :  
I, proud to kindle, glad to feed the fire,  
But heap cold ashes on its fading core !  
Command me, Egon ! shall I seek the  
sire  
Whose lonely house might welcome me  
once more,  
And mine — my twain beloved ? Let  
me make  
This late, last trial for our future's  
sake !"



## XIV.

"Not thine, my Clelia!" soothing her,  
 I said,  
 "Not thine the fault — nor ours; but  
 Demons wait  
 To thwart the shining purposes of Fate,  
 And not a crown descends on any head  
 Ere half its fairest leaves are plucked  
 or dead:  
 Yet be it as thou wilt, — who bore thee  
 thence  
 Must in thy father's house thee rein-  
 state,  
 Or bear — not thou — the weight of his  
 offence.

## XV.

"Come, thou art pale, and sad, and sick  
 for home,  
 My summer lily — nursling of the sun!  
 But thou shalt blossom in the breeze of  
 Rome,  
 And dip thy feet in Baiæ's whispering  
 foam,  
 And in the torn Abruzzi valleys, dun  
 With August stubble, watch thy wild  
 fawn run, —  
 I swear it! With the melting of the  
 snow,  
 If Fortune or if Ruin guide, we go!"

## XVI.

And soon there came, as 't were an an-  
 swering hint  
 From heaven, the tardy gold Madonna  
 brought, —  
 But I unto that end had gladly wrought  
 Heart's-blood to coin, and drained the  
 ruddy mint  
 Of life, again the mellow songs to hear  
 That told how sunward turned her  
 happy thought:  
 That sang to sleep her soul's unbodied  
 fear,  
 And led her through the darkness of the  
 year!

## XVII.

Alas! 'twas not so written. Day by  
 day  
 Her cheek grew thin, her footstep faint  
 and slow;  
 And yet so fondly, with such hopeful  
 play  
 Her pulses beat, they masked the coming  
 woe.

Joy dwelt with her, and in her eager  
 breath  
 His cymbals drowned the hollow drums  
 of Death:  
 Life showered its promise, surer to be-  
 tray,  
 And the false Future crumbled fast  
 away.

## XVIII.

Aye, she was happy! God be thanked  
 for this,  
 That she was happy! — happier than  
 she knew,  
 Had even the hope that cheated her been  
 true;  
 For from her face there beamed such  
 wondrous bliss,  
 As cannot find fulfilment here, and dies.  
 God's peace and pardon touched me in  
 her kiss,  
 Heaven's morning dawned and bright-  
 ened in her eyes,  
 And o'er the Tuscan arched remoter  
 skies!

## XIX.

Dazzled with light, I could not see the  
 close  
 So near and dark, and every day that won  
 Some warmer life from the returning  
 sun,  
 Took from the menaces that interpose  
 Between the plan and deed. I dared to  
 dream  
 Her dreams, and paint them lovelier as  
 they rose,  
 Till from the echoing hollows one wild  
 stream  
 Sprang to proclaim the melting of the  
 snows.

## XX.

Then — how she smiled! And I the  
 casement wide  
 To that triumphant sound must throw,  
 despite  
 The bitter air; and, soothed and satisfied,  
 She slept until the middle watch of  
 night.  
 I watched beside her: dim the taper's  
 light  
 Before the corner-shrine, — the walls in  
 shade  
 Glimmered, but through the window all  
 was white  
 In crystal moonshine, and the winds  
 were laid.

## XXI.

And awe and shuddering fell upon my  
soul.  
Out of the silence came, if not a sound,  
The sense of sphery music, far, profound,  
As Earth, revolving on her moveless  
pole,  
Might breathe to God : and at the case-  
ment shone  
Something — a radiant bird it seemed, —  
alone,  
And beautiful, and strange : its plumes  
around  
Played the soft fire of stars whence it  
had flown.

## XXII.

The beak of light, the eye of flame, —  
dispread  
The hovering wings, as winnowing  
music out ;  
And richer still the glory grew about  
The shadowy room, crept over Clelia's  
bed  
And hung, a shimmering circle, round  
her head :  
Then marked I that her eyes were wide  
and clear,  
Nor wondered at the vision. All my  
fear  
Fled when she spoke, and these the  
words she said :

## XXIII.

"Thou call'st, and I am ready. Ah, I  
see  
The shining field of lilies in the moon,  
So white, so fair ! Yet how depart with  
thee,  
And leave the bliss of threefold life so  
soon ?  
Peace, fainting heart ! Though sweet  
it were to stay,  
Sweet messenger, thy summons I obey :  
And now the mountains part, and now  
the free  
Wide ocean gleams beneath a golden  
day !

## XXIV.

"How still they lie, the olive-sandalled  
slopes,  
The gardens and the towers ! But float-  
ing o'er

Their shaded sleep, lo ! some diviner  
shore,  
Deep down the bright, unmeasured dis-  
tance, opes  
Its breathing valleys : wait for me ! I  
haste,  
But am not free : till morning let me  
taste  
The last regret of faithful love once  
more,  
Then shall I walk with thee yon lilled  
floor !"

## XXV.

The bright Thing fled, the moon went  
down the west.  
Long lay she silent, sleepless ; nor  
might I  
Break with a sound the hush of ecstasy,  
The strange, unearthly peace, till from  
his rest  
The child awoke with soft, imploring  
cry :  
Then she, with feeble hands outreach-  
ing, laid  
His little cheek to hers, and softly made  
His murmurs cease upon her mother-  
breast.

## XXVI.

My trance dissolved at once, and falling  
prone  
In agony of tears, as falls a wave  
With choked susurrus in some hollow  
cave,  
Brake forth my life's lament and bitter  
moan.  
I shook with passionate grief : I mur-  
mured : "Stay !  
Have I not sworn to give thee back  
thine own ?  
False was the token, false !" She an-  
swered : "Nay,  
It says, Farewell ! and yonder dawns  
the day."

## XXVII.

No more ! I said farewell : withdrawn  
afar,  
Still faintly came to me, its clasping  
shore,  
When morning drowned the wintry  
morning-star,  
Her ebbing life ; then paused — and  
came no more !  
And blue the mocking sky, and loud the  
roar

Of loosened waters, leaping down the  
glen :  
The songs of children and the shouts of  
men  
Flouted the awful Shadow at my door !

## XXVIII.

And chill my heart became, a sepul-  
chre  
Sealed with the sudden ice of frozen  
tears :  
I sat in stony calm, and looked at her,  
Flown in the brightness of her beau-  
teous years,  
And not a pulse with conscious sorrow  
beat ;  
Nor, when they robed her in her wind-  
ing-sheet,  
Did any pang my silent bosom stir,  
But pain, like bliss, seemed of the things  
that were.

## XXIX.

With cold and changeless face beside  
her grave  
I stood, and coldly heard the shudder-  
ing sound  
Of coffin echoes, smothered under-  
ground :  
The tints I marked, the mournful  
mountains gave, —  
Faces and garments of the throngs  
around, —  
The sexton's knotted hands, the light  
and shade  
That strangely through the moving col-  
ors played, —  
So, feeling dead, Art's habit held me  
bound !

## XXX.

Yet, very slowly, Feeling's self was  
born  
Of chance forgetfulness: when mead-  
ows took  
A greener hem along the winding brook,  
And buds were balmy in the fresh May-  
morn,  
Oft would I turn, as though her step to  
wait ;  
Or ask the songless echoes why so late  
Her song delayed ; or from my lonely  
bed  
At midnight start, and weep to find her  
fled !

## XXXI.

And with the pains of healing came a  
care  
For him, her child : she had not wholly  
died ;  
And what of her lost being he might wear  
Was doubly mine through all the years  
untried,  
To love, and give me love. Him would  
I bear  
Beyond the Alps, forth from this fatal  
zone,  
To make his mother's land and speech  
his own,  
And keep her beauty at his father's  
side !

## XXXII.

So forth we fared : the faithful peasant  
nurse  
Who guarded now his life, should guard  
it still.  
We hastened on : there seemed a brood-  
ing curse  
Upon the valley. Many a brawling rill  
We left behind, and many a darksome hill,  
Long fens, and clay-white rivers of the  
plain,  
Then mountains clad in thunder, — and  
again  
Soared the high Alps, and sparkled,  
white and chill.

## XXXIII.

To seek some quiet, southward-opening  
vale  
Beside the Adige, was my first design ;  
And sweetly hailed along the Brenner's  
line  
With songs of Tyrol, welcomed by the  
gale  
That floated from the musky slopes of  
vine,  
With summer on its wings, I wandered  
down  
To fix our home in some delightful  
town, —  
But when the first we reached, there  
came a sign.

## XXXIV.

The bells were tolling, — not with nup-  
tial joy,  
But heavily, sadly : down the winding  
street



The pattering tumult came of children's  
feet,  
Followed by men who bore a snow-pale  
boy  
Upon a flowery bier. The sunshine  
clung,  
Caressing brow and cheek, — he was so  
young  
Even Nature felt her darling's loss, —  
and sweet  
The burial hymn by childish mourners  
sung.

## XXXV.

"He must not see the dead!" Thus  
unto me  
The nurse, and muffled him with tremb-  
ling hand.  
But something touched, in that sad har-  
mony,  
The infant's soul: he struggled and was  
free  
A moment, saw the dead, nor could with-  
stand  
The strange desire that hungered in his  
eye,  
And stretched his little arms, and made  
a cry, —  
While she, in foolish terror, turned to  
me:

## XXXVI.

"Now, God have mercy, master! rest  
not here,  
Or he will die!" 'T was but the cause-  
less whim  
Of ignorance, and yet, a formless fear  
O'ercame my heart, and darkly menaced  
him  
As with his mother's fond, foreboding  
dread:  
Then, wild with haste to lift the shadow  
dim  
Which seemed already settling round  
his head,  
That hour we left, and ever southward  
sped.

## XXXVII.

Past wondrous mountains, peaked with  
obelisks,  
With pyramids and domes of dolomite  
That burned vermilion in the dying  
light, —  
Crag where the hunter with a thousand  
risks  
The steinbok follows, — world of  
strength and song

Under the stars, among the fields of  
white,  
While deep below, the broad vale winds  
along  
Through corn and wine, secure from  
winter's wrong!

## XXXVIII.

My plan complete, the foolish servi-  
tress  
Back to her dark Bohemian home I sent,  
And gave my boy to one whose gentle-  
ness  
Fell gentlier from her Tuscan tongue.  
We went  
By lonely roads, where over Garda's  
lake  
Their brows the cloven-hearted mount-  
ains bent,  
To lands divine, where Como's waters  
make  
Twin arms, to clasp them for their  
beauty's sake!

## XXXIX.

There ceased my wanderings, finding  
what I sought:  
The charms of water, earth, and air  
allied, —  
Secluded homes, with prospects free and  
wide  
Around a princely world, which thither  
brought  
Only the aspect of its holiday,  
And made its emulous, unsleeping pride  
Put on the yoke of Nature, and obey  
Her mood of ornament, her summer play.

## XL.

The shapely hills, whose summits tow-  
ered remote  
In rosy air, might smile in soft disdain  
Of palaces that strung a jewelled chain  
About their feet, and far-off, seemed to  
float  
On violet-misted waters; yet they wore  
Their groves and gardens like a festal  
train,  
And in the mirror of the crystal plain  
Steep vied with steep, shore emulated  
shore!

## XLI.

Above Bellagio, on the ridge that leans  
To meet, on either side, the parted blue



There is a cottage, which the olive  
screens  
From sight of those who come the pomp  
to view  
Of Villa Serbelloni : thrust apart  
Beside a quarry whence the pile they  
drew, —  
A home for simple needs and straitened  
means,  
For lonely labor and a brooding heart.

## XLII.

Too young was I, too filled with blood  
and fire,  
To clothe myself with ultimate despair.  
Drinking with eager breast that idle air,  
Color with eyes new-bathed, that could  
not tire,  
And stung by form, and wooed by mov-  
ing grace,  
And warmed with beauty, should I not  
aspire  
My misty dreams with substance to re-  
place,  
Nor ghosts beget, but an immortal race ?

## XLIII.

Yea ! rather close, as in a sainted shrine,  
My life's most lovely, tender episode,  
Renounce the ordination it bestowed,  
And only taste its sacramental wine  
In those brief Sabbaths, when the heart  
demands  
Solemn repose and sustenance divine !  
Yet lives the Artist in these restless  
hands,  
And waiting, here, the rich material  
stands !

## XLIV.

Had I not sought, I asked myself, the  
far  
Result, and haughtily disdained the  
source ?  
From myriad threads hangs many-  
stranded Force, —  
Compact of gloomy atoms, burns the  
star !  
Of earth are all foundations ; and of  
old  
On mounds of clay were lifted to their  
place  
Shafts of eternal temples. We behold  
The noble end, whereto no means are  
base.

## XLV.

I loved my work ; and therefore vowed  
to love  
All subjects, finding Art in everything, —  
The angel's plumage in the bird's plain  
wing, —  
Until such time as I might rise above  
The conquered matter, to the power su-  
preme  
Which takes, rejects, adorns, — a right-  
ful king,  
Whose hand completes the subtly-hinted  
scheme,  
And blends in equal truth the Fact and  
Dream !

## XLVI.

And now commenced a second life,  
wherein  
Myself and Agatha and Angelo  
Beheld the lonely seasons come and  
go,  
Contented, — whether gray with hoar-  
frost thin  
The aloes stiffened, or the passion-flower  
Enriched the summer heats, or autumn  
shower  
Rejoiced the yellow fig-leaves wide to  
blow : —  
So still that life, we scarcely felt its  
flow.

## XLVII.

How guileless, sweet, the infancy he  
knew,  
Loved for his own and for his mother's  
sake !  
How fresh in sunny loveliness he grew,  
Fanned by the breezes of the Larian  
lake.  
My little Angelo, my baby-friend,  
My boy, my blessing ! — while for him  
I drew  
A thousand futures, brightening to the  
end ;  
Long paths of light, with ne'er a cloudy  
break !

## XLVIII.

For, lisping in a sweeter tongue than  
mine,  
'T was his delight around the spot to  
play  
Where fast I wrought in unillusive  
day, —  
Where he might chase from rock or  
rustling vine

The golden lizard ; seek the mellow  
 peach,  
 Wind-shaken ; or, where spread the  
 branchy pine  
 His coverture of woven shade and shine,  
 Sleep, lulled by murmurs of the pebbly  
 beach.

## XLIX.

Along San Primo's chestnut-shaded  
 sides,  
 Through fields of thyme and spiky lav-  
 ender  
 And yellow broom, wherein the she-goat  
 hides  
 Her yeanning kid, and wild bees ever  
 stir  
 The drifted blossoms, — high and breezy  
 downs, —  
 I led his steps, and watched his young  
 eye glance  
 In brightening wonder o'er the fair ex-  
 panse  
 Of mountain, lake, and lake-reflected  
 towns !

## L.

Or, crossing to the lofty Leccan shore,  
 I bade him see the Fiume-latte leap  
 Through shivered rainbows down the  
 hollow steep,  
 A meteor of the morning ; high and hoar  
 The Alp that fed it leaned against the  
 blue, —  
 But siren-voices chanted in the roar,  
 Enticing, mocking : shudderingly he  
 drew  
 Back from the shifting whirls of endless  
 dew.

## LI.

T was otherwise, when borne in danc-  
 ing bark  
 Across the wave, where Sommariva's  
 walls  
 Flash from the starred magnolia's  
 breathing dark,  
 High o'er its terraced roses, fountain-  
 falls  
 And bosky laurels. In that garden he  
 Chirruped and fluttered like a callow  
 lark,  
 With dim fore-feeling of the azure  
 free,  
 Sustaining wing and strength of song-  
 ful glee !

## LII.

No thing that I might paint, — a sunset  
 cloud,  
 A rosy islet of the amber sky, —  
 A lily-branch, — the azure-emerald dye  
 Of neck and crest that makes the pea-  
 cock proud, —  
 Or plume of fern, or berried ivy-braid,  
 Or sheen of sliding waters, — e'er could  
 vie  
 With the least loveliness his form con-  
 veyed  
 In outline, motion, daintiest light and  
 shade.

## LIII.

Not yet would I indulge the rapturous  
 task,  
 The crown of labor ; though my weary  
 brain  
 Ached from the mimicry of Nature's  
 mask,  
 And yearned for human themes. It  
 was in vain,  
 My vow, that patient bondage to sus-  
 tain :  
 Some unsubdued desire began to ask :  
 " How shall these soulless images be  
 warmed ?  
 Or Life be learned from matter unin-  
 formed ? "

## LIV.

" Then Life ! " I said : " but cautiously  
 and slow, —  
 Pure human types, that, from the com-  
 mon base  
 By due degrees the spirit find its place,  
 And climb to passion and supernal glow  
 Of Heaven's beatitude. The level track  
 Once let me tread, nor need to stoop so  
 low  
 Beneath my dreams, and thus their hope  
 efface, —  
 But late, in nobler guise, receive them  
 back."

## LV.

So, venturing no further, I began  
 The work I craved, and only what I  
 found  
 In limber child, or steely-sinewed man,  
 Or supple maiden, drew : within that  
 bound  
 Such excellence I saw, as told how much,  
 Despising truth, I strayed : with reverent  
 touch

God's architecture did my pencil trace  
In joint and limb, as in the godlike face.

## LVI.

Each part expressed its nicely-measured  
share

In the mysterious being of the whole :  
Not from the eye or lip looked forth the  
soul,

But made her habitation everywhere  
Within the bounds of flesh; and Art  
might steal,

As once, of old, her purest triumphs  
there.

Go see the headless Ilionæus kneel,  
And thou the torso's agony shalt feel !

## LVII.

The blameless spirit of a lofty aim  
Sees not a line that asks to be concealed  
By dexterous evasion ; but, revealed  
As truth demands, doth Nature smite  
with shame

Them, who with artifice of ivy-leaf  
Unsex the splendid loins, or shrink the  
frame

From life's pure honesty, as shrinks a  
thief,

While stands a hero ignorant of blame !

## LVIII.

What joy it was, from dead material  
forms,

Opaque, one-featured, and unchange-  
able,

To turn, and track the shifting life that  
warms

The shape of Man!—within whose  
texture dwell

Uncounted lines of beauty, tints un-  
guessed

On luminous height, in softly-shaded  
dell,

And myriad postures, moving or at  
rest, —

All phases fair, and each, in turn, the  
best !

## LIX.

The rich ideal promise these convey,  
Which in the forms of Earth can never  
live.

Each plastic soul has yet the power to  
give

A separate model to its subject clay,

And finely works its cunning likeness  
out :

To men a block, to me a statue lay  
In each, distinct in being, draped about  
With mystery, touched with Beauty's  
random ray !

## LX.

Now Fame approached, when I expected  
least

Her noisy greeting: 't was the olden  
tale.

Half-scornfully I gave; yet men in-  
creased

Their golden worth, the more I felt  
them fail,

My painful counterfeits of lifeless things.  
"Behold!" they cried: "this wondrous  
artist brings

Each leaf and vein of meadow-blossoms  
pale,

The agate's streaks, the meal of mothy  
wings!"

## LXI.

And truly, o'er a wayside-weed they  
raised

A sound of marvel, found in lichen-rust  
Of ancient stones a glory, stood amazed  
To view a melon, gray with summer  
dust,

And so these rudimental labors praised,  
The Tempter whispered to my flattered  
ear:

"Why seek the unattained, — thy fame  
is here!"

"Avaunt!" I cried: "in mine own soul  
I trust!"

## LXII.

A little while, I thought, and I shall  
know

The stamp and sentence of my des-  
tiny, —

The fateful crisis, whence my life shall  
be

A power, a triumph, an immortal show  
A kindling inspiration: or be classed  
(As many a noble brother in the Past)  
*Pictor Ignotus*: as it happens, so  
Shall turn the fortunes of my Angelo !

## LXIII.

For in his childish life, expanding now,  
The spirit dawned which must his fut-  
ure guide, —



The little prattler, with his open brow,  
His clear, dark eye, his mouth too sweet  
for pride,  
Too proud for infancy! "My boy, de-  
cide,"  
I said: "wilt painter be? or rather lord  
Over a marble house, a steed and  
sword?"  
His visage flashed: he paused not, but  
replied:

## LXIV.

"Give me a marble house, as white and  
tall  
As Sommariva's! Give me horse and  
hound,  
A golden sword, and servants in the  
hall,  
And thou and I be masters over all,  
My father!" In that hope a joy he  
found,  
And oft in freaks of fancied lordship  
made  
The splendors his: ah, boy! thy wish  
betrayed  
The blood that beats to rise, and dare  
not fall.

## LXV.

Did Clelia's spirit yearn, what time she  
bore  
The unborn burden, for her lost estate?  
Home-sick and pining, lorn and deso-  
late  
Except for love, did she, in thought,  
count o'er  
The graceful charms of that luxurious  
nest  
Wherefrom I stole her? Then was I  
unblest,  
Have he inherited her pilfered fate,  
And trod, for her, Pandolfo's palace-  
floor.

## LXVI.

The current of my dreams, directed thus,  
Flowed ever swifter, evermore to him.  
Along the coves where stripling boat-  
men swim  
I watched him oft, like Morn's young  
Genius,  
Dropped from her rose-cloud on the  
silver sand,  
Her rosy breath upon each ivory limb  
Kissed by the clasping waters, green  
and dim,  
And craved the hour when he should  
bless my hand.

## LXVII.

The seasons came and went. In sun or  
frost  
Twinkled the olive, shook the aspen  
bough:  
In winter whiteness shone Legnone's  
brow,  
Or cooled his fiery rocks in skyey blue  
When o'er the ruffled lake the *brevia*  
tossed  
The struggling barks: their cups of  
snow and dew  
The dark magnolias held, and purpling  
poured  
The trampled blood from many a vine-  
yard's hoard.

## LXVIII.

Five years had passed, and now the time  
was nigh,  
When on the fond result my hand must  
stake  
Its cunning, — when the slowly-tutored  
eye  
Must lend the heart its discipline, to  
make  
Secure the throbbing hope, to which,  
elate,  
My long ambition clung: and, with a  
sigh,  
"If foiled," I said, "let silence conse-  
crate  
My noteless name, and hide my ruined  
fate!"

## LXIX.

It was an autumn morn, when I ad-  
dressed  
Myself unto the work. A violet haze  
Subdued the ardor of the golden days:  
A glassy solitude was Como's breast:  
Far, far away, from out the fading  
maze  
Of mountains, blew the flickering sound  
of bells:  
The earth lay hushed as in a Sabbath  
rest,  
And from the air came voiceless, sweet  
farewells!"

## LXX.

My choicest colors, on the palette spread,  
Provoked the appetite: the canvas clear  
Wooded from the easel: o'er his noble  
head



The faint light fell : his perfect body  
 shed  
 A sunny whiteness on the atmosphere, —  
 All aspects gladsoemly invited : yet  
 Across my heart there swept a wave of  
 dread, —  
 The first lines trembled which my crayon  
 set.

## LXXI.

The background, lightly sketched, re-  
 vealed a wild  
 Storm-shadowed sweep of Ammon's  
 desert hills,  
 Whose naked porphyry no dew-fed  
 rills  
 Touched with descending green, but  
 rent and piled  
 As thunder-split : behind them, glimmer-  
 ing low,  
 The falling sky disclosed a lurid bar :  
 In front, a rocky platform, where, a  
 star  
 Of lonely life, I meant his form should  
 glow.

## LXXII.

The God-selected child, there should he  
 stand,  
 Alone and rapt, as from the world with-  
 drawn  
 To seek, amid the desolated land,  
 His Father's counsel : in one tender  
 hand  
 A cross of reed, to lightly rest upon,  
 The other hand a scrolled phylactery  
 Should, hanging, hold, — as it the seed  
 might be  
 Wherefrom the living Gospel shall ex-  
 pand.

## LXXIII.

A simple theme : why, therefore, should  
 my faith  
 In mine own skill forsake me ? why  
 should seem  
 His beauteous presence strangely like a  
 dream, —  
 His shining form an unsubstantial  
 wraith ?  
 Was it the mother's warning, thus im-  
 pressed  
 To stay my hand, or, working in my  
 breast,  
 That dim, dread Power, that monitor  
 supreme,  
 Whose mystic ways and works no Script-  
 ure saith ?

## LXXIV.

I dropped the brush, and, to assure my  
 heart,  
 Now vanquished quite, with quick, im-  
 passionate start  
 Caught up the boy, and kissed him o'er  
 and o'er, —  
 Cheek, bosom, limbs, — and felt his  
 pulses beat  
 Secure existence, till my dread, dispelled,  
 Became a thing to smile at : then, once  
 more  
 My hand regained its craft, and followed  
 fleet  
 The living lines my filmless eyes beheld.

## LXXV.

And won those lines, and tracked the  
 subtle play  
 Where cold, keen light, without a  
 boundary,  
 Through warmth, lapsed into shadow's  
 mystic gray,  
 And other light within that shadow lay,  
 A maze of beauty, — till, outwearied, he  
 With drooping eyelid stood and totter-  
 ing knee ;  
 While I, withdrawn to gaze, with eager  
 lip  
 Murmured my joy in mine own work-  
 manship.

## LXXVI.

I clothed his limbs again, and led him  
 out  
 To welcome sunshine and his glad re-  
 ward,  
 A scarlet belt, a tiny, gilded sword, —  
 And long our bark, the sleeping shores  
 about  
 Sped as we willed, that happy after-  
 noon :  
 And sweet the evening promise (ah ! too  
 soon  
 It came,) of what the morrow should  
 afford, —  
 An equal service and an equal boon !

## LXXVII.

But on the pier a messenger I found  
 From Milan, where the borrowed name  
 I bore  
 Was known, he said, and more than  
 half-renowned ;  
 And now a bright occasion offered me

A fairer crown than yet my forehead  
wore, —  
A range of palace-chambers to adorn  
With sportive frescoes, nymphs of Earth  
and Sea,  
Pursuing Hours, and marches of the  
Morn !

## LXXVIII.

It stands not now that journey to repeat,  
Which flattered, toyed, but nothing sure  
bestowed.  
When four unrestful days were sped,  
my feet,  
With yearning shod, retraced the home-  
ward road,  
With each glad minute nearing our re-  
treat, —  
Mine eyes, when far away Bellagio  
showed  
Beyond Tremezzo, straining to explore  
Some speck of welcome on the distant  
shore.

## LXXIX.

Then came the town, the vineyards and  
the hill,  
The cottage : soft the orange sunset  
shone  
Upon its walls, — but everything was  
still,  
So still and strange, my heart might  
well disown  
The startled sense that gazed : the door  
ajar, —  
The chambers vacant, — ashes on the  
stone  
Where lit his torch my shy, protecting  
Lar, —  
Dark, empty, lifeless all : I stood alone !

## LXXX.

As one who in an ancient forest walks  
on awful midnight, when the moon is  
dim,  
And knows not What behind, or near  
him, stalks,  
And fears the rustling leaf, the snap-  
ping limb,  
And cannot cry, and scarce can breathe,  
so great  
The nameless Terror, — thus I sought  
for him,  
Yet feared to find him, lest the darkest  
fate  
Should touch my life and leave it deso-  
late !

## LXXXI.

The search was vain : they both had  
disappeared,  
My boy and Agatha, nor missed I aught  
Of food, or gold, or pictures. Had she  
sought,  
The nurse, a livelier home, and loved or  
feared  
Too much, to leave him ? Or some en-  
emy,  
Fell and implacable, this ruin brought, —  
This thunder-stroke ? No answer could  
I see,  
Nor prop whereon to rest my anguished  
thought.

## LXXXII.

As casts away a drowning man his gold,  
I cast the Artist from my life, and forth,  
A Father only, wandered : south or  
north  
I knew not, save the heart within me  
hold  
Love's faithful needle, ever towards him  
drawn,  
Felt and obeyed without the conscious  
will :  
And first, by nestling town and purple  
hill,  
To Garda's lake I swiftly hastened on.

## LXXXIII.

And thence a new, mysterious impulse  
led  
My steps along the Adige, day by day,  
To seek that village where we saw the  
dead, —  
A fantasy wherein some madness lay ;  
For years had passed, and he a babe so  
young  
That each impression with its object fled.  
Not so with mine, — my roused fore-  
bodings flung  
That scene to light, and there insanelly  
clung.

## LXXXIV.

I found the village, but its people knew  
No tidings : wearily awhile I trod  
Among black crosses in the churchyard  
sod,  
But who could guess the boy's ? and  
why pursue  
A sickly fancy ? In that peopled vale  
Death is not rare, alas ! nor burials few

And soon the grassy coverlet of God  
Spreads equal green above their ashes  
pale.

## LXXXV.

'T was eve: upon a lonely mound I  
sank  
That held no more its votive immortelles,  
And, over-worn and half-despairing,  
drank  
The vesper pity of the distant bells,  
Till sleep or trance descended, and my  
brain  
Forgot its echoes of eternal knells,  
Effaced its ceaseless images of pain,  
And, blank and helpless, knew repose  
again.

## LXXXVI.

I dreamed, — or was it dream? My An-  
gelo  
Called somewhere out of distant space:  
I heard,  
Like faint but clearest music, every  
word.

"Come, father, come!" he said; "it  
shines like snow,  
My house of marble: I've a speaking  
bird:

A thousand roses in my garden grow:  
My fountains fall in basins dark as wine:  
Come to me, father, — all is yours and  
mine!"

## LXXXVII.

And then, one fleeting moment, blew  
aside  
The hovering mist of Sleep, and I could  
trace  
The phantom beauty of his joyous face:  
And, whitely glimmering, o'er him I  
espied  
A marble porch of stern Palladian  
grace, —  
Then faded all. The rest my heart  
supplied:  
Pandolfo's palace on my vision broke:  
"I come!" I cried; and with the cry  
awoke.

## BOOK IV.

## THE PICTURE.

## I.

As when a traveller, whose journey lies  
In some still valley, slowly wanders on  
By brook and meadow, cottage, bower,  
and lawn, —  
Familiar sights, that charm his level eyes  
For many a league, until, with late sur-  
prise  
He starts to find those gentle regions  
gone,  
And through the narrowing dell, whose  
crags enclose  
His path, irresolutely, sadly goes:

## II.

For what may wait beyond, he cannot  
guess,  
A garden or a desert, — in such wise  
I went, in ignorance that mocked the  
guise  
Of hope, and filled me with obscure dis-  
tress.

Locked in a pass of doubt, whose cliffs  
concealed  
The coming life, the temper of the skies,  
I craved the certain day, that soon  
should rise  
Upon a fortunate or fatal field!

## III.

The House of Life hath many chambers.  
He  
Who deems his mansion built, a dreamer  
vain,  
A tottering shell inhabits, and shall  
see  
The ruthless years hurl down his  
masonry;  
While they who plan but as they slowly  
gain,  
Where that which was gives that which  
is to be  
Its form and symbols, build the house  
divine, —  
In life a temple, and in death a shrine!



## IV.

And following as the guiding vision led,  
 With briefest rest, with never-faltering  
     feet,  
 By highways white, through field or  
     chattering street  
 Or windy gorges of the hills I sped,  
 And crossed the level floors of silk and  
     wine,  
 The slow canals, and, shrunken in their  
     bed,  
 The sandy rivers, till the welcome line  
 Before me rose of Tuscan Apennine.

## V.

The southern slopes, with shout and  
     festal song,  
 Rejoiced in vintage: as I wandered by,  
 Came faun-like figures, purple to the  
     thigh  
 From foaming vats, and laughing women,  
     strong  
 To bear their Bacchic loads: then, to-  
     wards the town  
 Through blended toil and revel hasten-  
     ing down,  
 I saw the terrace — saw, and checked a  
     cry, —  
 Whence Clelia flung to me the jasmine  
     crown!

## VI.

Alas! how changed from him that  
     wreath who wore, —  
 The youth all rapture, hope and sense  
     uncloyed,  
 New-landed on the world's illumined  
     shore, —  
 Walked now the man! My downward  
     path before  
 There sprang no arch of triumph from  
     the void:  
 No censers burned: not as a conqueror  
 I entered Florence, — no! a slave, that  
     fed  
 On one last fragment of the feast I  
     spread.

## VII.

There stretched the garden-wall: the  
     yellow sun  
 Above it burnished every cypress spire,  
 Tipped the tall laurel-clumps with  
     points of fire,  
 And smote the palace-marbles till they  
     won

The golden gleam of ages. Yet, above  
 That mellow splendor stood the beauty  
     flown  
 Of midnights, when around it blew and  
     shone  
 The breeze of Passion and the moon of  
     Love!

## VIII.

At last — the door! With trembling  
     touch I tried  
 The latch: it shook: the rusty bolts  
     gave way.  
 As in a dream the roses I espied,  
 Heard as in dreams the fountain's lull-  
     ing play.  
 There curled the dolphins in the shining  
     shower  
 And rode the Triton boys: on either side  
 The turf was diapered with many a  
     flower, —  
 And darkling drooped our green be-  
     trothal bower.

## IX.

Scarce had I entered, when there  
     a sound  
 Of voices from the pillared portico, —  
 And twofold burst a cry, as Angelo,  
 Across the paths, with wildly-joyous  
     bound  
 Sprang to my bosom: while, as one as-  
     tound  
 With sense of some unexpiated wrong,  
 The nurse entreated: "Bid thy father  
     go!"  
 But "Stay!" he cried: "where hast  
     thou been so long?"

## X.

"Stay, father! thou shalt paint me as  
     thou wilt,  
 Each morning, in the silent northern  
     hall;  
 But when, so tired, thou seest mine eye-  
     lids fall,  
 Then shall I take my sword with golden  
     hilt,  
 And call the grooms, and bid them sad-  
     dle straight  
 For us the two white horses in the  
     stall —"  
 Here shrieked the nurse, with face of  
     evil fate,  
 "Go, Signor, go! — ah, God! too late  
     — too late!"



## XI.

His haste dividing, him to clasp I knelt  
 'Twixt porch and fountain, blind with  
 tearful joy  
 As on my breast his beating heart I felt,  
 And on my mouth the kisses of the boy,  
 Wherein his mother's phantom kisses  
 poured  
 A stream of ancient rapture, love re-  
 stored, —  
 When, like the lightning ere the stroke  
 is dealt,  
 Before me flashed the old Marchese's  
 sword!

## XII.

So haggard, sunken-eyed, convulsed  
 with wrath  
 That paints a devil on the face of age,  
 He glared, that, quick to shield my child  
 from scath, —  
 To fly the menace of unreasoning  
 rage, —  
 I caught him in my cloak, and dashed  
 apart  
 The tangled roses of the garden-path:  
 Pandolfo — hate such fatal swift-  
 ness  
 hath —  
 Leapt in advance, and thrust to pierce  
 my heart!

## XIII.

I saw the flame-like sparkle of the  
 blade:  
 Heard, sharp and shrill, the nurse's fear-  
 ful cry:  
 Warm blood gushed o'er my hands: a  
 fluttering sigh  
 Came from the childish lips, that feebly  
 made  
 These words, as prompted by the dark-  
 ening eye,  
 "Good-night, my father!" And I knew  
 not why  
 My boy should sleep, so suddenly and  
 so well, —  
 But trembling seized me: clasping him,  
 I fell.

## XIV.

Nor loosed my hold, although I dimly  
 knew  
 Pandolfo's hand let fall the blade ac-  
 curst,  
 And he, his race's hoary murderer, burst  
 The awful stillness that around us grew,

With miserable groans: his prostrate  
 head  
 Touched mine, as helpless, o'er the fad-  
 ing dead, —  
 His hands met mine, and both as gently  
 nursed  
 The limbs, and strove to stay the warmth  
 that fled.

## XV.

His Past, my Future, in the body met, —  
 His wrongs, my hopes, — the selfsame  
 fatal blow  
 Dashed into darkness: blood Lethéan  
 wet  
 My blighted summer, his autumnal snow,  
 And all of Life did either life forget,  
 Except the piteous death between us: so,  
 Together pressed, involved in half-em-  
 brace,  
 We hung above the cold, angelic face.

## XVI.

"Her father, why should Heaven direct  
 thy hand  
 Against her child, thy blood, chastising  
 thee?"  
 "I loved the boy" — "But couldst not  
 pardon me,  
 His father?" "Nay, but thou thyself  
 hadst banned  
 Beyond forgiveness!" "Even at his  
 demand!"  
 "Ah, no! for his sweet sake might all  
 things be,  
 Except to lose him." "He is lost, — and  
 we  
 (Thou, too, old man!) are childless in  
 the land!"

## XVII.

Thus brokenly, scarce knowing what we  
 said,  
 We clung like drowning men beneath  
 the wave,  
 That nor can hurt each other, nor can  
 save,  
 But breast to breast with iron arms are  
 wed  
 Till Death so leaves them. Us the serv-  
 ants led —  
 Pale, awe-struck helpers — through the  
 palace-door  
 And glimmering halls, to lay on Clelia's  
 bed  
 The broken lily we together bore.

## XVIII.

God's thunder-stroke his haughty heart  
 had bowed :  
 It bled with mine among the common  
 dust  
 Where Rank puts on the sackcloth of  
 the crowd,  
 And sits in equal woe : his guilt avowed,  
 And mine, there came a sad, remorseful  
 trust,  
 And while the double midnight gathered  
 there  
 From sable hangings and the starless  
 air,  
 We held each other's hands, and wept  
 aloud.

## XIX.

And he confessed, how, after weary  
 search  
 And many a vain device employed, he  
 found  
 By chance in Zara, on Dalmatian  
 ground,  
 As altar-piece within a votive church  
 Some shipwrecked Plutus built,—the  
 Mother mild  
 In whose foreboding face my Clelia  
 smiled ;  
 And thence, by slow degrees, to Como's  
 side  
 Had followed home the trail I thought  
 to hide.

## XX.

And there had seized me, but the boy  
 displayed  
 Patrician beauty, and the failing line,  
 Now trembling o'er extinction, might  
 evade  
 Its fate in him. This changed the first  
 design,  
 And what the sordid nurse for gold be-  
 trayed  
 Or those Art-hucksters chattered, easy  
 made  
 The rape, whose issue should, with even  
 blow,  
 Revenge and compensate : but now,—  
 ah, woe !

## XXI.

The issue had been reached : too dark  
 and drear,  
 Too tragic, pitiful, and heart-forlorn,  
 Could any heart contain it, to be  
 borne, —

And mine refused, rebelled. Behind his  
 bier  
 No meek-eyed Resignation walked, or  
 Grief  
 That catches sunshine in each falling tear  
 To build her pious rainbow : but with  
 scorn  
 I thrust aside the truths that bring relief.

## XXII.

I spurned, though kindly, — for the old  
 man's frame  
 Stumbled in Death's advancing twilight,  
 — all  
 His offers : gold — the proud Pandolfan  
 hall —  
 Place, that should goad the lagging feet  
 of Fame —  
 And from his sombre palace, shudder-  
 ing still,  
 Cold with remembered horror, took my  
 name,  
 My own, restored ; and climbed the  
 northern hill  
 As one who lives, though dead his living  
 will.

## XXIII.

Some habit, working in my passive feet,  
 Its guidance gave : the mornings came  
 and went :  
 Around me spread the fields, or closed  
 the street,  
 And often, Night's expanded firmament  
 Opened above the lesser dome of Day,  
 And wild, tumultuous tongues of dark-  
 ness sent  
 To vex my path, — till, in our old retreat,  
 I ceased to hold my reckless heart at  
 bay !

## XXIV.

Some natures are there, fashioned ere  
 their birth  
 For sun, and spring-time, and the bliss  
 of earth ;  
 Who only sing, achieve, and triumph,  
 when  
 The Hours caress, and each bright cir-  
 cumstance  
 Leaps to its place, as in a starry dance,  
 To shape their story. These the fortu-  
 nate men,  
 When Fate consents, whose lives are  
 ever young,  
 And shine around whate'er they wrought  
 or sung !

## XXV.

Akin to these am I, — or deemed it so,  
 And thus beyond my present wreck be-  
   held  
 No far-off rescue. All my mind, im-  
   pelled  
 By some blind wrath that would resent  
   the blow,  
 Though impotent, caught action from  
   despair,  
 And reached, and groped, — as when a  
   man lets go  
 A jewel in the dark, and seeks it where  
 The furzes prick him and the brambles  
   tear.

## XXVI.

The clash of inconsistent qualities  
 No labor stayed, or beauteous passion  
   smoothed,  
 But each let loose, and grasping, by  
   degrees,  
 Sole sway, made chaos. Turbulent, un-  
   soothed  
 By either's rule, — since order failed  
   therein,  
 And hope, the tidal star of restless  
   seas, —  
 I turned from every height, once fair to  
   win,  
 And sinned 'gainst Art the one un-  
   pardoned sin!

## XXVII.

For thus I reasoned: what avail my gifts,  
 Which but attract, provoke the spoiling  
   Fate? —  
 Nor for themselves their destinies create,  
 But task my life; and then the thunder  
   rifts  
 Their laid foundations! Why of finer  
   nerve  
 The members doomed to bear more  
   cruel weight?  
 Or daintier senses, if they only serve  
 To double pangs, already doubly great?

## XXVIII.

Lo! yonder hind, on whom doth Life  
   impose  
 So slight a burden, finds his path pre-  
   pared;  
 Unthinking fares as all his fathers fared,  
 And cheap-won joys and soon-subsiding  
   woes

Nor cleave his heart too deep, nor lift  
   too high.  
 Peaceful as dew-mist from an evening  
   sky  
 The years descend, until they bid him  
   close  
 Upon an easy world a quiet eye!

## XXIX.

He sees the shell of Earth — no more .  
   yet more  
 Were useless, — attributes of thankful  
   toil;  
 The olive orchards, dark with ripening  
   oil;  
 The misty grapes, the harvests, tawny-  
   hoar;  
 The glossy melons, swelling from the  
   vine;  
 The breezy lake, alive with darting  
   spoil;  
 And dances woo from yonder purple  
   shore,  
 And yonder Alps but cool his summer  
   wine!

## XXX.

He lives the common life of Earth: she  
   grants  
 Result to instinct, food to appetite:  
 With no repressed desire his bosom  
   pants,  
 Nor that self-torturing, questioning in-  
   ward sight  
 Vexes his light, unconscious conscious-  
   ness.  
 He loves, and multiplies his life, — no  
   less  
 His virile pride and fatherly delight;  
 And all that smites me, visits him to  
   bless.

## XXXI.

If this the law, that narrower powers  
   enjoy  
 Their use, denied the greater, — nay, are  
   nursed  
 And helped, while these their energies  
   destroy  
 In baffled aspirations, crossed and cursed  
 By what with brightening promise lured  
   them on, —  
 Then life is false, its purposes reversed,  
 Its luck for those who leave its veils un-  
   drawn,  
 And Art the mocking glory of its dawn!



## XXXII.

Not calmly, as my memory now recalls  
 The crisis, — fierce, vehemently, I tracked  
 The fatal truth through every potent fact  
 Of being : now in fancied carnivals  
 Of sense abiding, now with gloomy face  
 Fronting the deeper question that appalls,  
 Of "Wherefore Life ? and what this brawling race,  
 Peopling a mote of dust in endless space ?"

## XXXIII.

"O fools!" I cried, "O fools, a thousand-fold  
 Tormented with your folly, seeking good  
 Where Good is not, nor Evil! — words that hold  
 Your natures captive, making ye the food  
 And spoil of them that dare, with vision bold,  
 See Nothingness! — slaves of transmitted fear  
 Of Power imagined, never understood,  
 The Demon rules you still that set you here!"

## XXXIV.

The curse I would have broken bound me still.  
 As flowery chains aforetime, fetters now  
 Of tyrant Art subdued my wandering will,  
 And made its youthful, glad, spontaneous vow  
 An iron law, whence there was no escape.  
 No rest, though hopeless, would my brain allow,  
 But drew the pictures of its haunting ill,  
 And gave its reckless fancies hue and shape.

## XXXV.

So, after many days, the cobwebbed door  
 Gave sullen entrance : naught was there displaced ;

And first I turned, with pangs and shuddering haste,  
 My young St. John, — I would not see it more.  
 Then snatched an empty canvas from the floor  
 And drew a devil : therein did I taste  
 Fierce joys of liberty, for what I would  
 I would, — Art was itself a Devilhood !

## XXXVI.

This guilty joy, the holiest to debase, —  
 To use the cunning, born of pious toil.  
 The purest features of my dreams to soil,  
 And drag in ribaldry the pencil's grace, —  
 Grew by indulgence. Forms and groups unclean  
 Or mocking, faster than my hand could trace  
 Their vivid, branding features, thrust a screen  
 My restless woe and dead desire between.

## XXXVII.

Sometimes, perchance, a grim, sarcastic freak  
 My pencil guided, and I stiffly drew  
 Byzantine saints, of flat, insipid cheek  
 And monstrous eye ; or some Madonna meek,  
 With dwarfish mouth, like those of Cimabue ;  
 Or martyr-figures, less of flesh than bone,  
 Lean hands, and lips forever making moan, —  
 A travesty of woe, distorted, weak.

## XXXVIII.

Or, higher ranging, touched the field that charms  
 that charms  
 Monastic painters, who, in vision warm  
 The Mystery grasp, and wondrous frescos form  
 Where God the Father, with wide-spreading arms,  
 Rides on the whirlwind which His breath has made,  
 Or sows His judgments, Earth in darkness laid  
 Beneath Him, — works which only not blaspheme,  
 Because the faith that wrought them was supreme.



## XXXIX.

Thus habit grew, imagination stalked  
 In shameless hardihood from things  
   profane  
 To sacred : nothing hindered, awed, or  
   balked  
 The appetite diseased, and such a plan  
 I sketched, as never since the world began —  
 So strange and mad — engendered any  
   brain.  
 Once entertained, the lovely-loathsome  
   guest  
 Clung to my fancy and my hand possessed.

## XL.

Not broad the canvas, but the shapes it  
   showed,  
 With utmost art defined, might almost  
   seem  
 To grow and spread, dilating with the  
   theme.  
 Filling the space, a lurid ocean glowed  
 In endless billows, tipped with foam of  
   fire,  
 Shoreless : but far more dreadful than  
   a dream  
 Of Hell, the shapes which in that sea  
   abode,  
 With sting and fang, and scaly coil and  
   spire !

## XLI.

One with a lizard's sinuous motion  
   slipped  
 Forth from the dun recesses of the wave,  
 Man-eyed and browed, but tusked and  
   lipped  
 Like river-horse : its claws another  
   drave  
 Within a ghastly head, whose dim eyes  
   gave  
 Slow tears of blood : and with a burn-  
   ing tongue  
 In brazen jaws out-thrust, another  
   stripped  
 From floating bones the flesh that round  
   them clung !

## XLII.

And in the midst, suspended from above  
 Just o'er the blazing foam, in light in-  
   tense,  
 A naked youth — a form of strength  
   and love

And beauty, perfect as the artist's sense  
 Dreams of a god ; and every glorious  
   limb  
 Burned in a glow that made those bil-  
   lows dim.  
 A weird and awful brilliance, coming  
   whence  
 No eye might fathom, dashed alone on  
   him !

## XLIII.

Let down from Somewhere by a mighty  
   chain  
 Linked round his middle, lightly, gra-  
   ciously  
 He swung, and all his body seemed to  
   be  
 Compact of molten metal, such a stain  
 Of angry scarlet streamed and shot  
   around :  
 The face convulsed, yet whether so with  
   pain  
 Or awful joy, no gazers might agree,  
 And damp the crispy gold his brows that  
   crowned.

## XLIV.

And, as he swung, all hybrid monsters  
   near,  
 Dark dragon-leech, huge vermin human-  
   faced,  
 Their green eyes turned on him with  
   hideous leer,  
 Or stretched abhorrent tentacles, to taste  
 His falling ripeness. Through the pic-  
   ture spread  
 A sense of tumult, hinting to the ear  
 The snap and crackle of those waters  
   red,  
 And hiss, and howl, and bestial noises  
   dread.

## XLV.

Unweariedly I wrought, — each grim  
   detail  
 As patient-perfect, as from Denner's  
   brush,  
 Of hair, or mouldy hide, or pliant mail,  
 Or limbs, slow-parting, as the grinders  
   crush  
 Their quivering fibres : good the work-  
   manship,  
 Yet something unimagined seemed to  
   fail, —  
 A crowning Horror, in whose iron grip  
 The heart should stifle, bloodless be the  
   lip.

## XLVI.

This to invent, with hot, unresting mind  
 I labored : early sat and late, possessed  
 With evil images, with wicked zest  
 To wreak my mood, though it might  
     curse my kind,  
 On Evil's purest type, and horriddest ;  
 And never young ambition heretofore  
 In noble service so itself outwore.  
 What thus we seek, or soon or late we  
     find.

## XLVII.

One morn of winter, when unmelted frost,  
 Beneath a low-hung vault of moveless  
     cloud,  
 Silvered the world, even while my head  
     was bowed  
 In half-despair, my brain the Horror  
     crossed,  
 Unheralded ; and never human will  
 Achieved such fearful triumph ! Never  
     came  
 The form of that which language cannot  
     name,  
 So armed the life of souls to crush and  
     kill !

## XLVIII.

And this be never unto men revealed,  
 To curse by mere existence ! Knowl-  
     edge taints,  
 Drawn from such crypts, the whitest  
     robes of saints ;  
 Though faith be firm, and warrior-virtue  
     steeled  
 Against assault, the Possible breaks in  
 Their borders, and the soul that cannot  
     yield  
 Must needs receive the images it paints,  
 And shudder, sinless, in the air of Sin !

## XLIX.

My blood runs chill, remembering now  
     the laugh  
 Wherewith, enlightened, I the pencil  
     seized, —  
 Half deadly-smitten, fascinated half,  
 Yet sworn to do the dreadful thing I  
     pleased !  
 All things upheld my mood with evil  
     guise :  
 The palette-colors, to my sense diseased,  
 Winked wickedly, like devils' slimy eyes,  
 And darkness closed me from the droop-  
     ing skies !

## L.

As when a harp-string in a silent room  
 At midnight snaps, with weird, melodi-  
     ous twang,  
 So suddenly, through inner, outer gloom  
 A sweet, sharp sound, vibrating slowly  
     rang  
 And sank to humming music ; while a  
     stream  
 Of gathering odor followed, as in dream  
 We braid the bliss of music and per-  
     fume, —  
 And pierced, I sat, with some divinest  
     pang.

## LI.

And, as from sound and fragrance born,  
     a glow  
 All rosy-golden, fair as Alpine snow  
 At sunset, grew, — mist-like at first, and  
     dim,  
 But brightening, folding inwards, fold  
     on fold,  
 Until my ravished vision could behold  
 Complete, each line of sunny-shining  
     limb  
 And sainted head, soft-posed as I had  
     drawn  
 My boy — my Angelo — my young St.  
     John !

## LII.

O beauteous ghost ! O sacred loveli-  
     ness !  
 Unworthy I to look upon thy face,  
 Unworthy thy transfigured form to  
     trace,  
 That stood, expectant, waiting but to  
     bless  
 By miracle, where I intended crime !  
 The folded scroll, the shadowy cross of  
     reed  
 He bore, — St. John, but not of mortal  
     seed :  
 So God beheld him, in that early time !

## LIII.

Dew came to burning eyes : a heavenly  
     rain,  
 A balmy deluge, bathed my arid heart,  
 And washed that hateful fabric of the  
     brain  
 To rot, a ruin, in some Hell of Art.  
 A sweet, unquestioning, obedient mood  
 Made swift revulsion from the broken  
     strain

Of my revolt; and still the Phantom  
 wooed,  
 As bright, and wonderful, and mute, it  
 stood.

## LIV.

Yet I, through all dissolving, trembling  
 deeps  
 Of consciousness, his angel-errand knew.  
 The guilty picture fell, and forth I  
 drew  
 My dim St. John from out the dusty  
 heaps,  
 And cleansed it first, and kissed in re-  
 verence  
 The shadowy lips, — fresh colors took,  
 and true,  
 And painted, while on each awakened  
 sense  
 The awful beauty of the Phantom grew.

## LV.

All hoarded craft, all purposes and  
 powers  
 Together worked : the scattered gleams  
 of thought  
 As through a glass my heart together  
 brought  
 To light my hand : the chariots of the  
 Hours  
 For me were stayed : I knew not Earth  
 nor Time,  
 But painted nimbly in a trance sub-  
 lime,  
 And tint by tint my charmèd pencil  
 caught,  
 And line by line, the loveliness it sought,

## LVI.

Mine eyes were purged from film : I saw  
 and fixed  
 The subtle secrets, not with old de-  
 spair  
 But with undoubting faith my colors  
 mixed,  
 And with unflinching hand the breeze-  
 blown hair,  
 The dark, unfathomed eyes, the lips of  
 youth,  
 The dainty, fleeting grace that stands  
 betwixt  
 The babe and child, in members pure  
 and bare,  
 Portrayed, with joy that owned my  
 pencil's truth.

## LVII.

And he, my heavenly model ! how he  
 shone,  
 Unwearied, silent, — drawn, a golden  
 form,  
 Against the background of a sky of  
 storm,  
 On Ammon's desert hills ! The land-  
 scape lone  
 Through all its savage slopes and gorges  
 smiled,  
 Him to enframe, the God-selected child,  
 And o'er the shadowy distance fell a  
 gleam  
 That touched with promised peace its  
 barren dream.

## LVIII.

At last, the saffron clearness of the  
 west,  
 From under clouds, shot forth elegiac  
 ray  
 That sang the burial of the wondrous  
 day :  
 And sad, mysterious music in my breast,  
 As at the coming, now the close ex-  
 pressed.  
 Ah, God ! I dared not watch him float  
 away,  
 But, seized and shaken by the fading  
 spell,  
 And covering up my face, exhausted  
 fell.

## LIX.

There, when my beating heart no longer  
 shook  
 The sense that listened, though that  
 music died,  
 A solemn Presence lingered at my side ;  
 And drop by drop, as forms an infant  
 brook  
 Within a woodland hollow, soft, un-  
 heard,  
 And out of nothing braids its slender  
 tide,  
 The sense of speech the living silence  
 stirred  
 And wordless sound became melodious  
 word !

## LX.

“ O weak of will ! ” (so spake what  
 seemed a voice)  
 “ And slave of sense, that, hovering in  
 extremes,



Dost oversoar, and undermine thy  
dreams,  
Behold the lowest, highest! Make thy  
choice, —  
Lord of the vile or servant of the pure:  
Be free, range all that is, if better seems  
Freedom to smite thyself, than to en-  
dure  
The pain that worketh thine immortal  
cure!

## LXI.

“Lo! never any living brain knew  
peace,  
That saw not, rooted in the scheme of  
things,  
Assailing and protecting Evil! Cease  
To beat this steadfast law with bleeding  
wings,  
For know, that never any living brain,  
Which rested not within its ordered  
plane,  
Restrung the harp of life with sweeter  
strings,  
Or made new melodies, except of pain!

## LXXII.

“Where wast thou, when the world’s  
foundations first  
Were laid? Didst thou the azure tent  
unfold?  
Or bid the young May-morning’s car of  
gold  
Herald the seasons? Wouldst thou see  
reversed  
The sacred order? Why, if life be  
cursed,  
Add to its curses thy rebellion bold?  
Or has thy finer wisdom only yearned  
For thankless gifts and recompense un-  
earned?

## LXIII.

“Come, thou hast questioned God: I  
question thee.  
And truly thou art smitten, — yet re-  
press  
Thine old impatience: calm the eyes  
that see  
How blows give strength, and sharpest  
sorrows bless.  
Free art thou: is thy liberty so fair  
To hide the ghost of vanished happiness,  
And sleep’st thou sweeter under skies,  
so bare  
These thunder-strokes were welcome to  
its air?

## LXIV.

“Why is thy life so sorely smitten:  
Wait,  
And thou shalt learn! Dead stones thy  
teachers were:  
Through years of toil thy hand did min-  
ister  
To joyous Art: thou wast content with  
Fate.  
Take now thy ruined passion, fix its  
date,  
Peruse its growth, and, if thou canst,  
replan  
The blended facts of Life that made  
thee man; —  
Could aught be spared, or changed for  
other state?

## LXV.

“Not less thy breathing bliss than yon-  
der hind  
Thou enviest, but more: therein it lies,  
That each experience brings a twin sur-  
prise,  
As mirrored in the glad, creative mind,  
And in the beating heart. Behold! he  
bows  
To adverse circumstance, to change and  
death;  
But thou wouldst place thy fortune his  
beneath,  
Shaming the double glory on thy brows!

## LXVI.

“His pangs outworn, perchance some  
feeling lives  
For those of others: thine the lordly  
power  
Transmuting all that loss or suffering  
gives  
To Beauty! Even thy most despairing  
hour  
Some darker grace informs, and like a  
bee  
Thine Art sits hoarding in thy Passion’s  
flower:  
So vast thy need, no phase thine eye can  
see  
Of Earth or Life, that not enriches thee!

## LXVII.

“Such is the Artist, — drawing precious  
use  
From every fate, and so by laws divine



Encompassed, that in glad obedience  
 shine  
 His works the fairer : his the flag of  
 truce  
 Between the warring worlds of soul and  
 sense :  
 By neither mastered, holding both apart,  
 Or blending in a newer excellence,  
 He weds the haughty brain and yearn-  
 ing heart.

## LXVIII.

"Beneath tempestuous, shifting move-  
 ment laid,  
 The base of steadfast Order he be-  
 holds,  
 And from the central vortex, unafraid,  
 Marks how all action evermore unfolds  
 Forth from a point of absolute repose,  
 Which hints of God ; and how, in gleams  
 betrayed,  
 The Perfect even in imperfection  
 shows, —  
 And Earth a bud, but breathing of the  
 rose !"

## LXIX.

Even as the last stroke of a Sabbath  
 bell,  
 Heard in the Sabbath silence of a dell,  
 Sounds on and on, with fainter, thinner  
 note,  
 Distincter ever, till its dying swell  
 Draws after it the listener's ear, to  
 float  
 Farther and farther into skies remote, —  
 So, when what seemed a voice had  
 ceased, the strain  
 Drew after it the waiting, listening brain.

## LXX.

And, following far, my senses on the  
 track  
 Slid into darkness. Dead to life, I lay  
 Plunged in oblivious slumber, still and  
 black,  
 All through the night and deep into the  
 day :  
 Yet was it sleep, not trance, — restoring  
 Sleep,  
 That from the restless soul its house of  
 clay  
 Protects ; and when I woke, her dew so  
 deep  
 Had drenched, the wondrous Past was  
 washed away.

## LXXI.

But there, before me, its recorded gift  
 Flashed from the easel, so divinely bright  
 It shamed the morning : then, returning  
 swift,  
 The wave of Memory rolled, and pure  
 delight  
 Filled mine awakening spirit, and I  
 wept  
 With contrite heart, redeemed, enfran-  
 chised quite :  
 My sick revolt was healed, — the Demon  
 slept,  
 And God was good, and Earth her prom-  
 ise kept.

## LXXII.

I wandered forth ; and lo ! the halcyon  
 world  
 Of sleeping wave, and velvet-folded hill,  
 And stainless air and sunshine, lay so  
 still !  
 No mote of vapor on the mountains  
 curled ;  
 But lucid, gem-like, blissful, as if sin  
 Or more than gentlest grief had never  
 been,  
 Each lovely thing, of tint that shone im-  
 pearled,  
 As dwelt some dim beatitude therein !

## LXXIII.

There, as I stood, the contadini came  
 With anxious, kindly faces, seeking me ;  
 And caught my hands, and called me  
 by my name,  
 As one from danger snatched might  
 welcomed be.  
 Such had they feared, their gentle greet-  
 ing told, —  
 Seeing the cottage shut, the chimney  
 free  
 Of that blue household breath, whose  
 rings, unrolled,  
 The sign of home, the life of landscape,  
 hold.

## LXXIV.

So God's benignant hand directing  
 wrought,  
 And Man and Nature took me back to  
 life.  
 My cry was hushed : the forms of child  
 and wife  
 Smiled from a solemn, moonlit land of  
 thought,

A realm of peaceful sadness. Sad, yet  
strong,  
My soul stood up, threw off its robes of  
strife,  
And quired anew the world-old human  
song, —  
Accepting patience and forgetting  
wrong !

## LXXV.

Erelong, my living joy in Art returned,  
But reverently felt, and purified  
By recognition of the bounty spurned,  
And meek acceptance in the place of  
pride.  
Yet nevermore should brush of mine be  
drawn  
O'er the unfinished picture of St. John :  
What from the lovely miracle I learned,  
The lines of colder toil should never  
hide.

## LXXVI.

Though incomplete, it gave the prophecy  
Of far-off power, whereto my patient  
mind  
Must set its purpose, — saying unto me :  
“ Make sure the gift, the fleeting fort-  
une bind, —  
What once a moment was, may ever  
be ! ”  
And when, in time, this hope securer  
grew,  
Unto the picture, whence my truth I  
drew,  
A sacred dedication I assigned.

## LXXVII.

Pandolfo dead, the body of my child  
Upon his mother's lonely breast I laid,  
A late return ; and o'er their ashes made  
A chapel, in the green Bohemian wild,  
For weary toil, pure thought, and silent  
prayer, —  
A simple shrine, of all adornment bare,  
Save o'er the altar, where, completed  
now,  
St. John looks down, with Heaven upon  
his brow !

## LXXVIII.

The Past accepts no sacrifice : its gates  
Alike atonement and revenge out-bar.  
We take its color, yet our spirits are  
Thrust forward by a power which ante-  
dates

Their own : the hand of Art outreaches  
Fate's,  
And lifts the bright, unrisen, refracted  
star  
Above our dark horizon, showing thus  
A future to the faith that fades in us.

## LXXIX.

Not with that vanity of shallow minds  
Which apes the speech, and shames the  
noble truth  
Of them whose pride is knowledge, —  
nor of Youth  
The dazzling, dear mirage, that never  
finds  
Itself o'ertaken, — but with trust in  
fame,  
As knowing fame, and owning now the  
pure  
And humble will which makes achieve-  
ment sure,  
I, Egon, here the Artist's title claim !

## LXXX.

The forms of Earth, the masks of Life,  
I see,  
Yet see wherein they fail : with eager  
eyes  
I hunt the wandering gleams of har-  
mony,  
The rarer apparitions which surprise  
With hints of Beauty, fixing these alone  
In wedded grace of form and tint and  
tone,  
That so the thing, transfigured, shall  
arise  
Beyond itself, and truly live in me.

## LXXXI.

And I shall paint, discerning where the  
line  
Wavers between the Human and Di-  
vine, —  
Nor to the Real in servile bondage  
bound,  
Nor scorning it : nor with supernal  
themes  
Feeding the moods of o'er-aspiring  
dreams,  
(For mortal triumph is a god un-  
crowned,) —  
But by Proportion ruled, and by Re-  
pose,  
And by the Soul supreme whence they  
arose.

## LXXXII.

Not clamoring for over-human bliss,  
 Yet now no more unhappy, — not elate  
 As one exalted o'er the level state  
 Of these ungifted lives, yet strong in  
     this,  
 That I the sharpest stab and sweetest  
     kiss  
 Have tasted, suffered, — I can stand and  
     wait,  
 Serene in knowledge, in obedience free,  
 The only master of my destiny!

## LXXXIII.

And thus as in a clear, revealing noon  
 I live. So comes, sometimes, a mount-  
     ain day:  
 A vague, uncertain, misty morn, and  
     soon  
 Sharp-smiting sun, and winds' and light-  
     ning's play, —  
 A drear confusion, by the final crash  
 Dispersed, and ere meridian blown  
     away;  
 And all the peaks shine bare, the waters  
     flash,  
 And Earth lies open to the golden ray!

## LXXXIV.

Lonely, perchance, but as these dark-  
     browed hills  
 Are lonely, belted round with broader  
     spheres  
 Of bluer world, my life its peace fulfils  
 In poise of soul: the long, laborious  
     years

Await me: closed my holy task, I go  
 To reaccept, beyond the Alpine snow,  
 The gage of glorious battle with my  
     peers, —  
 Not each of each, but of false art, the  
     foe.

## LXXXV.

Once more, O lovely, piteous, shaping  
     Past,  
 I kiss thy lips: now let thy face be hid,  
 And this green turf above thy coffin-  
     lid  
 Be turned to violets! The forests cast  
 Their shadowy arms across the quiet  
     vale,  
 And all sweet sounds the coming rest  
     foretell,  
 And earth takes glory as the sky grows  
     pale,  
 So fond and beautiful the Day's fare-  
     well!

## LXXXVI.

Farewell, then, thou embosomed isle of  
     peace  
 In restless waters! Let the years in-  
     crease  
 With unexpected blessing: thou shalt  
     lie  
 As in her crystal shell the maiden lay,  
 Watched o'er by weeping dwarfs, — too  
     fair to die,  
 Yet charmed from life: and there may  
     come a day  
 Which crowns Desire with gift, and Art  
     with truth,  
 And Love with bliss, and Life with wiser  
     youth!





LARS:

**A PASTORAL OF NORWAY.**

TO

**JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.**

THROUGH many years my heart goes back,  
Through checkered years of loss and gain,  
To that fair landmark on its track,  
When first, beside the Merrimack,  
**Upon** thy cottage roof I heard the autumn rain.

A hand that welcomed and that cheered  
To one unknown didst thou extend ;  
Thou gavest hope to Song that feared ;  
But now, by Time and Faith endeared,  
**I claim** the sacred right to call the Poet, Friend !

However Life the stream may stain,  
From thy pure fountain drank my youth  
The simple creed, the faith humane  
In Good, that never can be slain,  
**The** prayer for inward Light, the search for outward **Truth !**

Like thee, I see at last prevail  
The sleepless soul that looks above ;  
I hear, far off, the hymns that hail  
The Victor, clad in heavenly mail,  
**Whose** only weapons are the eyes and voice of Love !

Take, then, these olive leaves from me,  
To mingle with thy brighter bays !  
Some balm of peace and purity,  
In them, may faintly breathe of thee ;  
**And take** the grateful love, wherein I hide thy praise !

# LARS:

## A PASTORAL OF NORWAY.

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### BOOK I.

ON curtained eyes, and bosoms warm with rest,  
On slackened fingers and unburdened feet,  
On limbs securer slumber held from toil,  
While nimble spirits of the busy blood  
Renewed their suppleness, yet filled the trance  
With something happy which was less than dream,  
The sun of Sabbath rose. Two hours, afar,  
Behind the wintry peaks of Justedal,  
Unmarked, he climbed ; then, pausing on the crest  
Of Fille Fell, he gathered up his beams  
Dissolved in warmer blue, and showered them down  
Between the mountains, through the falling vale,  
On Ulvik's cottages and orchard trees.  
And one by one the chimneys breathed ; the sail  
That loitered lone along the misty fiord  
Flashed like a star, and filled with fresher wind ;  
The pasturing steers, dispersed on grassy slopes,  
Raised heads of wonder over hedge and wall  
To call, unanswered, the belated cows ;  
And ears that would not hear, or heard in dreams,  
The lark's alarum over idle fields,  
And lids, still sweetly shut, that else unclosed  
At touch of daybreak, yielded to the day.

Then, last of all, among the maidens, met  
To dip fresh faces in the chilly fount,  
And smoothen braids of sleep-entangled hair,  
Came Brita, glossy as a mating bird.  
No need had she to stoop and wash awake  
Her drowsy senses : air and water kissed  
A face as breathing as their own,  
In joy of life and conscious loveliness.  
If still her mirror's picture stayed with her,  
A memory, whispering how the downcast lid  
Shaded the flushing fairness of her cheek,  
And hinting how a straying lock relieved  
The rigid fashion of her hair, or how  
The curve of slightly parted lips became  
Half-sad, half-smiling, either meaning much  
Or naught, as wilful humor might decide, —

Yet thence was born the grace she could not lose :  
Her beauty, guarded, kept her beautiful.

"Wilt soon be going, Brita?" Ragnil asked;  
"And which the way, — by fiord or over fell?"  
"Why, both!" another laughed; "or else the rocks  
Will split and slide beneath the feet of Lars,  
Or Per will meet the Kraken!" Brita held  
One dark-brown braid between her teeth, and wove  
The silken twine and tassels through its fringe,  
Before she spake; but first she seemed to sigh:  
"I will not choose; you shall not spoil my day!  
All paths are free that lead across the fell;  
All wakes are free to keels upon the fiord,  
And even so my will: come Lars or Per,  
Come Erik, Anders, Harald, Olaf, Nils,  
Come sæter-boys, or sailors from the sea,  
No lass is bound to slight a decent lad,  
Or walk behind him when the way is wide."

"No way is wide enough for three, I've heard,"  
Said Ragnil, "save there be two men that prop  
A third, when market's over."

"Go your ways!"

Then Brita cried: "if two or twelve should come,  
I call them not, nor do I bid them go:  
A friendly word is no betrothal ring."

Then tossed she back her braids, and with them tossed  
Her wilful head. "Why, take you both, or all!"  
She said, and left them, adding, "if you can!"  
With silent lips, nor cared what prudent fears,  
Old-fashioned wisdom, dropped in parrot-words,  
Chattered behind her as she climbed the lane.  
Along her path the unconverted bees  
Set toil to music, and the elder-flowers  
Bent o'er the gate a snowy entrance-arch,  
Where, highest on the slope, her cottage sat.  
Her bed of pinks there yielded to the sun  
Its clove and cinnamon odors; sheltered there  
Beneath the eaves, a rose-tree nursed its buds,  
And through the door, across the dusk within,  
She saw her grandam set the morning broth  
And cut a sweeter loaf. All breathed of peace,  
Of old, indulgent love, and simple needs,  
Yet Brita sighed, — then blushed because she sighed.

"Dear Lord!" the ancient dame began, "'t is just  
The day, the sun, the breeze, the smell of flowers,  
As fifty years ago, in Hallingdal,  
When I, like thee, picked out my smartest things,  
And put them on, half guessing what would hap,  
And found my luck before I took them off.  
See! thou shalt wear the brooch, my mother's then,  
And thine when I am gone. Some luck, who knows?  
May still be shining in the fair red stone."  
So, from a box that breathed of musky herbs,  
She took the boss of roughly fashioned gold,



With garnets studded : took, but gave not yet.  
 Some pleasure in the smooth, cool touch of gold,  
 Or wine-red sparkles, flickering o'er the stones,  
 Or dream of other fingers, other lips  
 That kissed them for the bed they rocked upon  
 That happy summer eve in Hallingdal,  
 Gave her slow heart its girlhood's pulse again,  
 Her cheek one last leaf of its virgin rose.

Oh, foolishness of age ! She dared not say  
 What then she felt : Go, child, enjoy the bliss  
 Of innocent woman, ripe for need of man,  
 And needing him no less ! Some natural art  
 Will guide thy guileless fancies, some pure voice  
 Will whisper truth, and lead thee to thy fate !  
 But, ruled by ancient habit, counselled thus :  
 "Be on thy guard, my Brita ! men are light  
 Of tongue, and unto faces such as thine  
 Mean not the half they say : the girl is prized  
 Who understands their ways, and holds them off  
 Till he shall come, who, facing her, as she  
 And death were one, pleads for his life with her :  
 When such an one thou meetest, thou wilt know."

"Nay, grandam !" Brita said ! "I will not hear  
 A voice so dreadful-earnest : I am young,  
 And I can give and take, not meaning much,  
 Nor over-anxious to seem death to men :  
 I like them all, and they are good to me.  
 I'll wear thy brooch, and may it bring me luck,  
 Not such as thine was, as I guess it was,  
 But, in the kirk, short sermon, cheerful hymn,  
 Good neighbors on the way, and for the dance  
 A light-foot partner !" With a rippling laugh  
 That brushed the surface of her heart, and hid  
 Whatever doubt its quiet had betrayed,  
 She kissed the withered cheek, and on her breast  
 Pinned the rough golden boss with wine-red stones.  
 "Come, Brita, come !" rang o'er the elder-flowers :  
 "I come !" she answered, threw her fleeting face  
 Upon the little mirror, took her bunch  
 Of feathered pinks, and joined the lively group  
 Of Sundayed lads and lasses in the lane.

They set themselves to climb the stubborn fell  
 By stony stairs that left the fields below,  
 And ceased, far up, against the nearer blue.  
 But lightly sprang the maids ; and where the slides  
 Of ice ground smooth the slanting planes of rock,  
 Strong arms drew up and firm feet steadied theirs.  
 Here lent the juniper a prickly hand,  
 And there they grasped the heather's frowsy hair,  
 While jest and banter made the giddy verge  
 Secure as orchard-turf ; and none but showed  
 The falcon's eye that guides the hunter's foot,  
 Till o'er their flushed and breathless faces struck  
 The colder ether ; on the crest they stood,  
 And sheltered vale and ever-winding fiord

Sank into gulfs of shadow, while afar  
To eastward many a gleaming tooth of snow  
Cut the full round of sky.

“Why, look you, now!”

Cried one: “the fiord is bare as threshing-floor  
When winter’s over: what’s become of Per?”  
“And what of Lars?” asked Ragnil, with a glance  
At Brita’s careless face; “can he have climbed  
The Evil Pass, and crossed the thundering foss,  
His nearest way?” As clear as blast of horn  
There came a cry, and on the comb beyond  
They saw the sparkle of a scarlet vest.  
Then, like the echo of a blast of horn,  
A moment later, fainter and subdued,  
A second cry; and far to left appeared  
A form that climbed and leaped, and nearer strove.  
And Harald, Anders Ericssen, and Nils  
Set their three voices to accordant pitch  
And shouted one wild call athwart the blue,  
Until it seemed to quiver: as they ceased  
The maids began, and, moving onward, gave  
Strong music: all the barren summits rang.

So from the shouts and girlish voices grew  
The wayward chorus of a *scæter-song*,  
Such as around the base of Skagtolstind  
The chant of summer-jötun seems, when all  
The herds are resting and the herdsmen meet;  
And while it swept with swelling, sinking waves  
The crags and ledges, Lars had joined the band,  
And from the left came Per; and Brita walked  
Between them where the path was broad, but when  
It narrowed to such track as tread the sheep  
Round slanting shoulder and o’er rocky spur  
To reach the rare, sweet herbage, one went close  
Before her, one behind, and unto both  
With equal cheer and equal kindliness  
Her speech was given: so both were glad of heart.

A herdsman, woodman, hunter, Lars was strong,  
Yet silent from his life upon the hills.  
Beneath dark lashes gleamed his darker eyes  
Like mountain-tarns that take their changeless hue  
From shadows of the pine: in all his ways  
He showed that quiet of the upper world  
A breath can turn to tempest, and the force  
Of rooted firs that slowly split the stone.  
But Per was gay with laughter of the seas  
Which were his home: the billow breaking blue  
On the Norwegian skerries flashed again  
Within his sunbright eyes; and in his tongue,  
Set to the louder, merrier key it learned  
In hum of rigging, roar of wind and tide,  
The rhythm of ocean and its wilful change  
Allured all hearts as ocean lures the land.  
Now which, this daybreak with his yellow locks,  
Or yonder twilight, calm, mysterious, filled  
With promise of its stars, shall turn the mind

Of the light maiden who is neither fain  
 To win nor lose, since, were the other not,  
 Then each were welcome? — how should maid decide?  
 For that the passion of the twain was marked,  
 And haply envied, and a watch was set,  
 She would be strong: and, knowing, seem as though  
 She nothing knew, until occasion came  
 To bid her choose, or teach her how to choose.

On each and all the soberness of morn  
 Yet lay, the weight of hard reality  
 That even clogs the callow wings of love;  
 And now descending, where the broader vale  
 Showed farm on farm, and groves of birch and oak,  
 And fields that shifted gloss like shimmering silk,  
 The kirk-bells called them through the mellow air,  
 Slow-swinging, till, as from a censer's cup  
 The smoke diffused makes all the minister sweet,  
 The peace they chimed pervaded earth and sky.  
 As under foliage of the lower land  
 The pathway led, more harmless fell the jest,  
 The laugh less frequent: then the maidens drew  
 Apart, set smooth their braids, their kirtles shook,  
 And grave, decorous as a troop of nuns,  
 Entered the little town. Ragnil alone  
 And Anders Ericssen together walked,  
 For twice already had their banns been called.  
 Lars shot one glance at Brita, as to say:  
 "Were thou and I thus promised, side by side!"  
 Then looked away; but Per, who kept as near  
 As decent custom let, all softly sang:  
 "Forget me thou, I shall remember still!"  
 That she might hear him, and so not forget.  
 Thus onward to the gray old kirk they moved.

The bells had ceased to chime: the hush within  
 With holy shuddering from the organ-bass  
 Was filled, and when it died the prayer arose.  
 Then came another stillness, as the Lord  
 Were near; or bent to listen from afar,  
 And last the text; but Brita found it strange.  
 Thus read the pastor: "Set me as a seal  
 Upon thy heart, yea, set me as a seal  
 Upon thine arm; for love is strong as death,  
 And jealousy is cruel as the grave."  
 She felt the garnets burn upon her breast,  
 As if all fervor of the olden love  
 Still heated them, and fire of jealousy,  
 And to herself she thought: "Has any face  
 Looked on me with a love as strong as death?  
 But I am Life, and how am I to know?"  
 Then, straightway weary of the puzzle, she  
 Began to wander with her dancing thoughts  
 Out o'er the fell, and up and down the slopes  
 Of sunny grass, while ever and anon  
 The preacher's solemn voice struck through her dream,  
 Its sound a menace and its sense unknown.  
 Then she was sad, and vexed that she was sad



And vexed with them who only could have caused  
 Her sadness: "Grandam's luck, forsooth!" she thought:  
 "If one were luck, why, two by rights were more,  
 But two a plague, a lesser plague were one,  
 And not a fortune!" So, till service ceased,  
 And all arose when benediction came,  
 She mused with pettish thrust of under lip,  
 Nor met the yearning eyes of Lars and Per.

The day's grave duty done, forth issued all,  
 Foregathering with the Vossevangen youth,  
 The girls of Graven and the boys of Vik,  
 Where under elms before the guest-house front  
 Stood tables brown with age: already bore  
 The host his double-handed bunch of cans  
 Fresh-filled and foaming; and the cry of *Skool!*  
 Mixed with the clashing kiss of glassy lips.  
 But when in gown of black the pastor came,  
 All rose, respectful, waiting for his words.  
 A pace in front stood Anders Ericssen,  
 Undignified in bridegroom dignity,  
 Because too conscious: Ragnil blushed with shame,  
 And all the maidens envied her the shame,  
 When reverend fingers tapped her cheek, and he,  
 That good man, said: "How fares my bonny bride?  
 She must not be the last this summer; look,  
 My merry lads, what harvest waits for you!"  
 And on the maidens turned his twinkling eyes,  
 That beamed a blessing with the playful words.

Then Lars slipped nearer Brita, where she stood  
 Withdrawn a little, underneath the trees.  
 "You heard the pastor," said he; "would you next  
 Put on the crown? not you the harvest, nay,  
 The reaper, rather; and the grain is ripe."  
 "A field," she answered, "may be ripe enough  
 When half the heads are empty, and the stalks  
 Are choked with cockle. I've no mind to reap.  
 Indeed, I know not what you mean: the speech  
 The pastor uses suits not you nor me."  
 She meant reproof, yet made reproof so sweet  
 By feigned impatience, which betrayed itself,  
 That Lars bent lower, murmured with quick breath:  
 "Oh, take my meaning, Brita! Give me one, —  
 But one small word to say that you are kind,  
 But one kind word to tell me you are free,  
 And I not wholly hateful!" "Lars!" she cried,  
 Her frank, sweet sympathy aroused, "not so!  
 As friendly-kind as I can be, I am,  
 But free of you, and all; and that's enough!  
 You men would walk across the growing grain,  
 And trample it because it is not ripe  
 Before the harvest." Thereupon she smiled,  
 Sent him one dewy glance that should have been  
 Defiant, but a promise seemed; then turned,  
 And hastening, almost brushed the breast of Per.  
 He caught her by the hands, that Viking's son,  
 Whose fathers wore the eagle-helm, and stood



With Frithiof at the court of Angantyr,  
 Or followed fair-haired Harald to the East,  
 Though fishing now but herring, cod, and bass,  
 Not men and merchant-galleys : he was red  
 With mead, no less than sun and briny air :  
 He caught her by the hands, and said, as one  
 Who gives command and means to be obeyed :  
 "You 'll go to Ulvik, Brita, by the fiord !  
 Björn brings my boat ; the wind is off the sea,  
 But light as from a Bergen lady's fan :  
 Say, then, you 'll go !"

The will within his words  
 Struck Brita harshly. For a moment she  
 Pondered refusal, then, with brightening face  
 Turned suddenly, and cried to all the rest :  
 "How fine of Per ! we need not climb the fell :  
 He 'll bear us all to Ulvik by the fiord ;  
 Björn brings his boat ; the wind is off the sea !"  
 And all the rest, with roaring skoal to Per,  
 Struck hands upon the offer ; only he  
 For plan so friendly showed a face too grim.  
 He set his teeth and muttered : "Caught this time,  
 But she shall pay it !" till his discontent  
 Passed, like a sudden squall that tears the sea,  
 Yet leaves a sun to smile the billows down.  
 His jovial nature, bred to change, was swayed  
 By the swift consequence of Brita's whim,  
 The grasp of hand, the clap of shoulder, clink  
 Of brimming glass, and whispers overheard  
 Of "Luck to Per, and Björn, and all the boys  
 That reap, but sow not, on the rolling fields !"  
 And Brita, too, no sooner punished him  
 Than she relented, and would fain appease ;  
 Whence, fluttering to and fro, she kept the plan  
 Alive, yet made its kindness wholly Per's :  
 Only, when earnestly to Lars she said :  
 "You 'll go with us ?" he answered sullenly :  
 "I will not go : my way is o'er the fell."

He did not quit them till they reached the strand,  
 And on the stern-deck and the prow was piled  
 The bright, warm freight ; then chose a dangerous path,  
 A rocky ladder slanting up the crags,  
 And far aloft upon a foreland took  
 His seat, with chin upon his clenching hands,  
 To watch and muse, in love and hate, alone.  
 But they slid off upon a wind that filled  
 The sail, yet scarcely heeled the boat a-lee :  
 They seemed to rest above a hanging sky  
 'Twixt shores that went and shores that slowly came  
 In silence, and the larger shadows fell  
 From heaven-high walls, a darker clearness in  
 The air above, the firmament below,  
 Crossed by the sparkling creases of the sea.  
 Björn at the helm and Per to watch the wind,  
 They scarcely sailed, but soared as eagle soars  
 O'er Gousta's lonely peak with moveless plumes,  
 That, level-set, cut the blue planes of air ;

And out of stillness rose that sunset hymn  
 Of Sicily, the *O sanctissima!*  
 That swells and fluctuates like a sleepy wave.  
 Thus they swam on to where the fiord is curved  
 Around the cape, where through a southward cleft  
 Some wicked sprite sends down his elfish flaws.  
 So now it chanced : the vessel sprang, and leaned  
 Before the sudden strain ; but Per and Björn  
 Held the hard bit upon their flying steed,  
 And laughing, sang : " Out on the billows blue  
 You needs must dance, and on the billows blue  
 You sleep, a babe, rocked by the billows blue ! "  
 As suddenly the gust was over : then  
 Found Per a seat by Brita. " Did you fear ? "  
 He said ; and she : " Who fears that sails with Per ? "  
 " Nay then," he whispered, " never fear me more,  
 As twice to-day : why give me all this freight,  
 When so much less were so much more to me ? "  
 " Since when were maidens free as fishermen ?  
 Not since the days of Brynhild, I believe ; "  
 She answered, sharply : " I was fain to sail,  
 And place for me meant place for more beside. "  
 " Not in my heart," he said ; " it holds and keeps  
 Thee only ; thou canst not escape my love ; "  
 And tried to take her hand : she bending o'er  
 The low, black bulwarks, saw a crimson spark  
 Drop on the surface of the pale-green wave,  
 And sink, surrounded by a golden gleam.  
 " Oh, grandam's brooch ! " she cried, and started up,  
 Sat down again, and hid her face, and wept.  
 Some there lamented as the loss were theirs,  
 Some shook their heads in ominous dismay,  
 But all agreed that, save a fish should bring  
 The jewel in its maw (and tales declared  
 The thing once happened), none would see it more.  
 Said Guda Halstensdatter : " I should fear  
 An evil, had I lost it. " Thorkil cried :  
 " Be silent, Guda ! Loss is grief enough  
 For Brita : would you frighten her as well ?  
 There's many think that jewels go and come,  
 Having some life or virtue of their own  
 That drives them from us or that brings them back.  
 'T was so with my great-grandam's wedding-ring. "  
 " Now, how was that ? " all asked ; and Thorkil spake :  
 " Why, not a year had she been wedded, when  
 The ring was gone : how, where, a mystery.  
 It was a bitter grief, but nothing happed  
 Save losses, ups and downs, that come to all :  
 Both took their lot in patience and in hope,  
 And worked the harder when the luck was least.  
 So from the moorland and the stony brake  
 They won fresh fields ; and now, when came around  
 The thirteenth harvest, and the grain was ripe  
 On that new land, my grandsire, then a boy,  
 One morn came leaping, shouting, from the field.  
 High in his hand he held a stalk of wheat,  
 And round the ripened ear, between the beards,

Hung, like a miracle, the wedding-ring !  
 And father heard great-grandam say it shone  
 So wonderful, she dropped upon her knees ;  
 She thought God's finger touched it, giving back.  
 Who knows what fish may pounce on Brita's brooch  
 Before it reach the bottom of the fiord,  
 And then, what fisher net the fish ? " Some there  
 Began to smile at this, and Per's blue eyes  
 Danced with a cheerful light, as, in the cove  
 Of Ulvik entered, fell his sagging sail.  
 No more spake Brita ; homeward up the hill  
 She walked alone, sobbing with grief and dread.

The world goes round : the sun sets on despair,  
 The morrow makes it hope. Each little life  
 Thinks the great axle of the universe  
 Turns on its fate, and finds impertinence  
 In joy or grief conflicting with its own.  
 Yet fate is woven from unnoted threads ;  
 Each life is centred in the life of all,  
 And from the meanest root some fibre runs  
 Which chance or destiny may intertwine  
 With those that feed a force or guiding thought,  
 To rule the world : so goes the world around.

And Brita's loss, that made all things seem dark,  
 Was soon outgrieved : came Anders' wedding-day  
 And Ragnil's, and the overshadowing joy  
 Of these two hearts from others drove the shade.  
 Forth from her home the ruddy bride advanced,  
 Not fair, but made so by her bridal bliss,  
 The tall crown on her brow, and in her hand  
 The bursting nosegay : Anders, washed and sleeked,  
 With ribbons on his hat, from head to foot  
 Conscious of all he wore, each word he spake,  
 And every action for the day prescribed,  
 Stuck to her side. It was a trying time ;  
 But when the strange truth was declared at last  
 That they were man and wife, so greeted with  
 The cries of flute and fiddle, crack of guns,  
 And tossing of the blossom-brightened hats,  
 They breathed more freely ; and the guests were glad  
 That this was over, since the festival  
 Might now begin, and mirth be lord of all.  
 In Ragnil's father, Halfdan's home, the casks  
 Of mead were tapped, the Dantzig brandy served  
 In small old glasses, and the platters broad,  
 Heaped high with salmon, cheese, and caviar,  
 Tempted and soothed before the heavier meal.  
 No guest in duty failed ; and Per began —  
 The liquor's sting, the day's infection warm  
 Upon his blood — to fix his sweetheart's word,  
 Before some wind should blow it elsewhere.  
 " Your hand, my Brita," stretching his, — " your hand  
 For all the dances : see, my heels are light !  
 I have a right to ask you for amends,  
 But ask it as a kindness." " Nay," she said,  
 " You have no right ; but I will dance one dance



With you, as any other." "Will you then?"  
 He cried, and caught her sharply by the wrist:  
 "I'll not be 'any other,' do you hear?  
 I'll be the one, the only one, whose foot  
 Keeps time with yours, my heart the tune thereto!"  
 Then shouting comrades whirled him from her side,  
 And Ragnil called the maids, to show her stores  
 Of fine-spun linen, lavendered and cool  
 In nutwood chests, her bed and canopy  
 Painted with pictures of the King and Queen,  
 And texts from Scripture, o'er the pillows curled  
 Where she and Anders should that night repose.  
 They shut the door to keep the lads without,  
 Then shyly stole away; and Brita found  
 Alone, among the garden bushes, Lars.

His eyes enlarged and brightened as she came;  
 He said, in tones whose heartfelt sweetness made  
 Her pulses thrill: "I will not bind you yet:  
 Dance only first with me that sceter-dance  
 You learned on Graafell: Nils will play the air.  
 Then take your freedom, favor whom you will.  
 I shall not doubt you, now and evermore."  
 "But, Lars" — she said, then paused; he would not wait  
 The mirthful guests drew near. "I'll keep you, then,"  
 He whispered; "till I needs must let you go.  
 This much will warm me on the windy fells,  
 Make sunshine of the mists, melt frost in dew,  
 And paint the rocks with roses." Could she turn  
 From that brave face, those calm, confiding eyes?  
 Could she, in others' sight, reject the hand  
 Now leading to the board? If so, too late  
 Decision came, for she had followed him,  
 And sat beside him when the horns of mead  
 Made their slow pilgrimage from mouth to mouth,  
 And while the stacks of bread sank low, the haunch  
 Of stall-fed ox diminished to the bone,  
 Till multeberries, Bergen gingerbread,  
 With wine of Spain, made daintier end of all.  
 Then, like a congress of the blackbirds, held  
 In ancient tree-tops on October eves,  
 The tables rang and clattered; but, ere long,  
 Brisk hands had stripped them bare, and, turning down  
 The leaves, made high-backed settles by the wall.

Through all the bustle and the din were heard  
 The fiddle-strings of Nils, as one by one  
 They chirped and squeaked in dolorous complaint,  
 Until the bent ear and the testing bow  
 Found them accordant: then a flourish came  
 That scampered up and down the scale, and lapsed  
 In one long note that hovered like a bird,  
 Uncertain where to light; but so not long:  
 It darted soon, a lark above the fells,  
 And spun in eddying measures. Here a pair,  
 And there another, took the vacant floor,  
 Then Lars and Brita, sweeping in the dance  
 That whirled and paused, as if a mountain gust



Blew them together, tossed, and tore apart.  
 And ever, when the wild refrain came round,  
 Lars flung himself and sideways turned in air,  
 Yet missed no beat of music when he fell.  
 "By holy Olaf!" gray-haired Halfdan cried:  
 "There's not a trick we knew in good old days,  
 But he has caught it: so I danced myself."

Upon the sweeping circles entered Per,  
 Held back, at first, and partially controlled  
 By them who saw the current of his wrath,  
 And whitherward it set; but now, when slacked  
 The fiery pulses of the dance, he broke  
 Through all, and rudely thrust himself on Lars.  
 "Your place belongs to me," he hoarsely cried, —  
 "Your place and partner!" "Brita's free to choose,"  
 Said Lars, "and may be bidden; but this floor  
 Is not your deck, nor are you captain mine:  
 I think your throat has made your head forget."  
 Lars spake the truth that most exasperates:  
 His words were oil on flame, and Per resolved,  
 So swayed by reckless anger, to defy  
 Then, once, and wholly. "Deck or not," said he,  
 "You know what right I mean: you stand where I  
 Allow you not: I warn you off the field!"  
 Lars turned to Brita: "Does he speak for you?"  
 She shook her head, but what with shame and fear  
 Said nothing: "We have danced our sœter-dance,"  
 He further spake, "and now I go: when next  
 We meet at feast, I claim another such."  
 "Aye, claim it, claim!" Per shouted; "but you'll first  
 Try knives with me, for blood shall run between  
 Your words and will: where you go, I shall be."  
 "So be it: bid your mother bring your shroud!"  
 Lars answered; and he left the marriage house.  
 The folk of Ulvik knew, from many a tale  
 Of feud and fight, from still transmitted hates  
 And old Berserker madness in their blood,  
 What issue hung: but whoso came between  
 Marked that the mediation dwelt with her  
 Who stood between: if she would choose, why, then  
 The lover foiled forsooth must leave in peace  
 The lover favored, — further strife were vain.  
 But Lars was far upon the windy heights,  
 And Per beyond the skerries on the sea,  
 And Ragnil bustling busy as a wife,  
 That might have helped; while those to Brita came,  
 More meddlesome than kind, who hurt each nerve  
 They touched for healing. What could she, but cry  
 In tears and anger: "Shall I seek them out,  
 Bestow myself on one, take pride for love,  
 And forfeit thus all later pride in me?  
 Rather refuse them both, and on myself  
 Turn hate of both: their knives, i' faith! were dull  
 Beside your cutting tongues!" She vowed, indeed,  
 In moonlit midnights, when she could not sleep,  
 And either window framed a rival face,  
 That seemed to wait, with set, reproachful eyes,

To smile on neither, hold apart and off  
 Their fatal kindness. She repel, that drew?  
 As if an open rose could will away  
 Its hue and scent, a lily arm its stem  
 With thorns, a daisy turn against the sun!

The fields were reaped; the longer shadows thrown  
 From high Hardanger and the eastern range  
 Began to chill the vales: it was the time  
 When on the meadow by the lonely lake  
 Of Graven, from the regions round about  
 The young men met to hold their wrestling-match,  
 As since the days of Olaf they had done.  
 There, too, the maids came and the older folk,  
 Delighting in the grip of strength and skill,  
 The strain of sinew, stubbornness of joint,  
 And urge of meeting muscles. All the place  
 Was thronged, and loud the cheers and laughter rang  
 When some old champion from a rival vale  
 Bent before fresher arms, and from his base  
 Wrenched ere he knew, fell heavily to earth.  
 Until the sun across the fir-trees laid  
 His lines of level gold, they watched the bouts;  
 Then strayed by twos and threes toward the sound  
 Of wassail in the houses and the booths.

And Brita with her Ulvik gossips went.  
 Once only, when a Lærdal giant brought  
 Sore grief upon the men of Vik, she saw  
 Or seemed to see, beyond the stormy ring,  
 The shape of Lars; but, scarce disquieted  
 If it were he, or if the twain were there,  
 (Since blood, she thought, must surely cool in time,)  
 She followed to the house upon the knoll  
 Where ever came and went, like bees about  
 Their hive's low doorway, groups of merry folk.  
 A mellow dusk already filled the room;  
 The chairs were pushed aside, and on the stove,  
 As on a throne of painted clay, sat Nils.  
 Behold! Lars waited there; and as she reached  
 The inner circle round the dancing-floor  
 He moved to meet her, and began to say  
 "Thanks for the last" — when from the other side  
 Strode Per.

The two before her, face to face  
 Stared at each other: Brita looked at them.  
 All three were pale; and she, with faintest voice,  
 Remembering counsel of the tongues unkind,  
 Could only breathe: "I know not how to choose."  
 "No need!" said Lars: "I choose for you," said Per.  
 Then both drew off and threw aside their coats,  
 Their brodered waistcoats, and the silken scarves  
 About their necks; but Per growled "All!" and made  
 His body bare to where the leathern belt  
 Is clasped between the breast-bone and the hip.  
 Lars did the same; then, setting tight the belts,  
 Both turned a little: the low daylight clad  
 Their forms with awful fairness, beauty now

Of life, so warm and ripe and glorious, yet  
 So near the beauty terrible of Death.  
 All saw the mutual sign, and understood ;  
 And two stepped forth, two men with grizzled hair  
 And earnest faces, grasped the hooks of steel  
 In either's belt, and drew them breast to breast,  
 And in the belts made fast each other's hooks.  
 An utter stillness on the people fell  
 While this was done : each face was stern and strange,  
 And Brita, powerless to turn her eyes,  
 Heard herself cry, and started : " Per, O Per ! "

When those two backward stepped, all saw the flash  
 Of knives, the lift of arms, the instant clench  
 Of hands that held and hands that strove to strike :  
 All heard the sound of quick and hard-drawn breath,  
 And naught beside ; but sudden red appeared,  
 Splashed on the white of shoulders and of arms.  
 Then, thighs entwined, and all the body's force  
 Called to the mixed resistance and assault,  
 They reeled and swayed, let go the guarding clutch,  
 And struck out madly. Per drew back, and aimed  
 A deadly blow, but Lars embraced him close,  
 Reached o'er his shoulder and from underneath  
 Thrust upward, while upon his ribs the knife,  
 Glancing, transfixed the arm. A gasp was heard :  
 The struggling limbs relaxed ; and both, still bound  
 Together, fell upon the bloody floor.

Some forward sprang, and loosed, and lifted them  
 A little ; but the head of Per hung back,  
 With lips apart and dim blue eyes unshut,  
 And all the passion and the pain were gone  
 Forever. " Dead ! " a voice exclaimed ; then she,  
 Like one who stands in darkness, till a blaze  
 Of blinding lightning paints the whole broad world,  
 Saw, burst her stony trance, and with a cry  
 Of love and grief and horror, threw herself  
 Upon his breast, and kissed his passive mouth,  
 And loud lamented : " Oh, too late I know  
 I love thee best, my Per, my sweetheart Per !  
 Thy will was strong, thy ways were masterful ;  
 I did not guess that love might so command !  
 Thou wert my ruler : I resisted thee,  
 But blindly : Oh, come back ! — I will obey. "

Within the breast of Lars the heart beat on,  
 Yet faintly, as a wheel more slowly turns  
 When summer drouth has made the streamlet thin.  
 They stanch'd the gushing life ; they raised him up,  
 And sense came back and cleared his clouded eye  
 At Brita's voice. He tried to stretch his hand :  
 " Where art thou, Brita ? It is time to choose :  
 Take what is left of him or me ! " He paused :  
 She did not answer. Stronger came his voice :  
 " I think that I shall live : forget all this !  
 'T was not my doing, shall not be again,  
 If only thou wilt love me as I love. "

"I love thee?" Brita cried; "who murderest him I loved indeed! Why should I wish thee life, Except to show thee I can hate instead?"  
 A groan so deep, so desperate and sad  
 Came from his throat, that men might envy him  
 Who lay so silent; then they bore him forth,  
 While others smoothed the comely limbs of Per.  
 His mother, next, unrolled the decent shroud  
 She brought with her, as ancient custom bade,  
 To do him honor; for man's death he died,  
 Not shameful straw-death of the sick and old.

## BOOK II.

LARS lived, because the life within his frame  
 Refused to leave it; but his heart was dead,  
 He thought, for nothing moved him any more.  
 He spake not Brita's name, and every path  
 Where he had scattered fancies of the maid  
 Like seeds of flowers, but whence, instead, had grown  
 Malignant briars, to clog and tear his feet,  
 Was hated now: so, all that once seemed life,  
 So bright with power and purpose, rich in chance,  
 And dropping rest from every cloud of toil,  
 Became a weariness of empty days.

Thus, not to 'scape the blood-revenge for Per  
 Which Thorsten vowed, his brother: not to shun  
 The tongues and eyes of censure or reproach,  
 Or spoken pity, angering more than these;  
 But since each rock upon the lonely fell  
 Kept echoes of her voice, each cleft of blue  
 Where valleys wandered downward to the wave  
 Held shadows of her form, each meadow-sod  
 Her footprints, — all the land so filled with her,  
 Once hope, delight, but desolation now, —  
 Forth must he go, beyond his father's hearth,  
 Beyond the vales, beyond the teeth of snow,  
 The shores and skerries, till the world become  
 Too wide for knowledge of his evil fate,  
 Too strange for memory of his ruined love!

He recked not where; but into passive moods  
 Some spirit drops a leaven, to point anew  
 Men's aimless forces. Was it only chance  
 That now recalled a long-forgotten tale?  
 How Leif, his mother's grandsire, crossed the seas  
 To those new lands the great Gustavus claimed:  
 How, in The Key of old Calmår, their ship,  
 A trooper he, with Printz the Governor,  
 Sailed days and weeks; the blue would never turn  
 To shallower green, and landsmen moped in dread,  
 Till shores grew up they scarce believed were such,  
 Low-lying, fresh, as if the hand of God  
 Had lately finished them. But farther on  
 The curving bay to one broad river led,  
 Where cabins nestled on the rising banks,



With mighty woods, and mellow intervalles,  
 Inviting corn and cattle. Then rejoiced  
 The Swedish farmers, and were set ashore :  
 But on the level isle of Tinicum  
 Printz built a fort, and there the trooper, Leif,  
 Abode three years : and he was fain to tell,  
 When wounds and age had crippled him, how fair  
 And fruitful was the land, how full of sun  
 And bountiful in streams, — and pity 't was  
 The strong Norse blood could not have stocked it all !

Lars knew not why these stories should return  
 To haunt his gloomy brain : but it was so,  
 And on the current of his memory launched  
 His thought, and followed ; then neglected will  
 Awoke, and on the track of thought embarked,  
 And soon his life was borne away from all  
 It knew, and burst the adamant ring  
 Which bound its world within the greater world.  
 As one who, wandering by the water-side,  
 Steps in an empty boat, and sits him down,  
 Not knowing that his step has loosed the chain,  
 And drifts away, unwitting, on the tide,  
 So he was drifted : no farewell he spake,  
 But happy Ulvik and the fiord and fell  
 Passed from his eyes, and underneath his feet  
 The world went round, until he found himself,  
 Like one aroused from sleep, upon the hills  
 That roll, the heavings of the boundless blue.

As unto Leif, his mother's grandsire, so  
 To him it seemed the blue would never turn  
 To shallower green, till shining fisher-sails  
 Came, stars of land that rose before the land ;  
 Then fresher shores and climbing river-banks,  
 And broken woods and mellow intervalles,  
 With houses, corn, and cattle. There, perchance,  
 He dreamed, the memory of Leif might bide  
 Upon the level isle of Tinicum,  
 Or farms of Swedish settlers : if 't were so,  
 One stone was laid whereon to build a home.  
 But when the vessel at the city's wharf  
 Dropped anchor, and the bright new land was won,  
 The high red houses and the sober throngs  
 Were strange to him, and strange the garb and speech.  
 Awhile he lingered there ; until, outgrown  
 The tongue's first blindness and the stranger's shame,  
 His helpless craft was turned again to use.

Then sought he countrymen, and, finding now  
 Within the Swedish Church at Weccacoe  
 No Norse but in the features, else all changed,  
 He left and wandered down the Delaware  
 Unto the isle of Tinicum ; and there  
 Of all that fortress of the valiant Printz  
 Some yellow bricks remained. The name of Leif  
 Who should remember ? Do we call to mind,  
 Years afterward, the clover-head we plucked

Some morn of June, and smelled, and threw away ?  
 But when we find a life erased and lost  
 Beneath the multitude's unsparing feet, —  
 A life so clearly beating yet for us  
 In blood and memory, — comes a sad surprise:  
 So Lars went onward, losing hope of good,  
 To where, upon her hill, fair Wilmington  
 Looks to the river over marshy meads.  
 He saw the low brick church, with stunted tower,  
 The portal-arches, ivied now and old,  
 And passed the gate : lo ! there, the ancient stones  
 Bore Norland names and dear, familiar words !  
 It seemed the dead a comfort spake : he read,  
 Thrusting the nettles and the vines aside,  
 And softly wept : he knew not why he wept,  
 But here was something in the strange new land  
 That made a home, though growing out of graves.

Led by a faith that rest could not be far,  
 Beyond the town, where deeper vales bring down  
 The winding brooks from Pennsylvanian hills,  
 He walked : the ordered farms were fair to see,  
 And fair the peaceful houses : old repose  
 Mellowed the lavish newness of the land,  
 And sober toil gave everywhere the right  
 To simple pleasures. As by each he passed,  
 A spirit whispered : "No, not there !" and then  
 His sceptic heart said : "Never anywhere !"

The sun was low, when, with the valley's bend,  
 There came a change. Two willow-fountains flung  
 And showered their leafy streams before a house  
 Of rusty stone, with chimneys tall and white ;  
 A meadow stretched below ; and dappled cows,  
 Full-fed, were waiting for their evening call.  
 The garden lay upon a sunny knoll,  
 An orchard dark behind it, and the barn,  
 With wide, warm wings, a giant mother-bird,  
 Seemed brooding o'er its empty summer nest.  
 Then Lars upon the roadside bank sat down,  
 For here was peace that almost seemed despair,  
 So near his eyes, so distant from his life  
 It lay : and while he mused, a woman came  
 Forth from the house, no servant-maid more plain  
 In her attire, yet, as she nearer drew,  
 Her still, sweet face, and pure, unfroubled eyes  
 Spake gentle blood. A browner dove she seemed,  
 Without the shifting iris of the neck,  
 And when she spake her voice was like a dove's,  
 Soft, even-toned, and sinking in the heart.  
 Lars could not know that loss and yearning made  
 His eyes so pleading ; he but saw how hers  
 Bent on him as some serious angel's might  
 Upon a child, strayed in the wilderness.  
 She paused, and said : "Thou seemest weary, friend,"  
 But he, instead of answer, clasped his hands.  
 The silent gesture wrought upon her mind :  
 She marked the alien face ; then, with a smile

That meant and made excuse for needful words,  
 She said: "Perhaps thou dost not understand?"  
 "I understand," Lars answered; "you are good.  
 Indeed, I'm weary: not in hands and feet,  
 But tired of idly owning them. I see  
 A thousand fields where I could take my bread  
 Nor stint the harvest, and a thousand roofs  
 That shelter corners where my head might rest,  
 Nor steal another's pillow!"

As to seek

The meaning of his words, she mused a space.  
 In that still land of homes, how should she guess  
 What fancies haunt a homeless heart? Yet his  
 Was surely need: so, presently, she spake:  
 "Work only waits, I've thought, for willing hands;  
 A meal and shelter for the night, we give  
 To all that ask; what more is possible  
 Rests with my father." Lars arose and went  
 Beside her, where the cows came loitering on  
 With udders swelled, and meadow-scented breath,  
 Through opened bars and up the grassy lane.  
 "Ho, Star!" and "Pink!" he called them coaxingly  
 In soft Norse words: they stared as if they knew.  
 "See, lady!" then he cried: "the honest things  
 Like him that likes them, over all the world."  
 But "Nay," she said, "not 'lady'! — call me Ruth:  
 My father's name is Ezra Mendenhall,  
 And hither comes he: I will speak for thee."

So Lars was sheltered, and when evening fell,  
 And all, around the clean and peaceful board,  
 Kept the brief silence which is fittest prayer  
 Before the bread is broken, he was filled  
 With something calm which was akin to peace,  
 With something restless, which was almost hope.  
 The white-haired man with placid forehead sat  
 And faced him, grave as any Bergen judge,  
 Yet kindly; he the stranger's claim allowed,  
 And ample space for hunger, ere he spake:  
 "What, then, might be thy name?" "My name is Lars,  
 The son of Thorsten, in the Norway land.  
 My father said the blood of heathen kings  
 Runs in our veins, but we are Christian men,  
 Who work the more because of idle sires,  
 And speak the truth, and try to live good lives."

Lars ceased, as if a blow had closed his mouth,  
 But Ezra said: "The name sounds heathenish,  
 Indeed, yet hardly royal; blood is naught to us,  
 Yea, less than naught, or I, whose fathers served  
 The third man Edward, and his kindly wife,  
 Philippa, loved the vanities of courts  
 And cast away the birthright of their souls,  
 Were now, perchance, a worldly popinjay,  
 The Lord forgetting and provoking Him  
 Me to forget. But this is needless talk:  
 Thy hands declare that thou art bred to work;  
 Thy face, methinks, is truthful; if thy life

Be good, I know not. I can trust no more  
Than knowledge justifies, and charity  
Bids us assume until the knowledge comes."

"No more I ask," Lars answered; "simple ways  
To me are home-ways: I can learn to serve,  
Because, when others served me, I was just."

"Our ways are strange to thee," said Ezra; "thine  
Unsuitable, if here too long retained.  
The just in spirit find in outward things  
A voice and testimony, which may not  
Be lightly changed: what sayest thou to this?"

"To change in mine? Why, truly, 't were no change  
To do thy bidding, yet to call thee friend;  
To use the speech of brethren, as at home;  
And, feigning not the faith that still may part,  
To bide in charity till knowledge comes, —  
So much, without a promise, I should give."

"Thou speakest fairly," Ezra said; "to me  
Is need of labor less than faithful will,  
But this includes the other: if thou stand  
The easier test, the greater then may come.  
The man who feels his duty makes his own  
The beasts he tends or uses, and the fields,  
Though all may be another's." "Then," said Ruth,  
"My cows already must belong to Lars:  
His speech was strange, and yet they understood."

So Lars remained. That night, beneath the roof,  
His head lay light; the very wind that breathed  
Its low, perpetual wail among the boughs  
Sufficed to cheer him, and the one dim star  
That watched him from the highest heaven of heavens  
Made morning in his heart. Too soon passed off  
The exalted mood, too soon his rich content  
Was tarnished by the daily round of toil,  
And all things grown familiar; yet his pride,  
That rose at censure for each petty fault  
Of ignorance, supported while it stung.  
And Ezra Mendenhall was just, and Ruth  
Serenely patient, sweetly calm and kind:  
So, month by month, the even days were born  
And died, the nights were drowned in deeper rest,  
And fields and fences, streams and stately woods,  
Fashioned themselves to suit his newer life,  
Till ever fainter grew those other forms  
Of fiord and fell, the high Hardanger range,  
And Romsdal's teeth of snow. Yea, Brita's eyes  
And Per's hot face he learned to hold away,  
Save when they vexed his helpless soul in dreams.

The land was called Hockessin. O'er its hills,  
High, wide, and fertile, blew a healthy air:  
There was a homestead set wherever fell  
A sunward slope, and breathed its crystal vein,



And up beyond the woods, at crossing roads,  
 The heart of all, the ancient meeting-house ;  
 And Lars went thither on an autumn morn.  
 Beside him went, it happened, Abner Cloud,  
 A neighbor ; rigid in the sect, and rich,  
 And it was rumored that he crossed the hill  
 To Ezra's house, oftener than neighbor-wise.  
 This knew not Lars : but Abner's eye, he thought,  
 Fell not upon him as a friend's should fall,  
 And Abner's tongue perplexed him, for its tone  
 Was harsh or sneering when his words were fair.  
 He spake from every quarter, as a man  
 Who seeks a tender spot, or wound unhealed,  
 And probes the surface which he seems to soothe  
 Until some nerve betrays infirmity.  
 This, only, were the two alone : if Ruth  
 Came near, his face grew mild as curded milk,  
 And unctuous kindness overflowed his lips  
 Precise and thin, as who should godlier be ?  
 Perhaps he wooed, but 't was a wooing strange,  
 Lars fancied, or his heart were other stuff  
 Than those are made of which can bless or slay.  
 It was a silent meeting. Here the men  
 And there the women sat, the elder folk  
 Facing the younger from their rising seats,  
 With faces grave beneath the stiff, straight brim  
 Or dusky bonnet. They the stillness breathed  
 Like some high air wherein their souls were free,  
 And on their features, as on those that guard  
 The drifted portals of Egyptian fanes,  
 Sat mystery : the Spirit they obeyed  
 By voice or silence, as the influence fell,  
 Was near them, or their common seeking made  
 A spiritual Presence, mightier than the grasp  
 Of each, possessed in reverence by all.  
 But o'er the soul of Lars there lay the shade  
 Of his own strangeness : peace came not to him.  
 Awhile he idly watched the flies that crawled  
 Along the hard, bare pine, or marked, in front,  
 The close-cut hair and flaring lobes of ears,  
 Until his mind turned on itself, and made  
 A wizard twilight, where the shapes of life  
 Shone forth and faded : subtler sense awoke,  
 But dream-like first, and then the form of Per  
 Became a living presence which abode ;  
 And all the pain and trouble of the past  
 Threatened like something evil yet to come.  
 At last, that phantasm of his memory sat  
 Beside him, and would not be banished thence  
 By will or prayer : he lifted up his face,  
 And met the cold gray eyes of Abner Cloud.

The man, thenceforward, seemed an enemy,  
 And Ruth, he scarce knew why, but all her ways  
 So cheered and soothed, a power to subjugate  
 The devil in his heart. But now the leaves  
 Flashed into glittering jewels ere they fell ;

The pastures lessened, and, when day was done,  
 Came quiet evenings, bare of tale and song,  
 Such as beneath Norwegian rafters shook  
 Tired lids awake ; and wearisome to Lars,  
 Till Ruth, who noted, fetched the useless books  
 Of school-girl days, and portioned him his task,  
 Herself the teacher. Oft would Ezra smile  
 To note her careful and unyielding sway.  
 "Nay, now," he said ; "I thought our speech was plain,  
 But thou dost hedge each common phrase with thorns,  
 Like something rare : dost thou not make it hard ?"  
 "A right foundation, father," she replied,  
 "Makes easy building : thus it is in life.  
 I teach thee, Lars, no other than the Lord  
 Requires of all, through discipline that makes  
 His goodness hard until it lives in us."  
 With paler cheeks Lars turned him to his task,  
 Thus innocently smitten ; but his mind  
 Increased in knowledge, till the alien tongue  
 Obeyed the summons of his thought. So toil  
 Brought freedom, and the winter passed away.

Where Lars was blind, the eyes of Abner Cloud  
 Saw more than was. This school-boy giant drew,  
 He fancied, like a rank and chance-sown weed  
 Beside some wholesome plant, the strength away  
 From his desire, of old and rightful root.  
 'T was not that Ruth should love the stranger, — no !  
 But woman's interest is lightly caught,  
 So hers by Lars, that might have turned to him.  
 Had he not worldly goods, and honest name,  
 And birthright in the meeting ? Who could weigh  
 Unknown with these deserts ? — but gentleness  
 Is blind, and goodness ignorant ; so he,  
 By malice made sagacious, learned to note  
 The large, strong veins that filled and rose, although  
 The tongue was still, the clench of powerful hands,  
 The trouble hiding in the gloomy eye,  
 And wrought on these by cunning words. But most  
 He played with forms of Scandinavian faith  
 In that old time before King Olaf came,  
 And made their huge, divine barbarities,  
 Their strength and slaughter, fields of frost and blood,  
 More hideous. "These are fables, thou wilt claim,"  
 It was his wont to say ; "but such must nurse  
 A people false and cruel."

Then would Lars  
 Reply with heat : "Not so ! but honest folk, instead,  
 Too frank to hide the face of any fault,  
 And free from all the evil crafts that breed  
 In hearts of cowards !"

Ruth, it rarely chanced,  
 Heard aught of this, but when she heard, her voice  
 Came firm and clear : "Indeed, it is not good  
 To drag those times forth from their harmless graves.  
 Their ignorance and wicked strength are dead,  
 And what of good they knew was not their own,  
 But ours as well : this is our sole concern,

To feed the life of goodness in ourselves  
And all, that so the world at last escape  
The darkness of our fathers far away."

As when some malady within the frame  
Is planted, slowly tainting all the blood,  
And underneath the seeming healthy skin  
In secret grows till strong enough to smite  
With rank disorder, so the strife increased;  
And Lars perceived the devil of his guilt  
Had made a darkness, where he ambushed lay  
And waited for his time. Against him rose  
The better knowledge, breeding downy wings  
Of prayer, yet shaken by mistrust and hate  
At touch of Abner's malice. Thus the hour,  
The inevitable, came.

A Sabbath morn  
Of early spring lay lovely on the land.  
Upon the bridge that to the barn's broad floor  
Led from the field, stood Lars: his eyes were fixed  
Upon his knife, and, as he turned the blade  
This way and that, and with it turned his thought,  
While musing if 't were best to cover up  
This witness, or to master what it told,  
Close to the haft he marked a splash of rust,  
And shuddered as he held it nearer. "Blood,  
And doubtless human!" spake a wiry voice,  
And Abner Cloud bent down his head to look  
A sound of waters filled the ears of Lars  
And all his flesh grew chill: he said no word.  
"I have thy history, now," thought Abner Cloud,  
And in the pallid silence read but fear;  
So thus aloud: "Thou art a man of crime  
The proper offspring of the godless tribes  
Who drank from skulls, and gnawed the very bones  
Of them they slew. This is thine instrument.  
And thou art hungering for its bloody use.  
Say, hast thou ever eaten human flesh?"

Then all the landscape, house, and trees, and hills,  
Before the eyes of Lars, burned suddenly  
In crimson fire: the roaring of his ears  
Became a thunder, and his throat was brass.  
Yet one wild pang of deadly fear of self  
Shot through his heart, and with a mighty cry  
Of mingled rage, resistance, and appeal,  
He flung his arms towards heaven, and hurled afar  
The fatal knife. This saw not Abner Cloud:  
But death he saw within those dreadful eyes,  
And turned and fled. Behind him bounded Lars,  
The man cast off, the wild beast only left,  
The primal savage, who is born anew  
In every child. Not long had been the race,  
But Ezra Mendenhall, approaching, saw  
The danger, swiftly thrust himself between,  
And Lars, whose passion-blinded eyes beheld  
An obstacle, that only, struck him down.  
Then deadly hands he dashed at Abner's throat,

But they were grasped : he heard the cry of Ruth,  
Not what she said : he heard her voice, and stood.

She knew not what she said : she only saw  
The wide and glaring eyes suffused with blood,  
The stiff-drawn lips that, parting, showed the teeth,  
And on the temples every standing vein  
That throbbed, dumb voices of destroying wrath.  
The soul that filled her told her what to do :  
She dropped his hands and softly laid her own  
Upon his brow, then looked the devil down  
Within his eyes, till Lars was there again.  
Erelong he trembled, while, o'er all his frame  
A sweat of struggle and of agony  
Broke forth, and from his throat a husky sob. ▷  
He tried to speak, but the dry tongue refused ;  
He could but groan, and staggered toward the house,  
As walks a man who neither hears nor sees.

With bloodless lips of fear gasped Abner Cloud :  
"A murderer !" as Ezra Mendenhall  
Came, stunned, and with a wound across his brow.  
"Oh, never !" Ruth exclaimed ; but she was pale.  
She bound her father's head ; she gave him drink ;  
She steadied him with arms of gentle strength,  
Then spake to Abner : "Now, I pray thee, go !"  
No more : but such was her authority  
Of speech and glance, the spirit and the power,  
That he obeyed, and turned, and left the place.

Then Ezra's strength came back ; and "Ruth," he said,  
"I see thou hast a purpose : let me know !"  
"I only feel," she answered, "that a soul  
Is here in peril, but the way to help  
Is not made plain : the knowledge will be given."  
"I have no fear for thee, my daughter : do  
What seemeth good, and strongly brought upon  
Thy mind by plain direction of the Lord !  
There is a power of evil in the man  
That might be purged, if once he saw the light."

She left him, seated in the sunny porch :  
Within the house and orchard all was still,  
Nor found she Lars, at first. But she was driven  
By that vague purpose which was void of form,  
And climbed, at last, to where his chamber lay,  
Beneath the rafters. On the topmost step  
He sat, his forehead bent upon his knees,  
A bundle at his side, as when he came.  
He raised his head : Ruth saw his eyes were dull,  
His features cold and haggard, and his voice,  
When thus he spake to her, was hoarse and strange :  
"Thou need'st not tell me : I already know.  
I hope thou thinkest it is hard to me.  
I am a man of violence and blood,  
Not meet for thy pure company ; and now  
When unto peaceful ways my heart inclined,  
And thou hadst shown the loveliness of good,



My guilt, not yet atoned, brings other guilt  
To drive me forth : and this disgrace is worst."

Ruth stood below him where he sat : she laid  
One hand upon the hand upon his knee,  
And spake : "I judge thee not ; I cannot know  
What grievous loss or strong temptation wrought ;  
But if, indeed, to good and peaceful ways  
Thy heart inclines, canst thou not wrestle with  
The Adversary ? This knowledge of thy guilt  
Is half-repentance : whole would make thee sound."  
"And then — and then" — his natural voice returned ;  
"Then — pardon ?" "Pardon, now, from me and him,  
My father, — for I know his perfect heart, —  
Thou hast ; but couldst thou turn thy dreadful strength  
That so it lift, and change, and chasten thee ?"  
"If I but could !" — he cried, and bowed again  
His forehead. "Wait !" she whispered, left him there,  
And sought her father.

Now, when Ezra heard  
All this repeated, for a space he sat  
In earnest meditation. "Bid him come !"  
He said, at last, and Ruth brought Lars to him.  
Upon the doubting and the suffering face  
The old man gazed ; then "Put thy bundle by !"  
Came from his lips ; "thou shalt not leave, to-day.  
Thy hands have done me hurt ; if thou art just,  
One service do thyself, in following me.  
Come with us to the meeting : there the Lord  
Down through the silence of fraternal souls  
May reach His hand. We cannot guess His ways ;  
Only so much the inward Voice declares."

But little else was said : upon them lay  
The shadow of an unknown past, the weight  
Of present trouble, the uncertainty  
Of what should come ; yet o'er the soul of Ruth  
Hung something happier than she dared to feel,  
And Lars, in silence, with submissive feet  
Followed, as one who in a land of mist  
Feels one side warmer, where the sun must be.  
Then, parted ere they reached the separate doors,  
Lars went with Ezra. Abner Cloud, within,  
Beheld them enter, and he marvelled much  
Such things could be. Straightway the highest seat  
Took Ezra, where the low partition-boards  
Sundered the men and women. There alone  
Sat they whom most the Spirit visited,  
And spake through them, and gave authority.

Then silence fell ; how long, Lars could not know,  
Nor Ruth, for each was in a trance of soul,  
Till Ezra rose. His words, at first, were few  
And broken, and they trembled on his lips ;  
But soon the power and full conviction came,  
And then, as with Ezekiel's trumpet-voice  
He spake : "Lo ! many vessels hath the Lord  
Set by the fount of Evil in our hearts.

Here envy and false-witness catch the green,  
 There pride the purple, lust the ruddy stream:  
 But into anger runs the natural blood,  
 And flows the faster as 't is tapped the more.  
 Here lies the source : the conquest here begins,  
 Then meekness comes, good-will, and purity.  
 Let whoso weigh, when his offence is sore,  
 The Lord's offences, and his patience mete,  
 Though myriads less in measure, by the Lord's !  
 This yoke is easy, if in love ye bear.  
 For none, the lowest, rather hates than loves ;  
 But Love is shy, and Hate delights to show  
 A brazen forehead ; 't is the noblest sign  
 Of courage, and the rarest, to reveal  
 The tender evidence of brotherhood.  
 With one this sin is born, with other, that ;  
 Who shall compare them ? — either sin is dark,  
 But one redeeming Light is over both.  
 The Evil that assails resist not ye  
 With equal evil ! — else ye change to man  
 The Lord within, whom ye should glorify  
 By words that prove Him, deeds that bless like Him !  
 What spake the patient and the holy Christ ?  
 Unto thy brother first be reconciled,  
 Then bring thy gift ! and further : Bless ye them  
 That curse you, and do good to them that hate  
 And persecute, that so the children ye may be  
 Of Him, the Father. Yea, His perfect love  
 Renewed in us, and of our struggles born,  
 Gives, even on earth, His pure, abiding peace.  
 Behold, these words I speak are nothing new,  
 But they are burned with fire upon my mind  
 To help — the Lord permit that they may save !”

Therewith he laid his hat aside, and all  
 Beheld the purple welt across his brow,  
 And marvelled. Thus he prayed : “ Our God and Lord  
 And Father, unto whom our secret sins  
 Lie bare and scarlet, turn aside from them  
 In holy pity, search the tangled heart  
 And breathe Thy life upon its seeds of good !  
 Thou leavest no one wholly dark : Thou giv'st  
 The hope and yearning where the will is weak,  
 And unto all the blessed strength of love.  
 So give to him, and even withhold from me  
 Thy gifts designed, that he receive the more :  
 Give love that pardons, prayer that purifies,  
 And saintly courage that can suffer wrong,  
 For these beget Thy peace, and keep Thee near !”

He ceased : all hearts were stirred ; and suddenly  
 Amid the younger members Lars arose,  
 Unconscious of the tears upon his face,  
 And scarcely audible : “ Oh, brethren here,  
 He prayed for my sake, for my sake pray ye !  
 I am a sinful man : I do repent.  
 I see the truth, but in my heart the lamp  
 Is barely lighted, any wind may quench.

Bear with me still, be helpful, that I live ! ”  
 Then all not so much wondered but they felt  
 The man's most earnest need ; and many a voice  
 Responsive murmured : “ Yea, I will ! ” and some,  
 Whose brows were tombstones over passions slain,  
 When meeting broke came up and took his hand.

The three walked home in silence, but to Lars  
 The mist had lifted, and around him fell  
 A bath of light ; and dimly spread before  
 His feet the sweetness of a purer world.  
 When Ezra, that diviner virtue spent  
 Which held him up, grew faint upon the road,  
 The arm of Lars became a strength to him ;  
 Yet all he said, before the evening fell,  
 Was : “ Gird thy loins, my friend, the way is long  
 And wearisome : haste not, but never rest ! ”

“ I will not close mine eyes,” said Lars to Ruth,  
 And laid aside the book, *No Cross, No Crown*,  
 She gave him as a comfort and a help ;  
 “ Till thou hast heard the tale I have to tell.  
 Thou speakest truth, the knowledge of my sin  
 Is half-repentance, yet the knowledge burns  
 Like fire in ashes till it be confessed.  
 Revoke thy pardon, if it must be so,  
 When all is told : yea, speak to me no more,  
 But I must speak ! ” So he began, and spared  
 No circumstance of love, and hate, and crime,  
 The songs and dances which the Friends forbid,  
 The bloody customs and the cries profane,  
 Till all lay bare and horrible. And Ruth  
 Grew pale and flushed by turns, and often wept,  
 And, when he ceased, was silent. “ Now, farewell ! ”  
 He would have said, when she looked up and spake :  
 “ Thy words have shaken me : we read such tales,  
 Nor comprehend, so distant and obscure :  
 Thou makest manifest the living truth.  
 Save thee, I never knew a man of blood :  
 Thou shouldst be wicked, and my heart declares  
 Thy gentleness : ah, feeling all thy sin,  
 Can I condemn thee, nor myself condemn ?  
 Thy burden, thus, is laid upon me. Pray  
 For power and patience, pray for victory !  
 Then falls the burden, and my soul is glad.”

Lars saw what he had done. His limbs unstrung  
 Gave way, and softly on his knees he sank,  
 And all the passion of his nature bore  
 His yearning upward, till in faith it died.  
 He rose, at last ; his face was calm and strong :  
 Ruth smiled, and then they parted for the night.

Yet Ezra's words were true : the way was long  
 And wearisome. The better will was there,  
 But not the trust in self ; for, still beside  
 Those pleasant regions opening on his soul,  
 Beat the unyielding blood, as beats afar

The vein of lightning in a summer cloud.  
 And, as in each severe community  
 Of interests circumscribed, where all is known  
 And roughly handled till opinions join,  
 So, here were those who kindly turned to Lars,  
 And those who doubted, or declared him false.  
 In this probation, Ruth became his stay :  
 She knew and turned not, knew and yet believed  
 As did no other, — hoping more than he.  
 Meanwhile the summer and the harvest came.  
 One afternoon, within the orchard, Ruth  
 Gathered the first sweet apples of the year,  
 That give such pleasure by their painted cheeks  
 And healthy odor. Little breezes shook  
 The interwoven flecks of sun and shade,  
 O'er all the tufted carpet of the grass ;  
 The birds sang near her, and beyond the hedge,  
 Where stretched the oat-field broad along the hill,  
 Were harvest voices, broken wafts of sound,  
 That brought no words. Then something made her start ;  
 She gazed and waited : o'er the thorny wall  
 Lars leaped, or seemed to fly, and ran to her,  
 His features troubled and his hands outstretched.  
 "O Ruth!" he cried ; "I pray thee, take my hands!  
 This power I have, at last : I can refrain  
 Till help be sought, the help that dwells in thee."  
 She took his hands, and soon, in kissing palms,  
 His violent pulses learned the beat of hers.  
 Sweet warmth o'erspread his frame ; he saw her face,  
 And how the cheeks flushed and the eyelids fell  
 Beneath his gaze, and all at once the truth  
 Beat fast and eager in the palms of both.  
 "Take not away ;" he cried : "now, nevermore,  
 Thy hands ! O Ruth, my saving angel, give  
 Thyself to me, and let our lives be one !  
 I cannot spare thee : heart and soul alike  
 Have need of thee, and seem to cry aloud :  
 'Lo ! faith and love and holiness are one !'"  
 But who shall paint the beauty of her eyes  
 When they unveiled, and softly clung to his,  
 The while she spake : "I think I loved thee first  
 When first I saw thee, and I give my life,  
 In perfect trust and faith, to these thy hands."  
 "The fight is fought," said Lars ; "so blest by thee,  
 The strength of darkness and temptation dies.  
 If now the light must reach me through thy soul,  
 It is not clouded : clearer were too keen,  
 Too awful in its purity, for man."

So into joy revolved the doubtful year,  
 And, ere it closed, the gentle fold of Friends  
 Sheltered another member, even Lars.  
 The evidence of faith, in words and ways,  
 Could none reject, and thus opinions joined,  
 And that grew natural which was marvel first.  
 Then followed soon, since Ezra willed it so,  
 Seeing that twofold duty guided Ruth,  
 The second marvel, bitterness to one



Who blamed his haste, nor felt how free **is fate**,  
 Whose sweeter name is love, of will or **plan**.  
 And all the country-side assembled there,  
 One winter Sabbath, when in snow and sky  
 The colors of transfiguration shone,  
 Within the meeting-house. There Ruth and **Lars**  
 Together sat upon the women's side,  
 And when the peace was perfect, they arose.  
 He took her by the hand, and spake these words,  
 As ordered: "In the presence of the Lord  
 And this assembly, by the hand I take  
 Ruth Mendenhall, and promise unto her,  
 Divine assistance blessing me, to be  
 A loving and faithful husband, even  
 Till death shall separate us." Then spake Ruth  
 The same sweet words; and so the twain were **one**.

## BOOK III.

Love's history, as Life's, is ended not  
 By marriage: though the ignorant Paradise  
 May then be lost, the world of knowledge waits,  
 With ample opportunities, to mould  
 Young Eve and Adam into wife and man.  
 Some grace of sentiment expires, yet here  
 The nobler poetry of life begins:  
 The squire is knight, the novice takes the vow,  
 Old service falls, new powers and duties join,  
 And that high Beauty, which is crown of all,  
 No more a lightsome maid, with tresses free  
 And mantle floating from the bosom bare,  
 Confronts us now like holy Barbara,  
 As Palma drew, or she, Our Lady, born  
 On Milos, type of perfect growth and pure.

So Lars and Ruth beside each other learned  
 What neither, left unwedded, could have won:  
 He how reliant and how fond the heart  
 Whose love seemed almost pity, she how firm  
 And masterful the nature, which appealed  
 There for support where hers had felt no strain;  
 And both, how solemn, sweet, and wonderful  
 The life of man. Their life, indeed, was still,  
 Too still for aught save blessing, for a time.  
 All things were ordered: plenty in the house  
 And fruitfulness of field and meadow made  
 Light labor, and the people came and went,  
 According to their old and friendly ways.  
 Within the meeting-house upon the hill  
 Now Ezra oftener spake, and sometimes Lars,  
 Fain to obey the spirit which impelled;  
 And what of customary phrase they missed, or **tone**,  
 Unlike their measured chant, did he supply  
 With words that bore a message to the heart.

6 All this might seem sufficient; yet to Ruth  
 Was still unrest, where, unto shallow eyes

Dwelt peace; she felt the uneasy soul of Lars,  
 And waited, till his own good time should come.  
 Yea, verily, he was happy: could she doubt  
 The signs in him that spake the same in her?  
 Yea, he was happy: every day proclaimed  
 The freshness of a blessing rebestowed,  
 The conscious gift, unworn by time or use,  
 And this was sweet to see; yet he betrayed  
 That wavering will, the opposite of faith,  
 Which comes of duty known and not performed.  
 It seemed his lines of life were cast in peace,  
 In green Hockessin, where Lars Thorstensen,  
 A sound that echoed of Norwegian shores,  
 Became Friend Thurston: all things there conspired  
 To blot the Past, but in his soul it lived.

Then, as his thoughts went back, his tongue revealed:  
 He spake of winding fiord and windy fell,  
 Of Ulvik's cottages and Graven's lake,  
 And all the moving features of a life  
 So strange to Ruth; till she made bold to break,  
 Through playful chiding, what was grave surmise:  
 "I fear me, Lars, that thou art sick for home.  
 Thy love is with me and thy memory far:  
 Thou seest with half thy sight; and in thy dreams  
 I hear thee murmur in thine other tongue,  
 So soft and strange, so good, I cannot doubt,  
 If I but knew it; but thy dreams are safe."  
 "Nay, wife," he said; "misunderstand them not!  
 For dreams hold up before the soul, released  
 From worldly business, pictures of itself,  
 And in confused and mystic parables  
 Foreshadow what it seeks. I do confess  
 I love Old Norway's bleak, tremendous hills,  
 Where winter sits, and sees the summer burn  
 In valleys deeper than yon cloud is high:  
 I love the ocean-arms that gleam and foam  
 So far within the bosom of the land:  
 It is not that. I do confess to thee  
 I love the frank, brave habit of the folk,  
 The hearts unspoiled, though fed from ruder times  
 And filled with angry blood: I love the tales  
 That taught, the ancient songs that cradled me,  
 The tongue my mother spake, unto the Lord  
 As sweet as thine upon the lips of prayer:  
 It is not that."

Then he perused her face  
 Full earnestly, and drew a deeper breath.  
 "My wife, my Ruth," his words came, low yet firm;  
 "Thou knowest of one who brake a precious box  
 Of ointment, and refreshed the weary feet  
 Of Him who pardoned her. But, had He given  
 Not pardon only, had He stretched His arm  
 And plucked, as from the vine of Paradise,  
 All blessing and all bounty and all good,  
 What then were she that idly took and used?"

"I read thy meaning," answered Ruth; "speak on!"

"Am I not he that idly uses? Are there not  
 Here many reapers, there a wasting-field?  
 In them the fierce inheritance of blood  
 I overcame, is mighty still to slay;  
 For ancient custom is a ring of steel  
 They know not how to snap. By day and night  
 A powerful spirit calls me: 'Go to them!'  
 What should mine answer to the spirit be?"

If there were aught of struggle in her heart,  
 She hid the signs. A little pale her cheek,  
 But with untrembling eyelids she upraised  
 Her face to his, and took him by the hands:  
 "Thy Lord is mine: what should I say to thee,  
 Except what she, whose name I bear, ere yet  
 She went to glean in Bethlehem's harvest-field,  
 Said to Naomi: 'Nay, entreat me not  
 To leave thee, or return from following thee?'  
 Should not thy people, then, be mine, as mine  
 Are made thine own? I will not fail: He calls  
 On both of us who gives thee this command."

So Ruth, ere long, detached her coming life  
 From all its past, until each well-known thing  
 No more was sure or needful, to her mind.  
 Her neighbors, even, seemed to come and go  
 Like half-existences; her days, as well,  
 Were clad with dream; she understood the words,  
 "I but sojourn among you for a time,"  
 And, from the duties which were habits, turned  
 To brood o'er those unknown, awaiting her.

But Ezra, when he heard their purpose, spake:  
 "Because this thing is very hard to me,  
 I dare not preach against it; but I doubt,  
 Being acquainted with the heart of man.  
 'Tis one thing, Lars, to build thy virtue here,  
 Where others urge the better will: but there,  
 Alone, persuaded, ridiculed, assailed,  
 Couldst thou resist, yet love them? Nay, I know  
 Thy power and conscience: Try them not too soon!  
 Is all I ask. See, I am full of years,  
 And thou, my daughter, thou, indeed a son,  
 Stay me on either side: wait but awhile  
 And ye are free, yea, seasoned as twin beams  
 Of soundest oak, for lintels of His door."

They patiently obeyed. The years went by,  
 Until five winters blanched to perfect snow  
 The old man's hair. Then, when the gusts of March  
 Shook into life the torpid souls of trees,  
 His body craved its rest. He summoned Lars,  
 And meekly said: "I pray thee, pardon me  
 That I have lived so long: I meant it not.  
 Now I am certain that the end is near;  
 And, noting as I must, the deep concern  
 On both your minds, I fain would aid that work,  
 The which, I see, ye mean to undertake."

Then counsel wise he gave : it seemed his mind,  
 Those five long years, had pondered all things well,  
 Computed every chance and sought the best,  
 Foresaw and weighed, foreboded and prepared,  
 Until the call was made his legacy.

At last he said : " My sight is verily clear,  
 And I behold your duty as yourselves ; "  
 Then spake farewell with pleasant voice, and died.

When summer came, upon an English ship  
 Sailed Lars and Ruth between the rich green shores  
 That widened, sinking, till the land was drowned,  
 And they were blown on rolling fields of blue.  
 Blown backward more than on ; and evil eyes  
 Of sailors on their sober Quaker garb  
 Began to turn. " Our Jonah ! " was the cry,  
 When Lars was seen upon the quarter-deck,  
 And one, a ruffian from the Dorset moors,  
 Became so impudent and foul of tongue  
 That Ruth was frightened, would have fled below,  
 But Lars prevented her. Three strides he made,  
 Then by the waistband and the neck he seized  
 That brutish boor, and o'er the bulwarks held,  
 Above the brine, like death for very fear.  
 " Now, promise me to keep a decent tongue ! "  
 Cried Lars ; and he : " I promise anything,  
 But let me not be lost ! " Thenceforth respect  
 Those sailors showed to strength, though clad in peace.  
 " Now see I wherefore thou wert made so strong ; "  
 Ruth said to him, and inwardly rejoiced ;  
 And soon the mists and baffling breezes fled  
 Before a wind that down from Labrador  
 Blew like a will unwearied, night and day,  
 Across the desert of the middle sea.  
 Out of the waters rose the Scilly Isles,  
 Afar and low, and then the Cornish hills,  
 And, floating up by many a valley-mouth  
 Of Devon streams, they came to Bristol town.

Awhile among their brethren they abode,  
 For thus had Ezra ordered. There were some  
 Concerned in trade, whose vessels to and fro  
 From Hull across the German Ocean sailed,  
 And touched Norwegian ports ; and Lars in those,  
 The old man said, must find his nearest stay.  
 But soon it chanced that with a vessel came  
 A man of Arendal, in Norway land,  
 Known to the Friends as fair in word and deed,  
 And well-inclined ; and Gustaf Hansen named.  
 Norse tongue makes easy friendship : Lars and he  
 Became as brothers in a little while,  
 And, when his worldly charge was ordered, they  
 Together all embarked for Arendal.  
 Calm autumn skies were o'er them, and the sea  
 Swelled in unwrinkled glass : they scarcely knew  
 How sped the voyage, until Lindesnaes,  
 At first a cloud, stood fast, and spread away  
 To flanking capes, with gaps of blue between



Then rose, and showed, above the precipice,  
 The firs of Norway climbing thick and high  
 To wilder crests that made the inland gloom.  
 In front, the sprinkled skerries pierced the wave ;  
 Between them, slowly glided in and out  
 The tawny sails, while houses low and red  
 Hailed their return, or sent them fearless forth.  
 " This is thy Norway, Lars ; it looks like thee,"  
 Said Ruth : " it has a forehead firm and bold ;  
 It sets its foot below the reach of storms,  
 Yet hides, methinks, in each retiring vale,  
 Delight in toil, contentment, love, and peace, —  
 My land, my husband ! let me love it, too !"  
 So on their softened hearts the sun went down  
 And rose once more ; then Gustaf Hansen came  
 Beside them, pilot of familiar shores,  
 And said : " To starboard, yonder, lies the isle  
 As I described it ; here, upon our lee  
 Is mainland all, and there the Nid comes down,  
 The timber-shouldering Nid, from endless woods  
 And wilder valleys where scant grain is grown.  
 Now bend your glances as my finger points, —  
 Lo ! there it is, the spire of Arendal !  
 Our little town, as homely, kind, and dear,  
 As some old dame, round whom her children's babes  
 Cling to be petted, comforted, and spoiled.  
 And here, my friends, shall ye with me abide  
 And with my Thora, till the winter melts,  
 Which there, beyond yon wall of slaty cloud,  
 Possesses fell and upland even now.  
 Too strange is Ruth to dare those snowy wastes,  
 Nor is there need : good Thora's heart will turn  
 To her, I know, as mine hath turned to Lars ;  
 And Arendal is warmly-harbored, snug,  
 And not unfriendly in the time of storms."

They could not say him nay. The anchor dropped  
 Before the town, and Thora, from the land,  
 Tall, broad of breast, with ever-rosy cheeks  
 O'er which the breezes tossed her locks of gray,  
 Stretched arms of welcome ; and the ancient house,  
 With massive beams and ample chimney-place,  
 As in Hockessin, made immediate home.  
 To Ruth, how sweetly the geraniums peeped  
 With scarlet eyes across the window-sill !  
 How orderly the snowy curtains shone !  
 Familiar, too, the plainness and the use  
 In all things ; presses of the dusky oak,  
 Fair linen, store of healing herbs that smelled  
 Of charity, and signs of forethought wise  
 That justified the plenty of the house.  
 It was as Gustaf said : good Thora loved  
 The foreign woman, taught and counselled her,  
 Taking to heart their purpose, so that she  
 Unconsciously received the truth of Friends.  
 And Gustaf also, through the soul of Lars,  
 To him laid bare, and all that blessing clear  
 Obedience brings when speaks the inward voice,

Believed ere long ; then others came to hear,  
Till there, in Arendal, a brotherhood  
Of earnest seekers for the light grew up,  
Before the hasty spring of northern lands  
Sowed buttercups along the banks of Nid.

But when they burst, those precious common flowers  
That not a meadow of the world can spare,  
Said Lars, one Sabbath, to the little flock :  
“ Here we have tarried long, and it is well ;  
But now we go, and it is also well.  
This much is blessing added unto those  
That went before ; hence louder rings the call  
Which brought me hither, and I must obey.  
My path is clear, my duty strange and stern,  
The end thereof uncertain ; it may be,  
My brethren, I shall never see ye more.  
Your love upholds me, and your faith confirms  
My purpose : bless me now, and bid farewell ! ”  
Then Gustaf wept, and said : “ Our brother, go !  
Yet thou art with us, and we walk with thee  
In this or yonder world, as bids the Lord.”

Their needful preparations soon were made :  
Two strong dun horses of the mountain breed,  
With hoofs like claws, that clung where'er they touched,  
Unholstered saddles, leathern wallets filled  
With scrip for houseless ways, close-woven cloaks  
To comfort them upon the cloudy fells,  
And precious books, by Penn and Barclay writ  
And Woolman, — these made up their little store.  
The few and faithful went with them a space  
Along the banks of Nid ; there first besought  
All power and light, and furtherance for the task  
Awaiting Lars : they knew not what it was,  
But what it was, they knew, was good : then all  
Gave hands and said farewell, and Lars and Ruth  
Rode boldly onward, facing the dark land.

Across the lonely hills of Tellemark,  
That smiled in sunshine, went their earnest way,  
And by the sparkling waters of the Tind ;  
Then, leaving on the left that chasm of dread  
Where, under Gousta's base, the Rinkan falls  
In winnowing blossoms, tendrilled vines of foam,  
And bursting rockets of the starry spray,  
They rode through forests into Hemsedal.  
The people marvelled at their strange attire,  
But all were kind ; and Ruth, to whom their speech  
Was now familiar, found such ordered toil,  
Such easy gladness, temperate desire,  
That many doubts were laid : the spirit slept,  
She thought, and waited but a heartsome call.  
Then ever higher stood the stormy fells  
Against uncertain skies, as they advanced ;  
And ever grander plunged the roaring snow  
Of mighty waterfalls from cliff to vale :  
The firs were mantled in a blacker shade,

The rocks were rusted as with ancient blood,  
 And winds that shouted or in wailing died  
 Harried the upper fields, in endless wrath  
 At finding there no man.

The soul of Lars  
 Expanded with a solemn joy; but Ruth,  
 Awed by the gloom and wildness of the land,  
 Rode close and often touched her husband's arm;  
 And when within its hollow dell they saw  
 The church of Borgund like a dragon sit,  
 Its roof all horns, its pitchy shingles laid  
 Like serpent scales, its door a dusky throat,  
 She whispered: "This the ancients must have left  
 From their abolished worship: is it so?  
 This is no temple of the living Lord,  
 That makes me fear it like an evil thing!"  
 "Consider not its outward form," said Lars,  
 "Or mine may vex thee, for my sin outgrown.  
 I would the dragon in the people's blood  
 As harmless were!" So downward, side by side,  
 From ridges of the windy Fille Fell  
 Unto the borders of the tamer brine,  
 The sea-arm bathing Frithiof's home, they rode;  
 Then two days floated past those granite walls  
 That mock the boatman with a softer song,  
 And took the land again, where shadow broods,  
 And frequent thunder of the tumbling rocks  
 Is heard the summer through, in Nærødal.  
 To Ruth the gorge seemed awful, and the path  
 That from its bowels toiled to meet the sun,  
 Was hard as any made for Christian's feet,  
 In Bunyan's dream; but Lars with lighter step  
 The giddy zigzag scaled, for now, beyond,  
 Not distant, lay the Vossevangen vale,  
 And all the cheerful neighborhood of home.

At last, one quiet afternoon, they crossed  
 The fell from Graven, and below them saw  
 The roofs of Ulvik and the orchard-trees  
 Shining in richer colors, and the fiord,  
 A dim blue gloom between Hardanger heights,—  
 The strife and peace, the plenty and the need;  
 And both were silent for a little space.  
 Then Ruth: "I had not thought thy home so fair,  
 Nor yet so stern and overhung with dread,  
 It seems to draw me as a danger draws,  
 Yet gives me courage. is it well with thee?"  
 "That which I would, I know," responded Lars,  
 "Not that which may be: ask no more, I pray!"  
 Then downward, weary, strangely moved, yet glad,  
 They went, a wonder to the Ulvik folk,  
 Till some detected, 'neath his shadowy brim,  
 The eyes of Lars; and he was scarcely housed  
 With his astonished kindred, ere the news  
 Spread from the fountain, ran along the shore.  
 For all believed him dead: in truth, the dead  
 Could not have risen in stranger guise than he,  
 Who spake as one they knew and did not know,

Who seemed another, yet must be the same.  
 His folk were kind : they owned the right of blood,  
 Nor would disgrace it, though a half-disgrace  
 Lars seemed to bring ; but in her strange, sweet self  
 Ruth brought a pleasure which ere long was love.  
 Her gentle voice, her patient, winning ways,  
 Pure thought and ignorance of evil things  
 That on her wedlock left a virgin bloom,  
 Set her above them, yet her nature dwelt  
 In lowliness : sister and saint she seemed.

Soon Thorsten, brother of the slaughtered Per,  
 Alike a stalwart fisher of the fiord,  
 Heard who had come, and published unto all  
 The debt of blood he meant to claim of Lars.  
 "The coward, only, comes as man of peace,  
 To shirk such payment !" were his bitter words.  
 And they were carried unto Lars : but he  
 Spake firmly : " Well I knew what he would claim :  
 The coward, knowing, comes not." Nothing more ;  
 Nor could they guess the purpose of his mind.  
 In little Ulvik all the people learned  
 What words had passed, and there were friends of both ;  
 But Lars kept silent, walked the ways unarmed,  
 And preached the pardon of an utmost wrong.  
 Now Thorsten saw in this but some device  
 To try his own forbearance : his revenge  
 Grew hungry for an answering enmity,  
 And weary of its shame ; and so, at last,  
 He sent this message : " If Lars Thorstensen  
 Deny not blood he spilled, and guilt thereof,  
 Then let him meet me by the Graven lake,"—  
 On such a day.

When came the message, Lars  
 Spake thus to all his kindred : " I will go :  
 I do deny not my blood-guiltiness.  
 This thing hath rested on my soul for years,  
 And must be met." Then unto Ruth he turned :  
 " I go alone : abide thou with our kin."  
 But she arose and answered : " Nay, I go !  
 Forbid me not, or I must disobey,  
 Which were a cross. I give thee to the Lord,  
 His helpless instrument, to break or save ;  
 Think not my weakness shall confuse thy will !"  
 Lars laid his hand upon her head, and all  
 Were strangely melted, though he spake no more,  
 Nor then, nor on the way to Graven lake.

Lo ! there were many gathered, kin of both,  
 Or friends, or folk acquainted with the tale,  
 And curious for its end. The summer sky  
 Was beautiful above them, and the trees  
 Stood happy, stretching forth forgiving arms ;  
 Yet sultry thunder in the hearts of men  
 Brooded, the menace of a rain of blood.  
 Lars paused not when he came. He saw the face  
 Of Thorsten, ruddy, golden-haired like Per's,  
 Amid the throng, and straightway went to him



And spake : " I come, as thou invitest me.  
My brother, I have shed thy brother's blood ;  
What wouldst thou I should do thee, to atone ? "

" Give yours ! " cried Thorsten, stepping back a pace.

" That murderous law we took from heathen sires,"  
Said Lars, " is guilt upon a Christian land,  
I do abjure it. Wilt thou have my blood,  
Nor less, I dare not lift a hand for thine."

" You came not, then, to fight, though branded here  
A coward ? "

" Nay, nor ever," answered Lars ;

" But, were I coward, could I calmly bear  
Thy words ? " Then Thorkil, friend of Thorsten, cried  
" These people, in their garments, I have heard,  
Put on their peace ; or else some magic dwells  
In shape of hat or color of the coat,  
To make them harmless as a browsing hare.  
That Lars we knew had danger in his eyes ;  
But this one, — why, uncover, let us see ! "  
Therewith struck off the hat. And others there  
Fell upon Lars, and tore away his coat,  
Nor ceased the outrage until they had made  
His body bare to where the leathern belt  
Is clasped between the breast-bone and the hip.

Around his waist they buckled then a belt,  
And brought a knife, and thrust it in his hand.  
The open fingers would not hold : the knife  
Fell from them, struck, and quivered in the sod.  
Thorsten, apart, had also bared his breast,  
And waited, beautiful in rosy life.

Then Thorkil and another drew the twain  
Together, hooked the belts of each, and strove  
Once more to arm the passive hand of Lars :  
In vain : his open fingers would not hold  
The knife, which fell and quivered in the sod.  
He looked in Thorsten's eyes ; great sorrow fell  
Upon him, and a tender human love.

" I did not this," he said ; " nor will resist.  
If thou art minded so, then strike me dead :  
But thou art sacred, for the blood I spilled  
Is in thy veins, my brother : yea, all blood  
Of all men sacred is in thee." His arms  
Hung at his side : he did not shrink or sway :  
His flesh touched Thorsten's where the belts were joined,  
And felt its warmth. Then twice did Thorsten lift  
His armed hand, and twice he let it sink :  
An anguish came upon his face : he groaned,  
And all that heard him marvelled at the words ;

" Have pity on me ; turn away thine eyes :  
I cannot slay thee while they look on me ! "

" If I could end this bloody custom so,  
In all the land, nor plant a late remorse  
For what is here thy justice," answered Lars,

" I could not say thee nay Yet, if the deed

Be good, thou shouldst have courage for the deed!"  
 Once more looked Thorsten in those loving eyes,  
 And shrank, and shuddered, and grew deadly pale,  
 Till, with a gasp for breath, as one who drowns  
 Draws, when he dips again above the wave,  
 He loosed the clutching belts, and sat him down  
 And hid his face: they heard him only say:  
 "'T were well that I should die, for very shame!"  
 Lars heard, and spake to all: "The shame is mine,  
 Whose coward heart betrayed me unto guilt.  
 I slew my brother Per, nor sought his blood:  
 Thou, Thorsten, wilt not mine; I read thy heart.  
 But ye, who trample on the soul of man  
 In still demanding he shall ne'er outgrow  
 The savage in his veins, through faith in Good,  
 Who Thorsten rule, even as ye ruled myself,—  
 I call ye to repent! That God we left,  
 White Balder, were more merciful than this:  
 If one, henceforward, cast on Thorsten shame,  
 The Lord shall smite him when the judgment comes!"

Never before, such words in such a place  
 Were preached by such apostle. Bared, as though  
 For runes of death, while red Berserker rage  
 Kindled in some, in others smouldered out,  
 He raised his hand and pointed to the sky:  
 Far off, behind the silent fells, there rolled  
 A sudden thunder. Ruth, who all the while  
 Moved not nor spake, stood forth, and o'er her face  
 There came the glory of an opening heaven.  
 Now that she knew the habit of the folk,  
 She spake not; but she clothed the form of Lars  
 In silence, and the women, weeping, helped.  
 Then Thorsten rose, and seeing her, he said:  
 "Thou art his wife; they tell me thou art good.  
 I am no bloodier than thy husband was  
 Before he knew thee: hast thou aught to say?"  
 She took his hand and spake, as one inspired:  
 "Thou couldst not make thyself a man of blood!  
 This is thy seed of blessing: let it grow!  
 Gladness of heart, and peace, and honored name  
 Shall come to thee: the unrighteous, cruel law  
 Is broken by thy hands, no less than his  
 Who loves thee, and would sooner die than harm!"  
 "They speak the truth," said Thorsten; "thou art good,  
 And it were surely bitter grief to thee  
 If I had slain him. Go! his blood is safe  
 From hands of mine."

His words the most approved;  
 The rest, bewildered, knew not what to say.  
 In these the stubborn mind and plastic heart  
 Agreed not quickly, for the thing was strange,  
 An olden tale with unforeboded end:  
 They must have time. The crowd soon fell apart,  
 Some faces glad, all solemn, and dispersed;  
 Except one woman, who, from time to time,  
 Pressed forward, then, as with uncertain will,  
 Turned back as often. Troubled was her face

And worn : within the hollows of her eyes  
 Dwelt an impatient sorrow, and her lips  
 Had from themselves the girlish fulness pressed.  
 Her hair hung negligent, though plenteous still;  
 And beauty that no longer guards itself,  
 But listlessly beholds its ruin come,  
 Made her an apparition wild and sad,  
 A cloud on others' joy.

Lars, as he left  
 That field unsullied, saw the woman stand.  
 "Brita!" he cried; and all the past returned  
 And all the present mixed with it, and made  
 His mouth to quiver and his eyes to fill:  
 "Unhappy Brita, and I made thee so!  
 Is there forgiveness yet for too much love  
 And foolish faith, that brought us double woe?  
 I dare not ask it; couldst thou give unasked?"  
 Her face grew hard to keep the something back  
 Which softened her: "Make Per alive," she said,  
 "One moment only, that he pardon me,  
 And thou art pardoned! else, I think, canst thou  
 Bear silence, as I bear it from the dead.  
 Oh, thou hast done me harm!" But Ruth addressed  
 These words to her: "I never did thee harm,  
 Yet on my soul my husband's guilt to thee  
 Is made a shadow: let me be thy friend!  
 Only a woman knows a woman's need."

Lars understood the gesture and the glance  
 Which Ruth then gave, and hastened on the path  
 To join his kindred, leaving them alone.  
 So Ruth by Brita walked, and spake to her  
 In words whose very sound a comfort gave,  
 Like some soft wind that o'er an arid land,  
 Unfelt at first, fans on with cooling wings  
 Till all the herbage fresher is, and the soil  
 Is moist with dew; and Brita's arid heart  
 Thus opened: "Yea, all this is very well.  
 So much thou knowest, being woman, — love  
 Of man, and man's of thee, and both declared:  
 But say, how canst thou measure misery  
 Of love that lost its chances, made the Past  
 One dumbness, and forever reckons o'er  
 The words unspoken, which to both were sweet,  
 The touch of hands that never binding met,  
 The kisses, never given and never took,  
 The hopes and raptures that were never shared, —  
 Nay, worse than this, for she withheld, who knew  
 They might have been, from him who never knew!"

Therewith her passion loosed itself in sobs,  
 And on the pitying breast of Ruth she wept  
 Her heart to calmness; then, with less of pain,  
 She told the simple story of her life:  
 How, scarce two years before, her grandam died,  
 Who would have seen her wedded, and was wroth,  
 At times, in childish petulance of age,  
 But kinder — 't was a blessing! — ere she died,

Leaving the cottage highest on the slope,  
 Naught else, to Brita ; but her wants were few.  
 The garden helped her, and the spotted cow,  
 Now old, indeed : she span the winter through,  
 And there was meal enough, and Thorsten gave  
 Sometimes a fish, because she grieved for Per ;  
 And, now the need of finery was gone, —  
 For men came not a-wooing where consent  
 Abode not, — she had made the least suffice.  
 Yes, she was lonely : it was better so,  
 For she must learn to live in loneliness.  
 As much as unto Ruth she had not said  
 To any woman, trusting her, it seemed,  
 Without a knowledge, more than them she knew.  
 “Yea, trust me, Sister Brita !” Ruth replied,  
 “And try to love : my heart is drawn to thee.”  
 Thereafter, many a day, went Ruth alone  
 To Brita’s cottage, vexing not with words  
 That woke her grief, and silent as to Lars,  
 Till Brita learned to smile when she appeared,  
 And missed her when she came not. Now, meanwhile,  
 The news of Lars, and Thorsten’s foiled revenge  
 Beside the lake of Graven, travelled far  
 Past Vik and Vossevangen, o’er the fells,  
 To all the homesteads of the Bergenstift ;  
 And every gentle heart leaped up in joy,  
 While those of restless old Berserker blood  
 Beat hot with wrath. Who oversets old laws,  
 They said, is dangerous ; and who is he  
 That dares to preach, and hath not been ordained ?  
 This thing concerns the ministers, they whom  
 The State sets over us, with twofold power,  
 Divine and secular, to teach and rule.  
 Then he, the shepherd of the Ulvik flock,  
 Not now that good old man, but one whose youth  
 More hateful showed his Christless bigotry,  
 Made Sabbaths hot with his anathemas  
 Of Lars, and stirred a tumult in the land.  
 Some turned away, and all grew faint of heart,  
 Seeing the foothold yield, and slip ; till Lars,  
 Now shunned at home, and drawn by messages  
 From Gustaf Hansen and the faithful souls  
 In Arendal, said : “It is time to go.”

“Nay, tarry but a little while,” spake Ruth.  
 “I have my purpose here, as thou hadst thine :  
 Grant me but freedom, for the end, I think,  
 Is justified.”

Lars answered : “Have thy will !”

She summoned Brita, and the twain went down  
 To pace the scanty strand beside the wave,  
 Which, after storm, was quiet, though the gloom  
 Of high, opposing mountains filled the fiord.  
 Ruth spake of parting ; Brita answered not,  
 But up and down in silence walked the strand,  
 Then suddenly : “No message sendeth Lars ?  
 My pardon he implored ; and that, to thee,



I know, were welcome. Hadst thou asked, perchance,  
 Perverse in sorrow, I should still withhold;  
 But thou departest, who hast been so kind,  
 And I—ah, God! what else have I to give?"

"The Lord requite thee, Brita!" Ruth exclaimed;  
 "The gift that blesses must be given unasked:  
 What now remains is easy. Come with us,  
 With Lars and me, and be our home thy home,  
 All peace we win, all comfort, thine as ours!"

Once more walked Brita up and down the strand,  
 Bowing her face upon her shielding hands,  
 As if to muse, unwatched; then stood, and seemed  
 About to speak, when, with a shrilling cry  
 She sprang, and fell, and grovelled on her knees,  
 And thrust her fingers in the wet sea-sand.  
 Ruth, all in terror, ran to her, and saw  
 How, from the bones of some long-wasted fish  
 An osprey dropped, or tempest beat to death,  
 Caught in the breakers, and the drifted shells,  
 And tangles of the rotting kelp, she plucked  
 Something that sparkled, pressed it to her lips,  
 And cried: "A sign! a sign! 't is grandam speaks!"  
 Then trembling rose, and flung herself on Ruth,  
 And kissed her, saying: "I will follow thee.  
 My heart assented, yet I had denied,  
 But, ere I spake, the miracle was done!  
 Thy words give back the jewel lost with Per:  
 Tell Lars I do forgive him, and will serve  
 Thee, Ruth, a willing handmaid, in thy home!"  
 So Brita went with them to Arendal.  
 There milder habits, easier government  
 Of bench and pulpit for a while left all  
 In peace: and not alone within the fold  
 Of Friends came Brita, but the Lord inspired.  
 She spake with power, as one by suffering taught  
 A chastened spirit, and she wrought good works.  
 She was a happy matron ere she died,  
 And blessing came on all; for, from that day  
 Of doubt and anguish by the Graven lake,  
 The Lord fulfilled in Ruth one secret prayer,  
 And gave her children; and the witness borne  
 By Lars, the voice of his unsprinkled blood,  
 Became a warning on Norwegian hills.

Here, now, they fade. The purpose of their lives  
 Was lifted up, by something over life,  
 To power and service. Though the name of Lars  
 Be never heard, the healing of the world  
 Is in its nameless saints. Each separate star  
 Seems nothing, but a myriad scattered stars  
 Break up the Night, and make it beautiful.











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